THIRTEEN APPRECIATIONS

ALEXANDER WHYTE

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BY

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TO THE STUDENTS OF DIVINITY

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SANTA TERESA

Luther was born in 1483, and he nailed his ninety-five theses to the door of the University Church of Wittenberg on the 31st October 1517. Loyola was born in 1491, and Xavier in 1506, and the Society of Jesus was established in 1534. Isabella the Catholic was born in 1451, and our own Protestant Elizabeth in 1533. The Spanish Inquisition began to sit in 1483, the Breviary was finally settled in 1568, and the Armada was destroyed in 1588. Columbus was born in 1446, and he set out on his great enterprise in 1492. Cervantes was born in 1547, and the First Part of his immortal work was published in 1605. And it is to be read in Santa Teresa's Breviary to this day that 'Teresa the Sinner' was born on the 29th day of March 1515, at five o'clock in the morning. She died in 1582, and in 1622 she was publicly canonised at Rome along with Loyola and Xavier and two other Spanish saints.

Teresa was greatly blessed in both her parents. 'It helped me much that I never saw my father or my mother respect anything in any one but goodness.' Her father was a great reader of the best books, and he took great pains that his children should form the same happy habit and should carefully cultivate the same excellent taste. Her mother, while a Christian gentlewoman of the first social standing, did not share her husband's love of serious literature. She passed far too much of her short

lifetime among the romances of the day, till her daughter has to confess that she took no little harm from the books that did her mother no harm but pastime to read. As for other things, her father's house was a perfect model of the very best morals and the very best manners. Alonso de Cepeda was a well-born and a well-bred Spanish gentleman. He came of an ancient and an illustrious Castilian stock; and, though not a rich man, his household enjoyed all the nobility of breeding and all the culture of mind and all the refinement of taste for which Spain was so famous in that great age. All her days, and in all her ups and downs in life, we continually trace back to Teresa's noble birth and noble upbringing no little of her supreme stateliness of deportment and serenity of manner and chivalry of charaeter. Teresa was a perfect Spanish lady, as well as a mother in Israel, and no one who ever conversed with her could for a moment fail to observe that the oldest and best blood of Spain mantled in her cheek and shone in her eye. A lion encompassed by crosses was one of the quarters of her father's coat of arms. And Teresa took that up and added out of it a new glory to all her father's hereditary honours. For his daughter was all her days a lioness palisaded round with crosses, till by means of them she was transformed into a lamb. But, all the time, the lioness was still lurking there. Teresa's was one of those sovereign souls that are born from time to time as if to show us what our raee was created for at first, and for what it is still destined. She was a queen among women. She was in intellect the complete equal, and in still better things than intellect far the superior, of Isabella and Elizabeth themselves. As she says in an outspoken autobiographic passage, hers was one of those outstanding and towering souls on which a thousand eyes and

tongues are continually set without any one understanding them or comprehending them. Her coming greatness of soul is foreseen by some of her biographers in the attempt that she made while yet a child to escape away into the country of the Moors in search of an early martyrdom, so that she might see her Saviour all the sooner, and stand in His presence all the purer. 'A woman,' says Crashaw, 'for angelical height of speculation; for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman; who, while yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.'

Teresa's mother died just when her daughter was at that dangerous age in which a young girl needs a wise mother most; 'the age when virtue should begin to grow,' as she says herself. Teresa was an extraordinarily handsome and attractive young lady, and the knowledge of that, as she tells us, made her very vain, and puffed up her heart with foolish imaginations. She has a powerful chapter in the opening of her Autobiography on dangerous companionships in the days of youth. 'Oh that all parents would take warning by me, and would look carefully into their children's early friendships!' She suffered terribly from bad health all her days, and that severe chastisement began to fall on her while she was yet a beautiful girl. It was a succession of serious illnesses, taken along with her father's scrupulous care over her, that brought Teresa back to the simple piety of her early childhood, and fixed her for life in an extraordinary devotion to God and to all the things of God. When such a change of heart and character comes to a young woman among ourselves she usually seeks out some career of religion and charity to which she can devote her life. She is found labouring among the poor and the sick and the children of the poor, or she goes

abroad to foreign mission work. In Teresa's land and day a Religious House was the understood and universal refuge for any young woman who was in earnest about her duty to God and to her own soul. In those Houses such young women secluded themselves from all society and gave themselves up to the care of the poor and the young. In the more strict and enclosed of those retreats the inmates never came out of doors at all, but wholly sequestered themselves up to a secret life of austerity and prayer. This was the ideal life led in those Houses for religious women. But Teresa soon found out the tremendous mistake she had made in leaving her father's family-fireside for a so-called Religious House. No sooner had she entered it than she was plunged headlong into those very same 'pestilent amusements,' the mere approach of which had made her flee to this supposed asylum. Though she is composing her Autobiography under the sharp eyes of her confessors, and while she is writing with a submissiveness, and indeed a servility that is her only weakness, Teresa at the same time is bold enough and honest enough to tell us her own experiences of monastic life in language of startling strength and outspokenness. 'A short-cut to hell. If parents would take my advice, they would rather marry their daughters to the very poorest of men, or else keep them at home under their own eye. If young women will be wicked at home, their wickedness will not long be hidden, but in monasteries, such as I speak of, their worst wickedness can be completely covered up from every human eye. And all the time the poor things are not to blame. They only walk in the way that is shown them. Many of them are to be much pitied, for they honestly wish to withdraw from the world, only to find themselves in ten times worse worlds of sensuality and all other devilry.

O my God ! if I might I would fain speak of some of the occasions of sin from which Thou didst deliver me, and how I threw myself into them again. And of the risks I ran of utterly shipwrecking my character and good name and from which Thou didst rescue me. O Lord of my soul ! how shall I be able to magnify Thy grace in those perilous years ! At the very time that I was offending Thee most, Thou didst prepare me by a most profound compunction to taste of the sweetness of Thy recoveries and consolations. In truth, O my King, Thou didst administer to me the most spiritual and painful of chastisements : for Thou didst chastise my sins with great assurances of Thy love and of Thy great mercy. It makes me feel beside myself when I call to mind Thy great grace and my great ingratitude.'

This leads us up to the conception and the commencement of that great work to which Teresa dedicated the whole of her after life,—the reformation and extension of the Religious Houses of Spain. The root-and-branch reformation of Luther and his German and Swiss colleagues had not laid much hold on Spain ; and the little hold it had laid on her native land had never reached to Teresa. Teresa performed a splendid service inside the Church to which she belonged ; but that service was wholly confined to the Religious Houses that she founded and reformed. Teresa's was intended to be a kind of counter-reformation to the reformation of Luther and Melanchthon and Valdes and Valera. And such was the talent and the faith and the energy she brought to bear on the work she undertook, that, had it been better directed, it might have been blessed to preserve her beloved native land at the head of modern Christendom. But, while that was not to be, it is the immense talent, and the unceasing toil, and the splendid faith and self-

surrender that Teresa brought to bear on her intramural reformation—and, all through that, on the working out of her own salvation,—it is all these things that go to make Teresa's long life so memorable and so impressive, not only in her own age and land and church, but wherever greatness of mind, and nobleness of heart, and sanctity of life, and stateliness of character are heard of and are esteemed.

Teresa's intellect, her sheer power of mind, is enough of itself to make her an intensely interesting study to all thinking men. No one can open her books without confessing the spell of her powerful understanding. Her books, before they were books, absolutely captivated and completely converted to her unpopular cause many of her most determined enemies. Again and again and again we find her confessors and her censors admitting that both her spiritual experiences and her reformation work were utterly distasteful and very stumbling to them till they had read her own written account, first of her life of prayer and then of her reformation work. One after another of such men, and some of them the highest in learning and rank and godliness, on reading her autobiographic papers, came over to be her fearless defenders and fast friends. There is nothing more delightful in all her delightful Autobiography, and in the fine 'censures' that have been preserved concerning it, than to read of the great and learned theologians, the responsible church leaders, and even the secret inquisitors who came under the charm of her character and the spell of her pen. 'She electrifies the will,' confessed one of the best judges of good writing in her day. And old Bishop Palafox's tribute to Teresa is far too beautiful to be withheld. 'What I admire in her is the peace, the sweetness, and the consolation with which in her writings

she draws us towards the best, so that we find ourselves captured rather than conquered, imprisoned rather than prisoners. No one reads the saint's writings who does not presently seek God, and no one through her writings seeks God who does not remain in love with the saint. I have not met with a single spiritual man who does not become a passionate admirer of Santa Teresa. But her writings do not alone impart a rational, interior, and superior love, but a love at the same time practical, natural, and sensitive; and my own experience proves it to me that there exists no one who loves her but would, if the saint were still in this world, travel far to see and speak with her.' I wish much I could add to that Peter of Alcantara's marvellous analysis of Teresa's experiences and character. Under thirty-three heads that great saint sums up Teresa's character, and gives us a noble, because all unconscious, revelation of his own. And though Teresa has been dead for three hundred years, she speaks to this day in that same way: and that too in quarters in which we would little expect to hear her voice. In that intensely interesting novel of modern Parisian life, *En Route*, Teresa takes a chief part in the conversion and sanctification of the prodigal son whose return to his father's house is so powerfully depicted in that story. The deeply read and eloquent author of that remarkable book gives us some of the best estimates and descriptions of Santa Teresa that I have anywhere met with. 'That cool-headed business woman . . . that admirable psychologist and of superhuman lucidity . . . that magnificent and over-awing saint . . . she has verified in her own case the supernatural experiences of the greatest mystics,—such are her unparalleled experiences in the supernatural domain. . . . Teresa goes deeper than any like writer into the unexplored regions

of the soul. She is the geographer and hydrographer of the sinful soul. She has drawn the map of its poles, marked its latitudes of contemplation and prayer, and laid out all the interior seas and lands of the human heart. Other saints have been among those heights and depths and deserts before her, but no one has left us so methodical and so scientific a survey.' Were it for nothing else, the chapters on mystical literature in M. Huysmans's trilogy would make it a valued possession to every student of the soul of man under sin and under salvation.

And then, absolutely possessed as Teresa always is by the most solemn subjects,—herself, her sin, her Saviour, her original method of prayer and her unshared experiences in prayer,—she showers upon us continually gleams and glances of the sunniest merriment amid all her sighs and tears. She roasts in caustic the gross-minded, and the self-satisfied, and the self-righteous, as Socrates himself never roasted them better. Again, like his, her irony and her raillery and her satire are sometimes so delicate that it quite eludes you for the first two or three readings of the exquisite page. And then, when you turn the leaf, she is as ostentatiously stupid and ignorant and dependent on your superior mind as ever Socrates was himself. Till I shrewdly suspect that no little of that 'obedience' which so intoxicated and fascinated her inquisitors, and which to this day so exasperates some of her biographers, was largely economical and ironical. Her narrow cell is reported to have often resounded with peals of laughter to the scandal of some of her sisters. In support of all that I have marked a score of Socratic passages in Woodhead, and Dalton, and Lewis, and Father Coleridge, and Mrs. Cunninghame Graham. They are very delicious passages and very

tempting. But were they once begun there would be no end to them. You will believe Froude, for he is an admitted judge in all matters connected with the best literature, and he says in his *Quarterly* article on Teresa's writings, 'The best satire of Cervantes is not more dainty.'

The great work to which Teresa gave up her whole life, after her full conversion, was the purification of the existing monastic system, and the multiplication and extension of Religious Houses of the strictest, severest, most secluded, most prayerful, and most saintly life. She had been told by those she too much trusted, that the Church of Christ was being torn in pieces in Germany, and in Switzerland, and in France, and in England by a great outbreak of heretical error; and, while the Society of Jesus and the Secret Inquisition were established to cope with all such heresy, Teresa set herself to counteract it by a widespread combination of unceasing penance and intercessory prayer. It was a zeal without knowledge; but there can be no doubt about the sincerity, the single-mindedness, and the strength of the zeal. For forty as hard-working years as ever any woman spent in this world, Teresa laboured according to her best light to preserve the purity and the unity of the Church of Christ. And the strength and the sagacity of mind, the tact, the business talents, the tenacity of will, the patience, the endurance, the perseverance, the sleepless watchfulness, and the abounding prayerfulness that she brought to bear on the reformation and multiplication of her fortresses of defence and attack in that holy war, all taken together, make up one of the most remarkable pages in the whole history of the Church of Christ. Her difficulties with Rome, with the Inquisition, with her more immediate superiors, confessors, and censors: and,

most of all, with the ignorance, the stupidity, the laziness, the malice, and the lies of those monks and nuns whose reformation she was determined on : her endless journeys : her negotiations with church-leaders, land-owners, and tradesmen in selecting and securing sites, and in erecting new Religious Houses : the adventures, the accidents, the entertainments she met with : and the fine temper, the good humour, the fascinating character, the winning manners she everywhere exhibited ; and, withal, her incomparable faith in the Living God, and the exquisite inwardness, unconquerable assurance, and abounding fruitfulness of her own and unshared method and secret of prayer,—had Teresa not lived and died in Spain, and had she not spent her life and done her work under the Roman obedience, her name would have been a household word in Scotland. As it is, she is not wholly unknown or unloved. And as knowledge extends, and love, and good-will; and as suspicion, and fear, and retaliation, and party-spirit die out among us, the truth about Teresa and multitudes more will become established on clearer and deeper and broader foundations ; and we shall be able to hail both her and multitudes more like her as our brothers and sisters in Christ, whom hitherto we have hated and despised because we did not know them, and had been poisoned against them. I am a conspicuous case in point myself. And when I have been conquered by a little desultory reading and by a little effort after love no man need despair. And if you will listen to this discourse with a good and honest heart : with a heart that delights to hear all this good report about a fellow-believer : then He who has begun that good work in you will perfect it by books and by discourses like this, and far better than this, till you are taken absolutely captive to that charity which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but re-

joieeth in the truth: and which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Follow after eharity, and begin with Santa Teresa.

> Forbid it, mighty Love, let no fond hate
> Of names or words so far prejudicate;
> Souls are not Spaniards too; one friendly flood
> Of baptism blends them all into one blood.
> What soul soe'er in any language can
> Speak heaven like hers, is my soul's countryman.

But the greatest and the best talent that God gives to any man or woman in this world is the talent of prayer. And the best usury that any man or woman brings baek to God when He eomes to reekon with them at the end of this world is a life of prayer. And those servants best put their Lord's money to the exehangers who rise early and sit late, as long as they are in this world, ever finding out and ever following after better and better methods of prayer, and ever forming more seeret, more steadfast, and more spiritually fruitful habits of prayer: till they literally pray without eeasing, and till they continually strike out into new enterprises in prayer, and new aehievements, and new enriehments. It was this that first drew me to Teresa. It was her singular originality in prayer and her eomplete eaptivity to prayer. It was the time she spent in prayer, and the refuge, and the peaee, and the sanetifieation, and the power for carrying on hard and unrequited work that she all her life found in prayer. It was her fidelity and her utter surrender of herself to this first and last of all her religious duties, till it beeame more a delight, and, indeed, more an indulgence, than a duty. With Teresa it was prayer first, and prayer last, and prayer always. With Teresa literally all things were sanetified, and sweetened, and made fruitful by

prayer. In Teresa's writings prayer holds much the same place that it holds in the best men and women of Holy Scripture. If I were to say that about some of the ladies of the Scottish Covenant, you would easily believe me. But you must believe me when I tell you that about a Spanish lady, second to none of them in holiness of life, even if her holy life is not all cast in our mould. All who have read the autobiographic *Apologia* will remember the fine passage in which its author tells us that ever since his conversion there have been two, and only two, absolutely self-luminous beings in the whole universe of being to him,—God and his own soul. Now, I do not remember that Newman even once speaks about Teresa in any of his books, but I always think of him and her together in this great respect. GOD IS to them both, and to them both He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. And it is just here, at the very commencement and centre of divine things, that we all make such shipwreck and come so short. The sense of the reality of divine and unseen things in Teresa's life of prayer is simply miraculous in a woman still living among things seen and temporal. Her faith is truly the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Our Lord was as real, as present, as near, as visible, and as affable to this extraordinary saint as ever He was to Martha, or Mary, or Mary Magdalene, or the woman of Samaria, or the mother of Zebedee's children. She prepared Him where to lay His head; she sat at His feet and heard His word. She chose the better part, and He acknowledged to herself and to others that she had done so. She washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. She had been forgiven much, and she loved much. He said to her, Mary, and she answered Him, Rabboni. And He gave her messages

to deliver to His disciples, who had not waited for Him as she had waited. Till she was able to say to them all that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken such and such things within her. And hence arises what I may call the quite extraordinary purity and spirituality of her life of prayer. 'Defecate' is Goodwin's favourite and constant word for the purest, the most rapt, the most adoring, and the most spiritual prayer. 'I have known men'—it must have been himself—'who came to God for nothing else but just to come to Him, they so loved Him. They scorned to soil Him and themselves with any other errand than just purely to be alone with Him in His presence. Friendship is best kept up, even among men, by frequent visits; and the more free and defecate those frequent visits are, and the less occasioned by business, or necessity, or custom they are, the more friendly and welcome they are.' Now, I had sometimes wondered what took Teresa so often, and kept her so long, alone with God. Till I remembered Goodwin's classical passages about defecate prayer, and understood something of what is involved and what is to be experienced in pure and immediate communion with God. And, then, from all that it surely follows, that no one is fit for one moment to have an adverse or a hostile mind, or to pass an adverse or a hostile judgment, on the divine manifestations that came to Teresa in her unparalleled life of prayer; no one who is not a man of like prayer himself; no, nor even then. I know all the explanations that have been put forward for Teresa's 'locutions' and revelations; but after anxiously weighing them all, the simplest explanation is also the most scientific, as it is the most scriptural. If our ascending Lord actually said what He is reported to have said about the way that He and His Father will always

reward all love to Him, and the keeping of all His commandments; then, if there is anything true about Teresa at all, it is this, that from the day of her full conversion she lived with all her might that very life which has all these transcendent promises spoken and sealed to it. By her life of faith and prayer and personal holiness, Teresa made herself 'capable of God,' as one describes it, and God came to her and filled her with Himself to her utmost capacity, as He said He would. At the same time, much as I trust and honour and love Teresa, and much good as she has been made of God to me, she was still, at her best, but an imperfectly sanctified woman, and her rewards and experiences were correspondingly imperfect. But if a holy life before such manifestations were made to her, and a still holier life after them—if that is any test of the truth and reality of such transcendent and supernatural matters,—on her own humble and adoring testimony, and on the now extorted and now spontaneous testimony of absolutely all who lived near her, still more humility, meekness, lowly-mindedness, heavenly-mindedness and prayerfulness demonstrably followed those inward and spiritual revelations to her of her Lord. In short and in sure ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? On the whole, then, I for one am strongly disposed towards Teresa, even in the much-inculpated matter of her inward voices and visions. The wish may very possibly be father to the thought: but my thought leans to Teresa, even in her most astounding locutions and revelations; they answer so entirely to my reading of our Lord and of His words. I take sides, on the whole, with those theologians of her day, who began by doubting, but ended by believing in Teresa and by imitating her. They were led to rejoice

that any contemporary and fellow-sinner had attained to such fellowship with God: and I am constrained to take sides with them. 'One day, in prayer, the sweetness was so great that I could not but contrast it with the place I deserved in hell. The sweetness and the light and the peace were so great that, compared with it, everything in this world is vanity and lies. I was filled with a new reverence for God. I saw His majesty and His power in a way I cannot describe, and the vision kept me in great tenderness and joy and humility. I cannot help making much of that which led me so near to God. I knew at that great moment what it is for a soul to be in the very presence of God Himself. What must be the condescension of His Majesty seeing that in so short a time He left so great an impression and so great a blessing on my soul! O my Lord, consider who she is upon whom Thou art bestowing such unheard-of blessings! Dost Thou forget that my soul has been an abyss of sin? How is this, O Lord, how can it be that such great grace has come to the lot of one who has so ill deserved such things at Thy hands!' He who can read that, and a hundred passages as good as that, and who shall straightway set himself to sneer and scoff and disparage and find fault, he is well on the way to the sin against the Holy Ghost. At any rate, I would be if I did not revere and love and imitate such a saint of God. Given God and His Son and His Holy Spirit: given sin and salvation and prayer and a holy life; and, with many drawbacks, Teresa's was just the life of self-denial and repentance and prayer and communion with God that we should all live. It is not Teresa who is to be bemoaned and blamed and called bad names. It is we who do all that to her who are beside ourselves. It is we who need the beam to be taken out of our own eye.

Teresa was a mystery and an offence; and, again, an encouragement and an example to the theologians and the inquisitors of her day just as she still is in our day. She was a stumbling-stone, or an ensample, according to the temper and disposition and character of her contemporaries, and she is the same to-day.

Teresa's *Autobiography*, properly speaking, is not an autobiography at all, though it ranks with *The Confessions*, and *The Commedia*, and *The Grace Abounding*, and *The Reliquiæ*, as one of the very best of that great kind of book. It is not really Teresa's *Life Written by Herself*, though all that stands on its title-page. It is only one part of her life: it is only her life of prayer. The title of the book, she says in one place, is not her life at all, but *The Mercies of God*. Many other matters come up incidentally in this delightful book, but the whole drift and the real burden of the book is its author's life of prayer. Her attainments and her experiences in prayer so baffled and so put out all her confessors that, at their wits' end, they enjoined her to draw out in writing a complete account of a secret life, the occasional and partial discovery of which so amazed, and perplexed, and condemned them. And thus it is that we come to possess this unique and incomparable autobiography: this wonderful revelation of Teresa's soul in prayer. It is a book in which we see a woman of sovereign intellectual ability working out her own salvation in circumstances so different from our own that we have the greatest difficulty in believing that it was really salvation at all she was so working out. Till, as we read on in humility and in love, we learn to separate-off all that is local, and secular, and ecclesiastical, and circumstantial, and then we immensely enjoy and take lasting profit

out of all that which is so truly Catholic and so truly spiritual. Teresa was an extraordinary woman in every way: and that comes out on every page of her Autobiography. So extraordinary that I confess there is a great deal that she tells us about herself that I do not at all understand. She was Spanish, and we are Scottish. She and we are wide as the poles asunder. Her lot was cast of God in the sixteenth century, whereas our lot is cast in the twentieth. She was a Roman Catholic mystic, and we are Evangelical Protestants. But it is one of the great rewards of studying such a life as Teresa's to be able to change places with her so as to understand her and love her. She was, without any doubt or contradiction, a great saint of God. And a great saint of God is more worthy of our study and admiration and imitation and love than any other study or admiration or imitation or love on the face of the earth. And the further away such a saint is from ourselves the better she is fitted for our study and admiration and imitation and love, if we only have the sense and the grace to see it.

Cervantes himself might have written Teresa's *Book of the Foundations*. Certainly he never wrote a better book. For myself I have read Teresa's *Foundations* twice at any rate for every once I have read Cervantes' masterpiece. For literature, for humour, for wit, for nature, for photographic pictures of the time and the people, her *Foundations* is a masterpiece also: and then, Teresa's pictures are pictures of the best people in Spain. And there was no finer people in the whole of Christendom in that day than the best of the Spanish people. God had much people in the Spain of that day, and he who is not glad to hear that will never have a place among them. The Spain of that century was full of family life of the most polished and refined kind. And, with all

their declensions and corruptions, the Religious Houses of Spain enclosed multitudes of the most saintly men and women. 'I never read of a hermit,' said Dr. Johnson to Boswell in St. Andrews, 'but in imagination I kiss his feet: I never read of a monastery, but I could fall on my knees and kiss the pavement. I have thought of retiring myself, and have talked of it to a friend, but I find my vocation is rather in active life.' It was such monasteries as Teresa founded and ruled, and of which she wrote the history that made such a sturdy Protestant as Dr. Johnson say such a thing as that. *The Book of the Foundations* is Teresa's own account, written also under superior orders, of that great group of Religious Houses which she founded and administered for so many years. And the literature into which she puts all those years is literature of the first water. A thousand times I have been reminded of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza as I read Teresa's account of her journeys, and of the people, and of the escapades, and of the entertainments she met with. Yes, quite as good as Cervantes! yes, quite as good as Goldsmith!—I have caught myself exclaiming as I read and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks. This is literature, this is art without the art, this is literary finish without the labour: and all laid out to the finest of all uses, to tell of the work of God, and of all the enterprises, providences, defeats, successes, recompenses, connected with it. The *Foundations* is a Christian classic even in Woodhead's and Dalton's and David Lewis's English; what must it be then to those to whom Teresa's exquisite Spanish is their mother-tongue!

Teresa's *Way of Perfection* is a truly fine book: full of freshness, suggestiveness, and power. So much so, that I question if William Law's *Christian Perfection*

would have ever been written but that Teresa had written on that same subject before him. I do not mean to say that Law plagiarised from Teresa, but some of his very best passages are plainly inspired by his great predecessor. You will thank me for the following eloquent passage from Mrs. Cunninghame Graham, which so felicitously characterises this great book, and that in language such as I could not command. 'To my thinking Teresa is at her best in her *Way of Perfection* with its bursts of impassioned eloquence; its shrewd and caustic irony; its acute and penetrating knowledge of human character, the same in the convent as in the world; above all in its sympathetic and tender instinct for the needs and difficulties of her daughters. *The Perfection* represents the finished and magnificent fabric of the spiritual life. Her words ring with a strange terseness and earnestness as she here pens her spiritual testament. She points out the mischievous foibles, the little meannesses, the spirit of cantankerousness and strife, which long experience of the cloister had shown her were the besetting sins of the conventual life. She places before them the loftier standard of the Cross. Her words, direct and simple, ring out true and clear, producing somewhat the solemn effect of a Commination Service.' Strong as that estimate is, *The Perfection* deserves every word of it and more.

Teresa thought that her *Mansions* was one of her best books, but she was surely far wrong in that. *The Mansions*, sometimes called *The Interior Castle*, to me at any rate, is a most shapeless, monotonous, and wearisome book. Teresa had a splendid imagination, but her imagination had not the architectonic and dramatic quality that is necessary for carrying out such a conception as that is which she has laid in the ground-plan of

this book. No one who has ever read *The Purgatorio*, or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *The Holy War* could have patience with the shapeless and inconsequent *Mansions*. There is nothing that is new in the matter of the *Mansions*; there is nothing that is not found in a far better shape in some of her other books; and one is continually wearied out by her utter inability to handle the metaphoric imagery that she will not let alone. At the same time, the persevering reader will come continually on characteristic things that are never to be forgotten as he climbs with Teresa from strength to strength on her way to her Father's House.

To my mind Teresa is at her very best, not in her *Mansions* of which she made so much, but in her *Letters* of which she made nothing. I think I prefer her *Letters* to all her other books. A great service was done to this fine field of literature when Teresa's letters were collected and published. What Dr. Dods, Augustine's editor, has so well said about Augustine's letters I would borrow and would apply to Teresa's letters. All her other works receive fresh light from her letters. The subjects of her more elaborate writings are all handled in her letters in a far easier, a far more natural, and a far more attractive manner. It is in her letters that we first see the size and the strength and the sweep of her mind, and discover the deserved deference that is paid to her on all hands. Burdened churchmen, inquiring students in the spiritual life, perplexed confessors, angry and remonstrating monks, husbands and wives, matrons and maidens, all find their way to Mother Teresa. Great bundles of letters are delivered at the door of her cell every day, and she works at her answers to those letters till a bird begins to flutter in the top of her head, after which her physician will not suffer her to write more than twelve letters at a down-

sitting. And what letters they are, all sealed with the name of JESUS—she will seal now with no other seal. What letters of a strong and sound mind go out under that seal! What a business head! What shrewdness, sagacity, insight, frankness, boldness, archness, raillery, downright fun! And all as full of splendid sense as an egg is full of meat. If Andrew Bonar had only read Spanish, and had edited Teresa's *Letters* as he has edited Rutherford's, we would have had that great treasure in all our houses. As it is, Father Coleridge long ago fell on the happy idea of compiling a *Life of Teresa* out of her extant letters, and he has at last carried out his idea, if not in all its original fulness, yet in a very admirable and praiseworthy way. Of Teresa's *Letters*, Mrs. Cunninghame Graham, that greatest modern authority on Teresa, says—'That long series of epistolary correspondence, so enchanting in the original. It is in her letters that Teresa is at her best. They reveal all her shrewdness about business and money matters; her talent for administration; her intense interest in life, and in all that is passing around her. Her letters show Teresa as the Castilian gentlewoman who not only treats on terms of perfect equality with people of the highest rank in the kingdom, but is in the greatest request by them. Her letters, of which probably only a tithe remains, show us how marvellously the horizon of her life had expanded, and how rapidly her fame had grown. Perhaps no more finished specimen of epistolary correspondence has ever been penned than those letters, written in the press of multifarious occupations, and often late at night when the rest of the convent was sleeping.'

Her confessor, we are told, commanded Teresa to throw her *Commentary on the Song of Solomon* into the fire. From this we shall perhaps be justified in inferring

that in his opinion she had somewhat exceeded the limits which even the most allegorising and mystical of interpreters of that time had allowed themselves. And when we remember that the text she commented on—with a confessedly imperfect understanding, too—was that of the Vulgate and not any modern version, it is quite likely that, had we possessed the book in its completeness, we too should have found it sometimes tedious, not seldom grotesque, and often neither very wise nor very profitable. Yet, judging of the whole by the part preserved for us by the nun who burnt her fingers by snatching a few leaves from the fire, there must have been many things scattered up and down the destroyed book well worthy of her best pen. The 'instance of self-esteem' which Teresa so delightfully narrates is well worth all the burnt fingers its preservation had cost the devoted sister; and up and down the charred leaves there are passages on conduct and character, on obedience and humility and prayer, that Teresa alone could have written.

Her *Seven Meditations on the Lord's Prayer* ran no danger of the censor's fire. I have had occasion to read all the best expositions of the Lord's Prayer in our language, and I am bound to say that for originality and striking suggestiveness Teresa's *Seven Meditations* stands alone. After I had written that extravagant-sounding sentence I went back and read her little book over again, so sure was I that I must have overpraised it, and that I would not be believed in what I have said concerning it. But after another reading of the *Meditations* I am emboldened to let the strong praise stand in all its original strength. I have passages marked in abundance to prove to demonstration the estimate I have formed of this beautiful book, but I must forgo myself the pleasure and the pride of quoting them.

Sixteen Augustinian *Exclamations after having Communicated:* sixty-nine *Advices to Her Daughters*, and a small collection of love-enflamed *Hymns*, complete what remains to us of Teresa's writings.

Teresa died of hard work and worry and shameful neglect, almost to sheer starvation. But she had meat to eat that all Anne Bartholomew's remaining mites could not buy for her dying mother. And, strong in the strength of that spiritual meat, Teresa rose off her death-bed to finish her work. She inspected with all her wonted quickness of eye and love of order the whole of the House into which she had been carried to die. She saw everything put into its proper place, and every one answering to their proper order, after which she attended the divine offices for the day, and then went back to her bed and summoned her daughters around her. 'My children,' she said, 'you must pardon me much; you must pardon me most of all the bad example I have given you. Do not imitate me. Do not live as I have lived. I have been the greatest sinner in all the world. I have not kept the laws I made for others. I beseech you, my daughters, for the love of God, to keep the rules of your Holy Houses as I have never kept them. O my Lord,' she then turned to Him and said, 'the hour I have so much longed for has surely come at last. The time has surely come that we shall see one another. My Lord and Saviour, it is surely time for me to be taken out of this banishment and be for ever with Thee. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit away from me. Create in me a clean heart, O God. A broken and a contrite heart; a broken and a contrite heart,' was her continual cry till she died with these words on

her lips, 'A broken and a contrite heart Thou wilt not despise.' And, thus, with the most penitential of David's penitential Psalms in her mouth, and with the holy candle of her Church in her hand, Teresa of Jesus went forth from her banishment to meet her Bridegroom.

'O sweet incendiary! shew here thy art
Upon this carcass of a cold hard heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And thy best fortune such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And all thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His;
By all the Heavens thou hast in Him,
(Fair sister of the Seraphim!);
By all of Him we have in thee;—
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.'

THEODIDACTA
AFFICIENS
INFLAMMANS.

JACOB BEHMEN

JACOB BEHMEN, the greatest of the mystics, and the father of German philosophy, was all his life nothing better than a working shoemaker. He was born at Old Seidenberg, a village near Goerlitz in Silesia, in the year 1575, and he died at Goerlitz in the year 1624. Jacob Behmen has no biography. Jacob Behmen's books are his best biography. While working with his hands, Jacob Behmen's whole life was spent in the deepest and the most original thought; in piercing visions of GOD and of nature; in prayer, in praise, and in love to GOD and man. Of Jacob Behmen it may be said with the utmost truth and soberness that he lived and moved and had his being in GOD. Jacob Behmen has no biography because his whole life was hid with CHRIST in GOD.

While we have nothing that can properly be called a biography of Jacob Behmen, we have ample amends made to us in those priceless morsels of autobiography that lie scattered so plentifully up and down all his books. And nothing could be more charming than just those incidental and unstudied utterances of Behmen about himself. Into the very depths of a passage of the profoundest speculation Behmen will all of a sudden throw a few verses of the most childlike and heart-winning confidences about his own mental history and his own spiritual experience. And thus it is that, without at all

intending it, Behmen has left behind him a complete history of his great mind and his holy heart in those outbursts of diffidence, deprecation, explanation, and self-defence, of which his philosophical and theological, as well as his apologetic and experimental, books are all so full. It were an immense service done to our best literature if some of Behmen's students would go through all Behmen's books, so as to make a complete collection and composition of the best of those autobiographic passages. Such a book, if it were well done, would at once take rank with *The Confessions* of St. Augustine, *The Divine Comedy* of Dante, and the *Grace Abounding* of John Bunyan. It would then be seen by all, what few, till then, will believe, that Jacob Behmen's mind and heart and spiritual experience all combine to give him a foremost place among the most classical masters in that great field of religion and literature.

In the nineteenth chapter of the *Aurora* there occurs a very important passage of this autobiographic nature. In that famous passage Behmen tells his readers that when his eyes first began to be opened, the sight of this world completely overwhelmed him. Asaph's experiences, so powerfully set before us in the seventy-third Psalm, will best convey, to those who do not know Behmen, what Behmen also passed through before he drew near to God. Like that so thoughtful Psalmist, Behmen's steps had wellnigh slipped when he saw the prosperity of the wicked, and when he saw how waters of a full cup were so often wrung out to the people of God. The mystery of human life, the sin and misery of human life, cast Behmen into a deep and inconsolable melancholy. No Scripture could comfort him. His thoughts of God were such that he will not allow himself, even after they are long past, to put them down on paper. In this terrible

trouble he lifted up his heart to God, little knowing, as yet, what God was, or what his own heart was. Only, he wrapped up his whole heart, and mind, and will, and desire in the love and the mercy of God: determined not to give over till God had heard him and had helped him. 'And then, when I had wholly hazarded my life upon what I was doing, my whole spirit seemed to me suddenly to break out through the gates of hell, and to be taken up into the arms and the heart of God. I can compare it to nothing else but the resurrection at the last day. For then, with all reverence I say it, with the eyes of my spirit I saw God. I saw both what God is, and I saw how God is what He is. And with that there came a mighty and an incontrollable impulse to set it down, so as to preserve what I had seen. Some men will mock me, and will tell me to stick to my proper trade, and not trouble my mind with philosophy and theology. Let these high matters alone. Leave them to those who have both the time and the talent for them, they will say. So I have often said to myself, but the truth of God did burn in my bones till I took pen and ink and began to set down what I had seen. All this time do not mistake me for a saint or an angel. My heart, as well as yours, is full of all evil. In malice, and in hatred, and in lack of brotherly love, after all I have seen and experienced, I am like all other men. I am surely the fullest of all men of all manner of infirmity and malignity.' Behmen protests in every book of his that what he has written he has received immediately from God. 'Let it never be imagined that I am any greater or any better than other men. When the Spirit of God is taken away from me I cannot even read so as to understand what I have myself written. I have every day to wrestle with the devil and with my own heart, no man in all the world

more. Oh no! thou must not for one moment think of me as if I had by my own power or holiness climbed up into heaven or descended into the abyss. Oh no! hear me. I am as thou art. I have no more light than thou hast. Let no man think of me what I am not. But what I am all men may be who will truly believe, and will truly wrestle for truth and goodness under JESUS CHRIST. I marvel every day that GOD should reveal both the Divine Nature and Temporal and Eternal Nature for the first time to such a simple and unlearned man as I am. But what am I to resist what GOD will do? What am I to say but, Behold the son of thine handmaiden! I have often besought Him to take these too high and too deep matters away from off me, and to commit them to men of more learning and of a better style of speech. But He always put my prayer away from Him and continued to kindle His fire in my bones. And with all my striving to quench GOD's spirit of revelation, I found that I had only by that gathered the more stones for the house that He had ordained me to build for Him and for His children in this world.'

Jacob Behmen's first book, his *Aurora*, was not a book at all but a bundle of loose leaves. Nothing was further from Behmen's mind, when he took up his pen of an evening, than to make a book. He took up his pen after his day's work was over in order to preserve for his own memory and use in after days the revelations that had been made to him, and the experiences and exercises through which GOD had passed him. And, besides, Jacob Behmen could not have written a book even if he had tried it. He was a total stranger to the world of books; and then, over and above that, he had been taken up into a world of things into which no book ever written as yet had dared to enter. Again, and again,

and again, till it came to fill his whole life, Behmen would be sitting over his work, or walking abroad under the stars, or worshipping in his pew in the parish church, when, like the captive prophet by the river of Chebar, he would be caught in rapturous ecstasy and carried away into the visions of GOD to behold the glory of GOD. And then, when he came to himself, there would arise within him a 'fiery instigation' to set down for a 'memorial' what he had again seen and heard. 'The gate of the Divine Mystery was sometimes so opened to me that in one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years together at a university. At which I did exceedingly admire, and, though it passed my understanding how it happened, I thereupon turned my heart to GOD to praise Him for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all Beings; the Byss and the Abyss; as, also, the Generation of the Son and the Procession of the Spirit. I saw the descent and original of this world also, and of all its creatures. I saw in their order and outcome the Divine world, the angelical world, paradise, and then this fallen and dark world of our own. I saw the beginning of the good and the evil, and the true origin and existence of each of them. All of which did not only cause me great wonder but also a great joy and a great fear. And then it came with commanding power into my mind that I must set down the same in pen and ink for a memorial to myself; albeit, I could hardly contain or express what I had seen. For twelve years this went on in me. Sometimes the truth would hit me like a sudden smiting storm of rain; and then there would be the clear sunshine after the rain. All which was to teach me that GOD will manifest Himself in the soul of man after what manner and what measure it pleases Him and as it seems good in His sight.'

No human being knew all this time what Jacob Behmen was passing through, and he never intended that any human being should know. But, with all his humility, and all his love of obscurity, he could not remain hidden. Just how it came about we are not fully told; but long before his book was finished, a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who was deeply interested in the philosophy and the theology of that day, somehow got hold of Behmen's papers and had them copied out and spread abroad, to Behmen's great surprise and great distress. Copy after copy was stealthily made of Behmen's manuscript, till, most unfortunately for both of them, a copy came into the hands of Behmen's parish minister. But for that accident, so to call it, we would never have heard the name of Gregory Richter, First Minister of Goerlitz, nor could we have believed that any minister of JESUS CHRIST could have gone so absolutely insane with ignorance and envy and anger and ill-will. The libel is still preserved that Behmen's minister drew out against the author of *Aurora*, and the only thing it proves to us is this, that its author must have been a dull-headed, coarse-hearted, foul-mouthed man. Richter's persecution of poor Behmen caused Behmen lifelong trouble; but, at the same time, it served to advertise his genius to his generation, and to manifest to all men the meekness, the humility, the docility, and the love of peace of the persecuted man. 'Pastor-Primarius Richter,' says a bishop of his own communion, 'was a man full of hierarchical arrogance and pride. He had only the most outward apprehension of the dogmatics of his day, and he was totally incapable of understanding Jacob Behmen.' But it is not for the limitations of his understanding that Pastor Richter stands before us so laden with blame. The school is still a small one that, after two centuries of

study and prayer and a holy life, can pretend to understand the whole of the *Aurora*. William Law, a man of the best understanding and of the humblest heart tells us that his first reading of Behmen put him into a 'perfect sweat' of astonishment and awe. No wonder, then, that a man of Gregory Richter's narrow mind and hard heart was thrown into such a fiendish sweat of prejudice and anger and ill-will.

I do not propose to take you down into the deep places where Jacob Behmen dwells and works. And that for a very good reason. For I have found no firm footing in those deep places for my own feet. I wade in and in to the utmost of my ability, and still there rise up above me, and stretch out around me, and sink down beneath me, vast reaches of revelation and speculation, attainment and experience, before which I can only wonder and worship. See Jacob Behmen working with his hands in his solitary stall, when he is suddenly caught up into heaven till he beholds in enraptured vision The Most High Himself. And then, after that, see him swept down to hell, down to sin, and down into the bottomless pit of the human heart. Jacob Behmen, almost more than any other man whatsoever, is carried up till he moves like a holy angel or a glorified saint among things unseen and eternal. Jacob Behmen is of the race of the seers, and he stands out a very prince among them. He is full of eyes, and all his eyes are full of light. It does not stagger me to hear his disciples calling him, as Hegel does, 'a man of a mighty mind,' or, as Law does, 'the illuminated Behmen,' and 'the blessed Behmen.' 'In speculative power,' says dry Dr. Kurtz, 'and in poetic wealth, exhibited with epic and dramatic effect, Behmen's system surpasses everything of the kind ever written.' Some of his disciples have the hardihood to affirm indeed

that even Isaac Newton ploughed with Behmen's heifer, but had not the boldness to acknowledge the debt. I entirely accept it when his disciples assert it of their master that he had a privilege and a passport permitted him such as no mortal man has had the like since John's eyes closed upon his completed Apocalypse. After repeated and prolonged reading of Behmen's amazing books, nothing has been said by his most ecstatic disciples about their adored master that either astonishes or offends me. Dante himself does not beat such a soaring wing as Behmen's; and all the trumpets that sound in *Paradise Lost* do not swell my heart and chase its blood like Jacob's Behmen broken syllables about the Fall. I would not wonder to have it pointed out to me in the world to come that all that Gichtel, and St. Martin, and Hegel, and Law, and Walton, and Martensen, and Hartmann have said about Jacob Behmen and his visions of God and Nature and Man were all but literally true. No doubt,—nay, the thing is certain,—that if you open Jacob Behmen anywhere as Gregory Richter opened the *Aurora*; if a new idea is a pain and a provocation to you; if you have any prejudice in your heart for any reason against Behmen; if you dislike the sound of his name because some one you dislike has discovered him and praised him, or because you do not yourself already know him and love him, then, no doubt, you will find plenty in Behmen at which to stumble, and which will amply justify you in anything you wish to say against him. But if you are a true student and a good man; if you are an open-minded and a humble-minded man; if you are prepared to sit at any man's feet who will engage to lead you a single step out of your ignorance and your evil; if you open Behmen with a predisposition to believe in him, and with the expectation and the determina-

tion to get good out of him,—then, in the measure of all that; in the measure of your capacity of mind and your hospitality of heart; in the measure of your humility, seriousness, patience, teachableness, hunger for truth, hunger for righteousness,—in that measure you will find Jacob Behmen to be what Frederick Maurice tells us he found him to be, 'a generative thinker.' Out of much you cannot understand,—wherever the blame for that may lie,—out of much slag and much dross, I am mistaken if you will not lay up some of your finest gold; and out of much straw and chaff some of the finest of the wheat. The Divine Nature, human nature, time, space, matter, life, love, sin, death, holiness, heaven, hell,—Behmen's reader must have lived and moved all his days among such things as these: he must be at home, as far as the mind of man can be at home, among such things as these, and then he will begin to understand Behmen, and will still strive better and better to understand him; and, where he does not as yet understand him, he will set that down to his own inattention, incapacity, want of due preparation, and want of the proper ripeness for such a study.

At the same time, let all intending students of Jacob Behmen take warning that they will have to learn an absolutely new and an unheard-of language if they would speak with Behmen and have Behmen speak with them. For Behmen's books are written neither in German nor in English of any age or idiom, but in the most original and uncouth Behmenese. Like John Bunyan, but never with John Bunyan's literary grace, Behmen will borrow, now a Latin word or phrase from his reading of learned authors, or, more often, from the conversations of his learned friends; and then he will take some astrological or alchemical expression of Agrippa or Paracelsus or

some such outlaw, and will, as with his awl and rosin-end, sew together a sentence, and hammer together a page of the most incongruous and unheard-of phraseology, till, as we read Behmen's earlier work especially, we continually exclaim, O for a chapter of John Bunyan's clear, and sweet, and classical English! The *Aurora* was written in a language, if writing and a language it can be called, that had never been seen written or heard spoken before, or has since, on the face of the earth. And as our students learn Greek in order to read Homer and Plato and Paul and John, and Latin in order to read Virgil and Tacitus, and Italian to read Dante, and German to read Goethe, so William Law tells us that he learned Behmen's Behmenite High Dutch, and that too after he was an old man, in order that he might completely master the *Aurora* and its kindred books. And as our schoolboys laugh and jeer at the outlandish sounds of Greek and Latin and German, till they have learned to read and love the great authors who have written in those languages, so Rutherford, and Wesley, and Southey, and even Hallam himself, jest and flout and call names at Jacob Behmen, because they have not taken the trouble to learn his language, to master his mind, and to drink in his spirit.

At the same time, and after all that had been said about Behmen's barbarous style, Bishop Martensen tells us how the readers of Schelling were surprised and enraptured by a wealth of new expressions and new turns of speech in their mother tongue. But all these belonged to Behmen, or were fashioned on the model of his symbolical language. As it is, with all his astrology, and all his alchemy, and all his barbarities of form and expression, I for one will always take sides with the author of *The Serious Call*, and *The Spirit of Prayer*, and *The Spirit of Love*, and *The Way*

to Divine Knowledge, in the disputed matter of Jacob Behmen's sanity and sanctity; and I will continue to believe that if I had only had the scholarship, and the intellect, and the patience, and the enterprise, to have mastered, through all their intricacies, the Behmenite grammar and the Behmenite vocabulary, I also would have found in Behmen all that Freher and Pordage and Law and Walton found. Even in the short way into this great man that I have gone, I have come upon such rare and rich mines of divine and eternal truth that I can easily believe that they who have dug deeper have come upon uncounted riches. 'Next to the Scriptures,' writes William Law, 'my only book is the illuminated Behmen. For the whole kingdom of grace and nature was opened in him. In reading Behmen I am always at home, and kept close to the kingdom of GOD that is within me.' 'I am not young,' said Louis Claude de St. Martin, 'being now near my fiftieth year, nevertheless I have begun to learn German, in order that I may read this incomparable author in his own tongue. I have written some not unacceptable books myself, but I am not worthy to unloose the shoestrings of this wonderful man. I advise you to throw yourself into the depths of Jacob Behmen. There is such a profundity and exaltation of truth in them, and such a simple and delicious nutriment.'

The Town Council of Goerlitz, hounded on by their minister, sentenced Behmen to be banished and interdicted him from ever writing any more. But in sheer shame at what they had done they immediately recalled Behmen from banishment; only, they insisted that he should confine himself to his shop, and leave all writing of books alone. Behmen had no ambition to write any more, and, as a matter of fact, he kept silence even to himself for seven whole years. But as those years went

on it came to be with him, to use his own words, as with so much grain that has been buried in the earth, and which, in spite of storms and tempests, will, out of its own life, spring up, and that even when reason says it is now winter, and that all hope and all power is gone. And thus it was that, under the same instigation which had produced the *Aurora*, Behmen at a rush wrote his very fine if very difficult book, *The Three Principles of the Divine Essence*. He calls *The Three Principles* his A B C, and the easiest of all his books. And William Law recommends all beginners in Behmen to read alone for some sufficient time the tenth and twelfth chapters of *The Three Principles*. I shall let Behmen describe the contents of his easiest book in his own words. 'In this second book,' he says, 'there is declared what GOD is, what Nature is, what the creatures are, what the love and meekness of GOD are, what GOD's will is, what the wrath of GOD is, and what joy and sorrow are. As also, how all things took their beginning: with the true difference between eternal and transitory creatures. Specially of man and his soul, what the soul is, and how it is an eternal creature. Also what heaven is, wherein GOD and the holy angels and holy men dwell, and hell wherein the devils dwell: and how all things were originally created and had their being. In sum, what the Essence of all Essences is. And thus I commit my reader to the sweet love of GOD.' *The Three Principles*, according to Christopher Walton, was the first book of Behmen's that William Law ever held in his hand. That, then, was the title-page, and those were the contents, that threw that princely and saintly mind into such a sweat. It was a great day for William Law, and through him it was, and will yet be acknowledged to have been, a great day for English theology when he chanced, at an

old bookstall, upon *The Three Principles*, Englished by a Barrister of the Inner Temple. The picture of that bookstall that day is engraven in lines of light and love on the heart of every grateful reader of Jacob Behmen and of William Law's later and richer and riper writings.

In three months after he had finished *The Three Principles*, Behmen had composed a companion treatise, entitled *The Threefold Life of Man*. Modest about himself as Behmen always was, he could not be wholly blind about his own incomparable books. And he but spoke the simple truth about his third book when he said of it—as, indeed, he was constantly saying about all his books—that it will serve every reader just according to his constellation, his inclination, his disposition, his complexion, his profession, and his whole condition. 'You will be soon weary of all contentious books,' he wrote to Casper Lindern, 'if you entertain and get *The Threefold Life of Man* into your mind and heart.' 'The subject of regeneration,' says Christopher Walton, 'is the pith and drift of all Behmen's writings, and the student may here be directed to begin his course of study by mastering the first eight chapters of *The Threefold Life*, which appear to have been in great favour with Mr. Law.'

Behmen's next book was a very extraordinary piece of work, and it had a very extraordinary origin. A certain Balthazar Walter, who seems to have been a second Paracelsus in his love of knowledge and in his lifelong pursuit of knowledge, had, like Paracelsus, travelled east, and west, and north, and south in search of that ancient and occult wisdom of which so many men in that day dreamed. But Walter, like his predecessor Paracelsus, had come home from his travels a humbler man, a wiser man, and a man more ready to learn and lay to heart the truth that one of his own countrymen

could all the time have taught him. On his return from the east, Walter found the name of Jacob Behmen in everybody's mouth; and, on introducing himself to that little shop in Goerlitz out of which the *Aurora* and *The Threefold Life* had come, Walter was wise enough to see and bold enough to confess that he had found a teacher and a friend there such as neither Egypt nor India had provided him with. After many immensely interested visits to Jacob Behmen's workshop, Walter was more than satisfied that Behmen was all, and more than all, that his most devoted admirers had said he was. And, accordingly, Walter laid a plan so as to draw upon Behmen's profound and original mind for a solution of some of the philosophical and theological problems that were agitating and dividing the learned men of that day. With that view Walter made a round of the leading universities of Germany, conversed with the professors and students, collected a long list of the questions that were being debated in that day in those seats of learning, and sent the list to Behmen, asking him to give his mind to them and try to answer them. 'Beloved sir,' wrote Behmen, after three months' meditation and prayer, 'and my good friend: it is impossible for the mind and reason of man to answer all the questions you have put to me. All those things are known to God alone. But, that no man may boast, He sometimes makes use of very mean men to make known His truth, that it may be seen and acknowledged to come from His own hand alone.' It is told that when Charles the First read the English translation of Behmen's answers to the *Forty Questions*, he wrote to the publisher that if Jacob Behmen was no scholar, then the Holy Ghost was still with men; and, if he was a learned man, then his book was one of the best inventions that had ever been written. The *Forty*

Questions ran through many editions both on the Continent and in England, and it was this book that gained for Jacob Behmen the denomination of the Teutonic Philosopher, a name by which he is distinguished among authors to this day. 'He is known,' says Hegel, 'as the Philosophus Teutonicus, and, in reality, through him for the first time did philosophy in Germany come forward with a characteristic stamp. The kernel of his philosophising is purely German.' The following are some of the university questions that Balthazar Walter took down and sent to Jacob Behmen for his answer: 'What is the soul of the man in its innermost essence, and how is it created, soul by soul, in the image of GOD? Is the soul propagated from father to son like the body? or is it every time new created and breathed in from GOD? How comes original sin into each several soul? How does the soul of the saint feed and grow upon the word of GOD? Whence comes the deadly contrariety between the flesh and the spirit? Whither goes the soul when it at death departs from the body? In what does its rest, its awakening, and its glorification consist? What kind of body shall the glorified body be? The soul and spirit of CHRIST, what are they? and are they the same as ours? What and where is Paradise?' Through a hundred and fourteen large quarto pages Behmen's astonishing answers to the forty questions run; after which he adds this: 'Thus, my beloved friend, we have set down, according to our gifts, a round answer to your questions, and we exhort you as a brother not to despise us. For we are not born of art, but of simplicity. We acknowledge all who love such knowledge as our brethren in CHRIST, with whom we hope to rejoice eternally in the heavenly school. For our best knowledge here is but in part, but when we shall attain to perfection,

then we shall see what GOD is, and what He can do. Amen.'

A Treatise of the Incarnation of the Son of God comes next, and then we have three smaller works written to clear up and to establish several difficult and disputed matters in it and in some of his former works. To write on the Incarnation of the Son of GOD would need, says Behmen, an angel's pen; but his defence is that his is better than any angel's pen, because it is the pen of a sinner's love. The year 1621 saw one of Behmen's most original and most powerful books finished,—the *Signatura Rerum*. In this so illuminating book Behmen teaches us that all things have two worlds in which they live,—an inward world and an outward. All created things have an inner and an invisible essence, and an outer and a visible form. And the outward form is always more or less the key to the inward character. This whole world that we see around us, and of which we ourselves are the soul,—it is all a symbol, a 'signature,' of an invisible world. This deep principle runs through the whole of creation. The Creator went upon this principle in all His work; and the thoughtful mind can see that principle coming out in all His work,—in plants, and trees, and beasts.

> As German Boehme never cared for plants
> Until it happed, a-walking in the fields,
> He noticed all at once that plants could speak,
> Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him.
> That day the daisy had an eye indeed—
> Colloquized with the cowslips on such themes!
> We find them extant yet in Jacob's prose.

But, best of all, this principle comes out clearest in the speech, behaviour, features, and face of a man. Every day men are signing themselves from within.

Every act they perform, every word they speak, every wish they entertain,—it all comes out and is fixed for ever in their character, and even in their appearance. 'Therefore,' says Behmen in the beginning of his book, 'the greatest understanding lies in the signature. For by the external form of all creatures, by their voice and action, as well as by their instigation, inclination, and desire, their hidden spirit is made known. For Nature has given to everything its own language according to its innermost essence. And this is the language of Nature, in which everything continually speaks, manifests, and declares itself for what it is,—so much so, that all that is spoken or written even about GOD, however true, if the writer or speaker has not the Divine Nature within himself, then all he says is dumb to me; he has not got the hammer in his hand that can strike my bell.'

The Way to Christ[1] was Behmen's next book, and in the four precious treatises that compose that book our author takes an altogether new departure. In the *Aurora*, in *The Three Principles*, in the *Forty Questions*, and in the *Signatura Rerum*, Jacob Behmen has been writing for philosophers and theologians. Or, if in all these works he has been writing for a memorial to himself in the first place,—even then, it has been for himself on the philosophical and theological side of his own mind. But in *The Way to Christ* he writes for himself under that character which, once taken up by Jacob Behmen, is never for one day laid down. Behmen's favourite

[1] *The Way to Christ* has been published recently by J. M. Watkins. *The Signature of All Things* is included in Everyman's Library (Dent), and Mr. George Allen has undertaken a complete edition of Behmen's works, of which *The Threefold Life*, *The Three Principles* and *The Forty Questions* have already appeared.

Scripture, after our Lord's promise of the Holy Spirit to them that ask for Him, was the parable of the Prodigal Son. In all his books Behmen is that son, covered with wounds and bruises and putrifying sores, but at last beginning to come to himself and to return to his Father. *The Way to Christ* is a production of the very greatest depth and strength, but it is the depth and the strength of the heart and the conscience rather than the depth and the strength of the understanding and the imagination. This nobly evangelical book is made up of four tracts, entitled respectively, *Of True Repentance, Of True Resignation, Of Regeneration,* and *Of the Supersensual Life.* And a deep vein of autobiographic life and interest runs through the four tracts and binds them into a quick unity. 'A soldier,' says Behmen, 'who has been in the wars can best tell another soldier how to fight.' And neither Augustine nor Luther nor Bunyan carries deeper wounds, or broader scars, nor tells a nobler story in any of their autobiographic and soldierly books than Behmen does in his *Way to Christ.* At the commencement of *The True Repentance* he promises us that he will write of a process or way on which he himself has gone. 'The author herewith giveth thee the best jewel that he hath.' And a true jewel it is, as the present speaker will testify. If *The True Repentance* has a fault at all it is the fault of Samuel Rutherford's *Letters.* For the taste of some of his readers Behmen, like Rutherford, draws rather too much on the language and the figures of the married life in setting forth the love of CHRIST to the espoused soul, and the love of the espoused soul to CHRIST. But with that, and with all its other drawbacks, *The True Repentance* is such a treatise that, once discovered by the proper reader, it will be the happy discoverer's constant companion all

his earthly and penitential days. As the English reader is carried on through the fourth tract, *The Supersensual Life*, he experiences a new and an increasing sense of ease and pleasure, combined with a mystic height and depth and inwardness all but new to him even in Behmen's books. The new height and depth and inwardness are all Jacob Behmen's own; but the freedom and the ease and the movement and the melody are all William Law's. In his preparations for a new edition of Behmen in English, William Law had re-translated and paraphrased *The Supersensual Life*, and the editor of the 1781 edition of Behmen's works has incorporated Law's beautiful rendering of that tract in room of John Sparrow's excellent but rather too antique rendering. We are in John Sparrow's everlasting debt for the immense labour he laid out on Behmen, as well as for his own deep piety and personal worth. But it was service enough and honour enough for Sparrow to have Englished Jacob Behmen at all for his fellow-countrymen, even if he was not able to English him as William Law would have done. But take Behmen and Law together, as they meet together in *The Supersensual Life*, and not A Kempis himself comes near them even in his own proper field, or in his immense service in that field. There is all the reality, inwardness, and spirituality of *The Imitation* in *The Supersensual Life*, together with a sweep of imagination, and a grasp of understanding, as well as with both a sweetness and a bitterness of heart that even A Kempis never comes near. *The Supersensual Life* of Jacob Behmen, in the English of William Law, is a superb piece of spiritual work, and a treasure-house of masculine English.

A Treatise of the Four Complexions, or *A Consolatory Instruction for a Sad and Assaulted Heart*, was Behmen's

next book. The four complexions are the four temperaments—the choleric, the sanguine, the phlegmatic, and the melancholy. Behmen's treatise has been well described by Walton as containing the philosophy of temptation; and by Martensen as displaying a most profound knowledge of the human heart. Behmen sets about his task as a *ductor dubitantium* in a masterly manner. He takes in hand the comfort and direction of sin-distressed souls in a characteristically deep, inward, and thoroughgoing way. The book is full of Behmen's observation of men. It is the outcome of a close and long-continued study of character and conduct. Every page of *The Four Complexions* gleams with a keen but tender and wistful insight into our poor human nature. As his customers came and gave their orders in his shop; as his neighbours collected, and gossiped, and debated, and quarrelled around his shop window; as his minister fumed and raged against him in the pulpit; as the Council of Goerlitz sat and swayed; passed sentence upon him, retracted their sentence, and again gave way under the pressure of their minister, and pronounced another sentence,—all this time Behmen was having poor human nature, to all its joints and marrow, and to all the thoughts and instincts of its heart, laid naked and open before him, both in other men and in himself. And then, as always with Behmen, all this observation of men, all this discovery and self-discovery, ran up into philosophy, into theology, into personal and evangelical religion. In all that Behmen better and better saw the original plan, constitution, and operation of human nature; its aboriginal catastrophe; its weakness and openness to all evil; and its need of constant care, protection, instruction, watchfulness, and Divine help. Behmen writes on all the four temperaments with the

profoundest insight, and with the fullest sympathy; but over the last of the four he exclaims: 'O hear me! for I know well myself what melancholy is! I also have lodged all my days in the melancholy inn!' As I read that light and elastic book published some years ago, *The Life and Letters of Erasmus*, I came on this sentence, 'Erasmus, like all men of real genius, had a light and elastic nature.' When I read that, I could not believe my eyes. I had been used to think of light and elastic natures as being the antipodes of natures of real genius. And as I stopped my reading for a little, a procession of men of real and indisputable genius passed before me, who had all lodged with Behmen in the melancholy inn. Till I remembered that far deeper and far truer saying, that 'simply to say man at all is to say melancholy.' No: with all respect, the real fact is surely as near as possible the exact opposite. A light, elastic, Erasmus-like nature, is the exception among men of real genius. At any rate, Jacob Behmen was the exact opposite of Erasmus, and of all such light and elastic men. Melancholy was Jacob Behmen's special temperament and peculiar complexion. He had long studied, and watched, and wrestled with, and prayed over that complexion at home. And thus it is, no doubt, that he is so full, and so clear, and so sure-footed, and so impressive, and so full of fellow-feeling in his treatment of this special complexion. Behmen's greatest disciple has assimilated his master's teaching in this matter of complexion also, and has given it out again in his own clear, plain, powerful, classical manner, especially in his treatise on *Christian Regeneration*. Let all preachers and pastors who would master the *rationale* of temptation, and who would ground their directions and their comforts to their people in the nature of things, as well

as in the word of GOD, make Jacob Behmen and William Law and Prebendary Clark their constant study. 'I write for no other purpose,' says Behmen, 'than that men may learn how to know themselves. Seek the noble knowledge of thyself. Seek it and you will find a heavenly treasure which will not be eaten by moths, and which no thief shall ever take away.'

I shall not attempt to enter on the thorny thicket of Jacob Behmen's polemical and apologetical works. I shall not even load your mind with their unhappy titles. His five apologies occupy in bulk somewhere about a tenth part of his five quarto volumes. And full as his apologies and defences are of autobiographic material, as well as of valuable expansions and explanations of his other books, yet at their best they are all controversial and combative in their cast and complexion; and, nobly as Behmen has written on the subject of controversy, it was not given even to him, amid all the misunderstandings, misrepresentations, injuries, and insults he suffered from, always to write what we are glad and proud and the better to read.

About his next book Behmen thus writes: 'Upon the desire of some high persons with whom I did converse in the Christmas holidays, I have written a pretty large treatise upon Election, in which I have done my best to determine that subject upon the deepest grounds. And I hope that the same may put an end to many contentions and controversies, especially of some points betwixt the Lutherans and Calvinists, for I have taken the texts of Holy Scripture which speak of GOD's will to harden sinners, and then, again, of His unwillingness to harden, and have so tuned and harmonised them that the right understanding and meaning of the same may be seen.' 'This author,' says John Sparrow,

'disputes not at all. He desires only to confer and offer his understanding of the Scriptures on both sides, answering reason's objections, and manifesting the truth for conjoining, uniting, and reconciling of all parties in love.' And that he has not been wholly unsuccessful we may believe when we hear one of Behmen's ablest commentators writing of his *Election* as 'a superlatively helpful book,' and again, as a 'profoundly instructive treatise.' The workmanlike way in which Behmen sets about his treatment of the *Election of Grace, commonly called Predestination,* will be seen from the titles of some of his chapters. Chap. i. What the One Only God is. Chap. ii. Concerning God's Eternal Speaking Word. Chap. v. Of the Origin of Man. Chap. vi. Of the Fall of Man. Chap. viii. Of the sayings of Scripture, and how they oppose one another. Chap. ix. Clearing the Right Understanding of such Scriptures. Chap. xiii. A Conclusion upon all those Questions. And then, true to his constant manner, as if wholly dissatisfied with the result of all his labour in things and in places too deep both for writer and reader, he gave all the next day after he had finished his *Election* to an *Appendix on Repentance,* in order to making his own and his reader's calling and election sure. And it may safely be said that, than that day's work, than those four quarto pages, not Augustine, not Luther, not Bunyan, not Baxter, not Shepard has ever written anything of more evangelical depth, and strength, and passion, and pathos. It is truly a splendid day's work! But it might not have been possible even for Behmen to perform that day's work had he not for months beforehand been dealing day and night with the deepest and the most heart-searching things both of God and man. What a man was Jacob Behmen, and chosen to what a service!

At work all that day in his solitary stall, and then all the night after over his rush-light writing for a memorial to himself and to us his incomparable *Compendium of Repentance.*

In a letter addressed to one of the nobility in Silesia, and dated February 19, 1623, Behmen says: 'When you have leisure to study I shall send you something still more deep, for I have written this whole autumn and winter without ceasing.' And if he had written nothing else but his great book entitled *Mysterium Magnum* that autumn and winter, he must have written night and day and done nothing else. Even in size the *Mysterium* is an immense piece of work. In the English edition it occupies the whole of the third quarto volume of 507 pages; and then for its matter it is a still more amazing production. To say that the *Mysterium Magnum* is a mystical and allegorical commentary upon the Book of Genesis is to say nothing. Philo himself is a tyro and a timid interpreter beside Jacob Behmen. 'Which things are an allegory,' says the Apostle, after a passing reference to Sarah and Hagar and Isaac and Ishmael; but if you would see actually every syllable of Genesis allegorised, spiritualised, interpreted of CHRIST, and of the New Testament, from the first verse of its first chapter to the last verse of its last chapter, like the nobleman of Silesia, when you have leisure, read Behmen's deep *Mysterium Magnum.* I would recommend the enterprising and unconquerable student to make leisure so as to master Behmen's Preface to the *Mysterium Magnum* at the very least. And if he does that, and is not drawn on from that to be a student of Behmen for the rest of his days, then, whatever else his proper field in life may be, it is not mystical or philosophical theology. It is a long step both in time and in thought from Behmen

to Schopenhauer; but, speaking of one of Schelling's books, Schopenhauer says that it is all taken from Jacob Behmen's *Mysterium Magnum*; every thought and almost every word of Schelling's work leads Schopenhauer to think of Behmen. 'When I read Behmen's book,' says Schopenhauer, 'I cannot withhold either admiration or emotion.'

At his far too early death Behmen left four treatises behind him in an unfinished condition. The *Theoscopia*, or *Divine Vision*, is but a fragment; but, even so, the study of that fragment leads us to believe that had Behmen lived to the ordinary limit of human life, and had his mind continued to grow as it was now fast growing in clearness, in concentration, and in simplicity, Behmen would have left to us not a few books as classical in their form as all his books are classical in their substance; in their originality, in their truth, in their depth, and in their strength. As it is, the unfinished, the scarcely-begun, *Theoscopia* only serves to show the student of what a treasure he has been bereft by Behmen's too early death. As I read and re-read the *Theoscopia* I felt the full truth and force of Hegel's generous words, that German philosophy began with Behmen. This is both German and Christian philosophy, I said to myself as I revelled in the *Theoscopia*. Let the serious student listen to the titles of some of the chapters of the *Theoscopia*, and then let him say what he would not have given to have got such a book from such a pen in its completed shape: 'What God is, and how we men shall know the Divine Substance by the Divine Revelation. Why it sometimes seems as if there were no God, and as if all things went in the world by chance. Why God, who is Love itself, permits an evil will contrary to His own. The reason and the profit, why evil should be found

along with good. Of the mind of man, and how it is the image of GOD, and how it can still be filled with God. Why this Temporal Universe is created; to what it is profitable; and how God is so near unto all things': and so on. 'But no amount of quotation,' says Mrs. Penney, that very able student of Behmen, lately deceased, 'can give an adequate glimpse of the light which streams from the *Theoscopia* when long and patiently studied.'

Another unfinished fragment that Behmen's readers seek for and treasure up like very sand of gold is his *Holy Week*. This little work, its author tells us, was undertaken upon the entreaty and desire of some loving and good friends of his for the daily exercise of true religion in their hearts and in the little church of their families. The following is Behmen's method of prayer for Monday, which is the only day's prayer he got finished before his death: 'A short prayer when we awake early and before we rise. A prayer and thanksgiving after we are risen. A prayer while we wash and dress. A prayer when we begin to work at our calling. A prayer at noon. A prayer toward evening. A prayer when we undress. A prayer of thanks for the bitter passion and dying of JESUS CHRIST.' What does the man mean? many of his contemporaries who came upon his *Holy Week* would say, What does the madman mean? Would he have us pray all day? Would he have us pray and do nothing else? Yes; it would almost seem so. For in his *Supersensual Life* the Master says to the disciple who has asked, 'How shall I be able to live aright amid all the anxiety and tribulation of this world?': 'If thou dost once every hour throw thyself by faith beyond all creatures into the abysmal mercy of GOD, into the sufferings of CHRIST, and into the fellowship of His

intercession, then thou shalt receive power from above to rule over the world, and death, and the devil, and hell itself.' And again, 'O thou of little courage, if thy will could but break itself off every half-hour from all creatures, and plunge itself into that where no creature is or can be, presently it would be penetrated with the splendour of the Divine glory, and would taste a sweetness no tongue can express. Then thou wouldst love thy cross more than all the glory and all the goods of this world.' The author had begun a series of reflections and meditations on the Ten Commandments for devotional use on Tuesday, but got no further than the Fifth. Behmen is so deep and so original in his purely philosophical, theological, and speculative books, that in many places we can only stand back and wonder at the man. But in his *Holy Week* Behmen kneels down beside us. Not but that his characteristic depth is present in his prayers also; but we all know something of the nature, the manner, and the blessedness of prayer, and thus it is that we are so much more at home with Behmen, the prodigal son, than we are with Behmen, the theosophical theologian. When Behmen begins to teach us to pray, and when the lesson comes to us out of his own closet, then we are able to see in a nearer light something of the originality, the greatness, the strength, and the true and genuine piety of the philosopher and the theologian. When Behmen's philosophy and theology become penitence, prayer, and praise, then by their fruits we know how good his philosophy and his theology must be, away down in their deepest and most hidden nature. I agree with Christopher Walton that those prayers are full of unction and instruction, and that some of them are of the 'highest magnetical power'; and that, as rendered into modern phraseology, they

are most beautiful devotional compositions, and very models of all that a divinely illuminated mind would address to GOD and CHRIST. For myself, immediately after the Psalms of David I put Jacob Behmen's *Holy Week* and the prayers scattered up and down through his *True Repentance*, and beside Behmen I put Bishop Andrewes' *Private Devotions*. I have discovered no helps to my own devotional life for a moment to set beside Behmen and Andrewes.

A Treatise on Baptism and the Lord's Supper; A Key to the Principal Points and Expressions in the Author's Writings; and then a most valuable volume of letters—*Epistolae Theosophicae*—complete the extraordinarily rich bibliography of the illuminated and blessed Jacob Behmen.

Though there is a great deal of needless and wearisome repetition in Jacob Behmen's writings, at the same time there is scarcely a single subject in the whole range of theology on which he does not throw a new, an intense, and a brilliant light. 'It is only natural,' says M. Boutroux in his *Studies in Philosophy*, 'that Behmen's disciples should mainly be found among theologians.' In his absolutely original and magnificent doctrine of GOD, while all the time loyally true to it, Behmen has confessedly transcended the theology of both the Latin and the Reformed Churches; and, absolutely unlettered man though he is, has taken his stand at the very head of the great Greek theologians. The Reformers concentrated their criticism upon the anthropology and soteriology of the Church of Rome, and especially upon the discipline and worship connected therewith. They saw no need for recasting any of the more fundamental positions of pure theology. And while Jacob Behmen, broadly speaking, accepts as his own confession of faith

all that Luther and Calvin and their colleagues taught on sin and salvation, on the corruption and guilt of sinners, and on the redeeming work of our LORD, he rises far above the greatest and best of his teachers in his doctrine of the GODHEAD. Not only does he rise far higher in that doctrine than either Rome or Geneva, he rises far higher and sounds far deeper than either Antioch, or Alexandria, or Nicomedia, or Nice. On this profound point Bishop Martensen has an excellent appreciation of Behmen. After what I have taken upon me to say about Behmen, the learned Bishop's authoritative passage must be quoted :—'If we compare Behmen's doctrine of the Trinity,' says the learned and evangelical Bishop, 'with that which is contained in the otherwise so admirable Athanasian Creed, the latter but displays to us a most abstruse metaphysic ; a GOD for mere thought, and in whom there is nothing sympathetic for the heart of man. Behmen, on the contrary, reveals to us the LIVING GOD, the GOD of Goodness, the Eternal Love, of which there is absolutely no hint whatever in the hard Athanasian symbol. By this attitude of his to the affections of the human heart, Behmen's doctrine of the Trinity is in close coherence with the Reformation, and with its evangelical churches. . . . Behmen is anxious to state a conception of GOD that will fill the hiatus between the theological and anthropological sides of the dogmatical development which was bequeathed by the Reformation ; he seeks to unite the theological and the anthropological. . . . From careful study of Behmen's theology,' continues Bishop Martensen, 'one gains a prevailing impression that Behmen's GOD is, in His inmost Being, most kindred to man, even as man in his inmost being is still kindred to GOD. And, besides, we recognise in Behmen throughout the pulse-beat of a believing man, who is in all his books

supremely anxious about his own salvation and that of his fellow-men.' Now, it is just this super-confessional element in Behmen, both on his speculative and on his practical side, taken along with the immediate and intensely practical bearing of all his speculations, it is just this that is Behmen's true and genuine distinction, his shining and unshared glory. And it is out of that supreme, solitary, and wholly untrodden field of Behmen's super-confessional theology that all that is essential, characteristic, distinctive, and fruitful in Behmen really and originally springs. The distinctions he takes within, and around, and immediately beneath the Godhead, are of themselves full of the noblest light. The Divine Nature, Eternal Nature, Temporal Nature, Human Nature, when evolved out of one another, and when related to one another, as Behmen sees them evolved and related, are categories of the clearest, surest, most necessary, and most intensely instructive kind. And if the height and the depth, the massiveness, the stupendousness, and the grandeur, as well as the sweetness and the beauty and the warmth and the fruitfulness of a doctrine of GOD is any argument or evidence of its truth, then Behmen's magnificent doctrine of the GODHEAD is surely proved to demonstration and delight. GOD is the Essence of all Essences to Behmen. GOD is the deepest Ground, the living and the life-giving Root of all existence. At the same time, the Divine Nature is so Divine; It is so high and so deep; It is so unlike all that is not Itself; It is so beyond and above all language, and all thought, and all imagination of man or angel, that universe after universe have had to come into existence, and have had to be filled, each successive universe after its own kind, with all the fulness of GOD, before that universe of which we form a part, and to which our utmost imagination is

confined, could have come into existence, and into recognition of itself. Behmen's Eternal Nature must never be taken for the Eternal GOD. The Divine Nature, the Eternal Godhead, exists in the Father, in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost; and then, after the Eternal Generation of the Son, and the Eternal Procession of the Holy Ghost, there comes up in order of existence Eternal Nature. Eternal Nature is not the Divine Nature, but it is as near to the Divine Nature in its qualities and in its powers as any created thing can ever by any possibility be. Now, if we are still to follow Behmen, we must not let ourselves indolently think of the production of Eternal Nature as a divine act done and completed in any past either of time or of eternity. There is neither past nor future where we are now walking with Behmen. There is only an everlasting present where he is now leading us. For, as GOD the Father generates the Son eternally and continually; and as the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son eternally and continually, so GOD the Word eternally and continually says, 'Let this Beginning of all things be, and let it continue to be.' And, as He speaks, His Word awakens the ever-dawning morning of the ever new-created day. And He beholds Eternal Nature continually rising up before Him, and He pronounces it very good. The Creator so transcends the creation, and, especially, that late and remote creation of which we are a part, that as the Creator's first step out of Himself, and as a step towards our creation, is His creation, generation, or other production of a nature or universe that shall be capable of receiving immediately into itself all that of the Creator that He has purposed to reveal and to communicate to creatures,—a nature or universe which shall at the same time be itself the beginning of creation, and the source, spring, and quarry out of which all that

shall afterwards come can be constructed. Eternal Nature is thus the great storehouse and workshop in which all the created essences, elements, principles, and potentialities of all possible worlds are laid up. Here is the great treasury and laboratory into which the Filial Word enters, when by Him GOD creates, sustains, and perfects the worlds, universe after universe. Here, says Behmen, is the great and universal treasury of that heavenly clay of which all things, even to angels and men, are made; and here is the eternal turning-wheel with which they are all framed and fashioned. Eternal Nature is an invisible essence, and it is the essential ground out of which all the visible and invisible worlds are made. For the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. In that radiant original universe also all the thoughts of GOD which were to usward from everlasting, all the Divine ideas, patterns, and plans of things, are laid open, displayed, copied out and sealed up for future worlds to see carried out. 'Through this Kingdom of Heaven, or Eternal Nature,' says William Law, in his *Appeal to all that Doubt*, 'is the invisible GOD eternally breaking forth and manifesting Himself in a boundless height and depth of blissful wonders, opening and displaying Himself to all His heavenly creatures in an infinite variety and an endless multiplicity of His powers, beauties, joys, and glories. So that all the inhabitants of heaven are for ever knowing, seeing, hearing, feeling, and variously enjoying all that is great, amiable, infinite, and gracious in the Divine Nature.' And again, in his *Way to Divine Knowledge*: 'Out of this transcendent Eternal Nature, which is as universal and immense as the Godhead itself, do all the highest beings, cherubims and seraphims, all the hosts of angels, and all intelligent spirits, receive their birth, existence,

substance, and form. And they are one and united in one, GOD in them, and they in GOD, according to the prayer of CHRIST for His disciples, that they, and He, and His Holy Father might be united in one.' A little philosophy, especially when the philosopher does not yet know the plague of his own heart, tends, indeed, to doubt and unbelief in the word of GOD and in the work of CHRIST. But the philosophy of Behmen and Law will deepen the mind and subdue the heart of the student till he is made a prodigal son, a humble believer, and a profound philosopher, both in nature and in grace, like his profound masters.

Behmen's teaching on human nature, his doctrine of the heart of man, and of the image of GOD in the heart of man, has a greatness about it that marks it off as being peculiarly Behmen's own doctrine. He agrees with the catechisms and the creeds in their teaching that the heart of man was at first like the heart of GOD in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. But Behmen is above and beyond the catechisms in this also, in the way that he sees the heart of man still opening in upon the Divine Nature, as also upon Eternal and Temporal Nature, somewhat as the heart of GOD opens out on all that He has made. On every page of his, wherever you happen to open him, Behmen is found teaching that GOD and CHRIST, heaven and hell, life and death, are in every several human heart. Heaven and all that it contains is every day either being quenched and killed in every human heart, or it is being anew generated, rekindled, and accepted there; and in like manner hell. 'Yea,' he is bold to exclaim, 'GOD Himself is so near thee that the geniture of the Holy Trinity is continually being wrought in thy heart. Yea, all the Three Persons are generated for thee in thy heart.' And, again: 'GOD is

in thy dark heart. Knock, and He shall come out within thee into the light. The Holy Ghost holds the key of thy dark heart. Ask, and He shall be given to thee within thee. Do not let any sophister teach thee that thy GOD is far aloft from thee as the stars are. Only offer at this moment to GOD thine heart, and CHRIST, the Son of GOD, will be born and formed within thee. And then thou art His brother, His flesh, and His spirit. Thou also art a child of His Father. GOD is in thee. Power, might, majesty, heaven, paradise, elements, stars, the whole earth—all is thine. Thou art in CHRIST over hell, and all that it contains.' 'Behmen's speculation,' Martensen is always reminding us, 'streams forth from the deepest practical inspiration. His speculations are all saturated with a constant reference to salvation. His whole metaphysic is pervaded by practical applications.' And conspicuously, so we may here point out, is his metaphysic of GOD and of the heart of man. The immanence of GOD, as theologians and philosophers call it; the indwelling of GOD, as the psalmists and the apostles and the saints call it; the Divine Word lightening every man that comes into the world, as John has it,—of the practical and personal bearings of all that Behmen's every book is full. Dost thou not see it and feel it? he continually calls to his readers. Heaven, be sure, is in every holy man, and hell in every bad man. When thou dost work together with GOD, then thou art in heaven, and thy soul dwells in GOD. In like manner, also, thou art in hell and among the devils when thou art in any envy, malice, anger, or ill-will. Thou needest not to ask where is heaven or where is hell. Both are within thee, even in thy heart. Now, then, when thou prayest, pray in that heaven that is within thee, and there the Holy Ghost shall meet with thee and will help thee,

and thy soul shall be the whole of heaven within thee. It is a fundamental doctrine of Behmen's that the fall would have been immediate and eternal death to Adam and Eve had not the Divine Word, the Seed of the woman, entered their hearts, and kept a footing in their hearts, and in the hearts of all their children, against the fulness of time when He would take our flesh and work out our redemption. And thus it is that Behmen appeals to all his readers, that if they will only go down deep enough into their own hearts—then, there, down there, deeper than indwelling sin, deeper than original sin, deep down and seated in the very substance and centre of their souls—they will come upon secret and unexpected seeds of the Divine Life. Seeds, blades, buddings, and new beginnings of the very life of God the Son, in their deepest souls. Secret and small, Behmen exclaims, as those seeds of Eden are, despise them not; destroy them not, for a blessing for thee is in them. Water those secret seeds, sun them, dig about them, and they will grow up in you also. The Divine Life is in you, quench it not, for it is of God. Nay, it is God Himself in you. It depends upon yourself whether or no that which is at this moment the smallest of all seeds is yet to become in you the greatest and the most fruitful of all trees.

'Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is,' is a characteristic saying of a fellow-countryman of Behmen's. And Behmen's super-confessional and almost super-scriptural treatment of that frequent scriptural anthropomorphism,—'unavoidable and yet intolerable,'—the wrath of God, must be left by me in Behmen's own bold pages. Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Behmen's philosophical, theological, and experimental

doctrine of sin also, with one example, must be wholly passed by. 'If all trees were clerks,' he exclaims in one place, 'and all their branches pens, and all the hills books, and all the waters ink, yet all would not sufficiently declare the evil that sin hath done. For sin has made this house of heavenly light to be a den of darkness; this house of joy to be a house of mourning, lamentation, and woe; this house of all refreshment to be full of hunger and thirst; this abode of love to be a prison of enmity and ill-will; this seat of meekness to be the haunt of pride and rage and malice. For laughter sin has brought horror; for munificence, beggary; and for heaven, hell. Oh, thou miserable man, turn convert. For the Father stretches out both His hands to thee. Do but turn to Him and He will receive and embrace thee in His love.' It was the sin and misery of this world that first made Jacob Behmen a philosopher, and it was the sinfulness of his own heart that at last made him a saint. Of Behmen's full doctrine and practice of prayer also; his fine and fruitful treatment of what he always calls 'the process of CHRIST'; and, intimately connected with that, his still super-confessional treatment of imputation,—of all that, and much more like that, I cannot now attempt to speak. Nor yet of his superb teaching on love. 'Throw out thy heart upon all men,' he now commands and now beseeches us. 'Throw open and throw out thy heart. For unless thou dost exercise thy heart, and the love of thy heart, upon every man in the world, thy self-love, thy pride, thy contempt, thy envy, thy distaste, thy dislike will still have dominion over thee. The Divine Nature will be quenched and extinguished in thee, till nothing but self and hell is left to thee. In the name and in the strength of GOD, love all men. Love thy neighbour as thyself, and do to thy neighbour as thou

doest to thyself. And do it now. For now is the accepted time ; and now is the day of salvation ! '

Jacob Behmen died in his fiftieth year. He was libelled and maligned, harassed and hunted to death by a world that was not worthy of such a gift of GOD. A sudden and severe sickness came upon Behmen till he sank in death with his *Aurora* and his *Holy Week* and his *Divine Vision* all lying still unfinished at his bedside. ' Open the door and let in more of that music,' the dying man said to his weeping son. Behmen was already hearing the harpers harping with their harps. He was already taking his part in the song they sing in heaven to Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood. ' And now,' said the prodigal son, the blessed Behmen, ' I go to-day to be with my Redeemer and my King in Paradise,' and so died.

BISHOP ANDREWES

Lancelot Andrewes was born the son of a seafaring man at Allhallows, Barking, London, in 1555, and he died Bishop of Winchester at Southwark in 1626. Andrewes was born one year after Hooker, four years before Isaac Casaubon and Robert Bruce, six years before Bacon, nine years before Shakespeare, eleven years before James the First, and eighteen years before Laud and Donne. Lancelot Andrewes lives to us and shines to us to this day in his *Private Devotions*. All our interest in Andrewes is centred in his *Private Devotions*. Andrewes was a great scholar and a great patron of poor scholars, he was the most popular preacher of his day, in his hospitality he was the pattern of an apostolic bishop, and he was a great favourite with his king; but all that would have been forgotten long ago had it not been for his one incomparable and priceless book, the *Private Devotions*. We carry Andrewes's *Private Devotions* in our mind as we read of his birth, of his education, of his talents, of his industry, of his rise in life, and of all his after-career. Our interest in Andrewes's scholarship and wide reading, in his churchmanship and in his statesmanship, in his single life, in his friends and in his opponents, in his great opportunities and in his great temptations both as a minister of Jesus Christ and as a privy councillor of King James,—our interest in all that is awakened and is intensely quickened as we study, and

much more as we ourselves employ, his *Private Devotions*. With that illuminating book open before us we search the histories and the biographies of his time; the home and the foreign politics of his time; the State papers, the Church controversies, and not least the Court scandals and the criminal reports of his time, with the keenest interest and the most solicitous anxiety. 'I am wonderful curious,' says Montaigne, 'to discover and know the mind, the soul, the genuine disposition, and the natural judgment of my authors; but much more what they do in their chambers and in their closets than what they are in the senate and in the market-place.' And that is just what we discover and know of our author in his *Private Devotions*. We have preserved to us in that all-revealing book what Andrewes was in his chamber and in his closet as we have no other author preserved to us in any other book that I know. To Andrewes more than to any other man that I know has this assurance of our Saviour been to the letter fulfilled,—But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. For, what Andrewes prayed for in his closet, and how he prayed for it, of that all the world now openly knows and openly has the reward.

As soon as young Andrewes had a book put into his hands he began to show a quite extraordinary aptitude for the acquisition of languages. From his tender years, Isaacson, his secretary and biographer, tells us, Andrewes was totally addicted to the study of languages; and in his youth there appeared in him such aptness to learn, answerable to his endeavours, that his first two schoolmasters contended who should have the honour of his breeding. By his extraordinary industry and admirable

capacity he soon outstripped all his school-fellows, having become an excellent Grecian and Hebrician. When he came home to London from Cambridge for his Easter holiday, he was wont to bespeak a tutor for those vacant weeks, till he went back to his college after a month's absence a much better scholar than he had been when he left it. Isaacson had often heard the reverend and worthy prelate say that when he was a young scholar at the University, and so all his time onwards, he never loved or used any games or ordinary recreation, either within doors, as cards, dice, tables, chess, or the like; or abroad, as butts, quoits, bowls, or any such; but his ordinary exercise and recreation was walking either alone by himself, or with some selected companion, with whom he might confer, argue, and recount their studies. He would often profess that to observe the grass, herbs, corn, trees, cattle, earth, waters, heavens, any of the creatures, and to contemplate their natures, orders, qualities, virtues, uses, and such like, was ever to him the greatest mirth, content, and recreation that could be: and this he held to his dying day. 'He accounted all that time lost that he spent not in his studie,' says Bishop Buckeridge, 'wherein in learning he outstript all his equals, and his indefatigable industry had almost outstript himself: he studied so hard when others played, that if his parents and masters had not forced him to play with them also, all the play had been marred.' And then Fuller follows Isaacson and Buckeridge with this,—that 'the world wanted learning to know how learned this man was; so skilled in all (especially Oriental) languages, that some conceive he might, if then living, almost have served as an interpreter-general at the confusion of tongues.' 'His admirable knowledge in the learned tongues,' adds

Buckeridge, 'Latine, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriack, Arabick, besides other modern tongues to the number of fifteen, as I am informed, was such, and so rare, that he may well be ranked to be in the first place, to be one of the rarest linguists in Christendom.'

This is to be an appreciation of Andrewes at his true price, and our true picture must show the shadows as well as the sunlights: Cromwell's warts as well as his high forehead and his shining eyes.

With his elevation to the bench of bishops that sad drop and deterioration of Andrewes's character began which cannot be kept hid from any unprejudiced reader of his life, and which stands written out in a sea of tears the bitterness of which every reader of sensibility must surely taste on every page of his penitential *Devotions*. A more servile and short-sighted body of men than the bench of bishops under James the First never set a royal house on the road to ruin; and with all his saintliness, and with all his unworldliness, Lancelot Andrewes at last consented to sit down among them. George Herbert writes of the same Court: 'I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I now can behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures.' 'A main cause of all the misery and mischief in our land is the fearfullest of flattery of our prelates and clergy,' says one of the Rev. Joseph Mead's correspondents in 1623. It is only those who truly love Andrewes,—and as Buckeridge who had known him for thirty years says, 'I loved him, but yet my love doth not blind or outsway my judgment,'—it is only those, I say, who have long known and who truly love Andrewes, and

who have his *Devotions* day and night in their hands till they come to owe him their own souls, it is only they who will feel the full pain and shame of Lancelot Andrewes's position as a minister of Jesus Christ, and at the same time a privy councillor and a Court favourite of James the First. The truth is, no man could remain a man at all, and much less a man of Christian honour and uncompromised integrity, at the Court and in the favour of James. What a system of things that was which placed the Church of Christ and her chief ministers, as well as the whole people of a great and growing nation, under the heel of a man like James Stuart! The strongest men bent and broke under the dreadful incubus of that abominable system. It was only one outstanding man here and another outstanding man there who could remain true and upright and honourable men under that abominable system. It was only a statesman like Bristol, and a judge like Coke, and a bishop like Abbot, and a minister like Robert Bruce who could live through such an atmosphere. The best and the most blameless men became compromised, corrupted, and demoralised. And that a man of Andrewes's goodness and beauty of character was so compromised, corrupted, and demoralised is surely of itself sufficient condemnation of James and of the life of his Court, and of that whole abominable system of things that had grafted the sword and the sceptre of England upon the crook of Jesus Christ, and then had put all three into the hand of James the First. The time had been when you would have seen Lancelot Andrewes rather have his right hand cut off than that it should countersign any king's command in such an infamous affair as the divorce case of the Earl and Countess of Essex. But ten years at a Stuart Court had brought even Lancelot Andrewes down to that. If you cannot

so much as touch pitch without being defiled, how could you expect to wade about in a pit of pitch for half a lifetime and come out clean? The Essex case is much too loathsome to be more than merely mentioned here, and I do not wonder that Mr. Gardiner protests that nothing short of direct evidence will suffice to convince him that Lancelot Andrewes knew what he was doing when he took the side he did take in the Essex case. Mr. Gardiner has had all the evidence before him, and he is both an able and a just judge; but, much as I would like to see Andrewes cleared, or even given the benefit of a doubt in the Essex case, I despair of ever having the relief of mind of seeing that done. I have read far too much direct evidence against Andrewes for my own full faith and perfect pride in Andrewes. The successive state trials connected with that long-lasting, wide-spreading, and utterly loathsome case, supplemented and aggravated as they are by the powerful Memorial and outspoken Speech of Archbishop Abbot, to all of which I shall always be compelled to add some of the most agonising pages of the *Private Devotions*—all that is nothing short of overwhelming evidence to me. Had Bishop Andrewes kept a private diary, and had he kept his diary as his disciple and friend Archbishop Laud kept his; that is to say, had Andrewes entered his 'unfortunatenesses' and his 'ill-haps' under fast days and in cyphers and in initials as the Archbishop did, I cannot doubt what some of those cyphers and initials would have been, nor how 'slubbered' they would have been 'with his pious hands, watered with his penitential tears.' 'Some great calamity happens to you, you do very well to make it an occasion of exercising a great devotion,' says William Law.

Much as I should like to agree with Mr. Gardiner in the hesitation and judicial doubt of which he gives

Andrewes's memory the benefit, I am compelled in this matter to side rather with Mark Pattison and with many other students of that time as to the depth of the infamy into which Bishop Andrewes slipped and fell when James summoned him to vote, and pursued after him and compelled him to vote on the king's side, which was also the wanton's side, of the Essex case. I would not have come near that noisome ditch unless I had seen Bishop Andrewes's footsteps being dragged up toward it in a leash of servility till he all but sank out of sight under it. Shall I, to please King James and to shelter and satisfy his vile favourites,—shall I send my soul to hell! shouted Archbishop Abbot to one of the king's emissaries. No! I will not do it. But Bishop Andrewes did it. And Bishop Andrewes's soul is still in hell to the end of his life, and a hundred times in his remorseful *Devotions*, because he did it. There is no other word for it. For a man like Lancelot Andrewes to have to look back all his days, and that too from an episcopal throne, to that scandalous Essex case, and to see himself in the society, if not in the secrets, of James, and Rochester, and the Countess of Essex, and Mrs. Turner, and Bishop Neill,—out of the belly of hell cried I! As whoredom and wine take away the heart, so do servility and party spirit, the fear of kings and the respect of great men. But as David's heart came back to him from adultery and murder in the Fifty-first Psalm, so did Bishop Andrewes's heart come back to him from servility and sycophancy and the sale of justice in many a confession and in many a commendation of his *Private Devotions*. If I did not believe absolutely in the sincerity and the truthfulness of Andrewes's repentance in every literal syllable and down to the blackest bottom of that sea of tears, his *Private Devotions*, I would not have opened my mouth or taken up my pen

about him. But, absolutely and utterly believing that Andrewes means all that he says when he is on his knees clothed in sackcloth and with dust on his head and a rope round his neck, I am not afraid at the worst thing that I meet with in his previous life. 'Come,' says Andrewes, 'and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me.'

Andrewes preached one of his least pedantic sermons, and one with less than usual of his 'ingenious idleness' in it, before James in Holyrood Chapel during that royal visit to our city. The Edinburgh people even in that day were severe judges of sermons, and the king's favourite preacher did not escape the searching climate into which he had come. 'How did you like the sermon this morning?' James was still Scotsman enough to ask of a Presbyterian lord who had been present at the service. 'No doubt your Majesty's bishop is a learned man, but he cannot preach. He rather plays with his text than preaches on it.' And I must say that I entirely agree with my outspoken fellow-countryman against all the adulation that has been lavished on Andrewes's preaching from that day to this. Canon Mozley, who came to be one of the clearest-headed and profoundest writers of our generation, has a preposterously extravagant paper on Andrewes's Sermons, in the *British Critic* for January 1842. The whole paper is a set and a highly elaborated eulogy in which such overworked words are applied to Andrewes's sermons as these:—force, animation, depth, fertility, felicity, admirable decision and completeness, quickness, variety, dexterity, richness, rapidity, ubiquity, clear-headedness, manifoldness, what he is going to say occupies him, what he is saying he only says and no more,—language

which, were it distributed upon Hooker's sermons and Taylor's and Newman's and Robertson's, would yield a sufficiency of epithet for all the four. After Mozley has written himself out of breath, he settles down to say that 'these characteristics of Bishop Andrewes are not plainly discernible, we allow, at first sight.' No, they are not. Nor, I am sincerely sorry to say, have they been discerned at all by one who has looked for them longer and oftener than he would like to confess. My sight and experience of Andrewes's sermons was at first and still is rather that of one who is said to have set a high value upon some others of Andrewes's writings, but who, at the same time, had the detachment from party spirit and the intellectual integrity to say,—'I own that however clear-headed I might be when I sat down to read one of his sermons, I invariably rose at the conclusion of it with my brain bewildered and confused.' But the *British Critic* and its young Anglo-Catholics were all engaged in that day in writing up, without rhyme or reason, the churchmen of James's and Charles's day; and with much of a high, a fine, and a quite singular distinction, at the same time less theological openness, less true catholicity, and less fair and just judgment you will scarcely meet with anywhere than just in their sectarian and reactionary writings. Archdeacon Hare is the only writer of any authority and eminence I know on whom the good sense and sound judgment of that ancient Scottish lord has descended. I have read a good many sermons in my time, and there are some sufficiently High Church sermons that I have continually in my hands. It cannot then be their Church doctrine, or their Church tone, or their exclusive temper that has turned me so often away from Andrewes's sermons. And still as I read again about Andrewes, and as his

editors and biographers and fellow-churchmen praise his sermons, I go back to his five volumes, accusing myself that I cannot have done them and myself proper justice,—but always with the same result. I tried to read the Gowrie series again one Sabbath morning above the fiord of Mandal in Norway during my late holiday time till I could read no longer, I so felt as I read that I was wasting and desecrating the Lord's Day. I threw down the eight maledictory sermons preached before James on the long dead and buried Gowrie brothers, and took up the much praised sermon on Justification to give it another trial. But with the old result. The doctrine was all right, when I got at it. The doctrine was the Pauline, Lutheran, Puritan, Presbyterian, only possible doctrine on that text and on that topic, but the magnificent doctrine never kindled the preacher, never gave him wings, never carried him away, never fused nor took the slag out of his style, never made him once eloquent, never to the end of his sermon made him a great preacher of a great gospel. I felt sorry I had not brought with me the third volume of Keble's Hooker, such was my hunger for Hooker's greatest sermon after those twenty tantalising pages of his unimproved contemporary. But, happily, I had brought Mr. Henry Craik's *English Prose Selections* with me, the first volume of which contains ten pieces out of Hooker with Mr. Vernon Blackburn's perfect little paper prefixed. Ay, that is preaching, I exclaimed to myself as I read and read again the four golden pages taken out of Hooker's golden sermon. That is writing. That is English. That is the best of gospels in the best of English. Yes, when I go back to Edinburgh, and have my classes again before me, I shall command them to master Hooker, at any rate on Justification, such is his style in that

immortal sermon, his depth, his strength, and his sublimity. I shall also set Andrewes's *Devotions* day and night before them,—but not his sermons. Bruce's and Hooker's and Donne's and Taylor's and Leighton's, and many other sermons since their day, but not Andrewes's. Whoever says otherwise, the blunt, uncourtly Scottish lord was right. We are assured on all hands that the bishop's delivery was 'inimitable.' But substance and unction have always come before delivery in Scotland. Andrewes is a learned man, and, better than that, he can pray as no other man can pray, but he cannot preach, to be called preaching. That dissatisfied Edinburgh lord most likely was one of Robert Bruce's elders, and he must have heard that 'stately Presbyterian divine' preach his famous Five Sermons on the Lord's Supper, and his Six Sermons on King Hezekiah's Sickness, and his taste for a sermon must have been formed on the model of that preacher of such distinction. And if I had the ear of one of Bishop Andrewes's descendants in Church doctrine and in English preaching I should earnestly advise him to send to Edinburgh for Robert Bruce's Sermons. He would find in that noble volume what we in Scotland believe to be the true New Testament teaching on the Lord's Supper, and he would see that doctrine put forward in an ancient Scottish style not wholly unworthy of the great subject. Keble gives us at the end of his Hooker a sermon of Hooker's which was found among Bishop Andrewes's papers. Found in such company, it was as if a sermon of Newman's had got in among Simeon's skeletons. It is enough for one man that he can pray as Andrewes alone can pray, but let no beginner in the pulpit go to Andrewes to learn how to preach.

It is no blame to Andrewes that he cannot preach

like Bruce or Hooker or Donne or Taylor ; great preachers like them are born and not made. But no man has any business to tune and tamper with his pulpit to please either his king or his congregation, and a true preacher will never do it. I do not complain of Andrewes because I find his sermons unreadable and unprofitable, but I cannot excuse him for his Gowrie and Gunpowder Plot series, and too many other sermons like them. Could James not have got some other of his Court Chaplains to curse the hanged and dismembered Gowries every fifth of August, and leave Andrewes to his proper work and to his private prayers ? But no. James, born fool as he was in some things, was a shrewd enough sovereign in some other things, and he knew quite well what he was doing when he commanded Lancelot Andrewes in England, while never all he could do could command Robert Bruce in Scotland, to preach or to pray to his policy and to his passions. What a pity it is, I have sometimes exclaimed to myself, that anything of Andrewes's has been preserved besides his *Devotions* ! And yet, may it not have been so ordained in order to comfort and assure us every night when we have to go with a continual confession that is such a continual condemnation and such a continual contrast to our everyday life. 'O God,' prayed Andrewes in secret every night, 'save me from making a god of the king.' On this whole matter the simple truth is that the plainest facts of history and of biography in Andrewes's case have been so twisted about and so covered up by party spirit and ecclesiastical pride that it is impossible to draw them out into any light of day without great pain and great regret. But what has here been said has this for it at any rate, that it was a very unwelcome and a very distressing discovery to the present speaker when he

made it. It seemed to him like laying hands on one's own father, as some one has said it somewhere in Plato.

Lancelot Andrewes was a fast-rising scholar of Pembroke when Francis Bacon went up to Trinity in the 'pregnancy and towardness of his wit,' a boy between twelve and thirteen years of age. And Lord Bacon's name comes afterwards to be the symbol of so much, that we like to think of two such men as Andrewes and Bacon being early and lifelong friends. And, though I do not know that we have documents for it, I like to think of the elder scholar selecting the younger and taking him out to those country walks and talks that Isaacson has told us about so delightfully. That the rising divine and the pushing young lawyer were intimate friends early in life we have abundant evidence. Mr. Spedding, who has unearthed everything that exists about Bacon, has produced an invitation that Bacon sent to Andrewes when he was preacher in St. Giles', Cripplegate, asking him to come out to Twickenham to share a holiday with a party of young lawyers and other scholars. But Andrewes's pulpit duties detained him at home. Andrewes all his days loved good society and a hospitable table, but not till his day's work was done. Throughout life, Bacon's biographer assures us, the Lord Chancellor held the bishop in special reverence. Indeed, there is nothing either in Andrewes's best life or in his best work that gives us such a high idea of his intellect as the fact that Bacon submitted *The Advancement of Learning* and some others of his magnificent books to Andrewes, calling him his inquisitor, and asking him for his criticisms and corrections. 'You were wont to make me believe that you took a liking to my writings; will you therefore mark what you think not current in my style, or harsh to credit and opinion, or inconvenient

to the position of the writer. For to write at one's ease,' as Bacon said to Casaubon about another book of his, 'that which others are to read at their ease is of little consequence. The contemplations I have in view are those which may bring about the better ordering of man's life and business with all its turmoil. How great an enterprise is this, and with what small help I have attempted it.' This of Bacon leads us into his Private Memoranda, where we see him laying his lines to 'fish for testaments,' for loans, for gifts, for bribes, and indeed for anything and everything that would bring in money to a poor man who had taken all knowledge for his province, a province, as he often sadly said, that would take a king or a pope to occupy and hold it. Bacon sets it down among other like secret plots against his best friends,—'not desisting to draw in Bishop Andrewes, he being single, ryeh, and sickly.' 'Bacon's was a mind,' says Dr. Abbott, 'unique and extraordinary; worldly, it is true, but not after the common fashion of worldliness; say rather an unworldly mind of superhuman magnanimity, gradually becoming enslaved by the world while professing to use the world as a mere tool. Bacon will place all the arts of worldliness at the feet of Truth, and will master them by first obeying them.' 'A man whose fall,' as the same writer so truly and so finely says, 'shook men's confidence in humanity.'

Broken in health and broken in heart as Bacon might well be by a fall that shook the world, and the terrible shock of which we still feel to this day, Bacon died at his desk. And, though Andrewes had sat on his trial and had acquiesced in his sentence, Bacon continues to acquaint Andrewes with all his intended work, and consults him about it to the end. Bacon's *Holy War* is not Bunyan's book of the same name. 'There cannot but ensue a

dissolution of the state of the Turk, whereof the time seemeth to approach. The events of time do seem to invite Christian kings to a war in respect of the great corruption and relaxation of discipline in that empire.' It would have been very interesting to us in our day to have been able to read the mature mind of Bacon on the rights and wrongs of a war to be carried on by England and the united West against 'the enemy of Christendom.' But Bacon only lived to overtake a few pages of his *Holy War*. Most happily, however, he had written the preface before he began the body of the book, and he had given to the preface the form of a Dedicatory Letter to Andrewes (now Bishop of Winchester), and a most important piece of Bacon's mental autobiography it is. Dante and Bacon and Milton were three gigantic brothers in intellect, they were each sent into a world wholly out of joint, and they all three write about themselves in their disjointed worlds as only giants are enabled and permitted to write. Bacon's Dedication and Advertisement to his *Holy War* stands beside Dante's classification and comparison of himself with Homer and Virgil, and beside Milton's magnificent proposals and preparations for the work of his life. After comparing his case with the cases of Demosthenes and Cicero and Seneca, Bacon goes on to say this to Andrewes: 'These examples confirmed me in a resolution to spend my time wholly in writing, and to put out that poor talent or half talent, or what it is, that God hath given me, not as heretofore to particular exchanges, but to banks and mounts of perpetuity which will not break. And therefore this work, not for the City, but for the Temple, I have dedicated to your lordship, in respect of ancient and private acquaintance, and because I hold you in special reverence.' Great Bacon, and noble in all his ignobility! 'In his

great adversity I prayed,' says Ben Jonson, 'that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want.' 'The most exquisitely constructed intellect,' says Macaulay, 'that has ever been bestowed on the children of men.' It is the fashion to-day to run down Macaulay, but let all gifted and ambitious young men read that great writer's Essay on Bacon and lay it to heart once every year. As for Spedding and Ellis, they should lie beside every young lawyer's Bible and *Private Devotions.*

There is no finer picture of Andrewes to be seen anywhere than that which is painted in Mark Pattison's classical, if somewhat cold and supercilious, *Life of Isaac Casaubon.* Though the Rector of Lincoln says some very severe things of Bishop Andrewes, at the same time, in no other book that I know is there such an altogether delightful glimpse given us of the beauty and attractiveness of Andrewes's private character. The truly episcopal hospitality,—his lordship, it was said, kept Christmas all the year,—the noble courtesy, the exquisite geniality and tenderness, and the whole graciousness and affectionateness of the bishop's nature never came out better than all that did in his whole connection with Casaubon. It is true there were more things than one that went to attract and to attach those two men to one another. 'Profound piety,' says Pattison, 'and great reading, common to both, placed them at once in sympathy.' But, besides that, their ecclesiastical views also, their attitude toward those questions of Church order and public worship which were agitating and rending all the Churches in Christendom at that day, drew the scholar and the bishop continually closer and closer to one another. 'The Anglican ritual,' says his able biographer, 'exactly met Casaubon's aspirations after the decent simplicity of primitive worship, though his Presby-

terian sentiment was at first inclined to find a little too much pomp and pride mingling with some parts of the episcopal services. But, on the whole, he preferred the Anglican ceremonies to the bare and naked usages of his own communion. At the same time, he never forsook the French congregation of which he continued to be a member. He attended the preaching from time to time, though not seldom hearing doctrine from which he differed, and philology which he knew to be rotten.' But, besides all that, the two scholars were continually thrown together at Court in carrying on those loyal labours to which the king had for so long yoked the bishop, and to assist the bishop in which with his omnipotent pen the greatest classical scholar in Europe had been brought over from France. Chained to his task, the best ecclesiastical scholar in England had been toiling for years past at those controversies in which the Crown and the Church of England had become involved with the great Catholic theologians and casuists of that day; and Casaubon's arrival in London was hailed as the advent of a heaven-sent assistant to Andrewes and his cause. Long before they had seen each other's face Andrewes and Casaubon were already at one in their intense hatred of Bellarmine and Baronius, and no sooner had they shaken hands than they sat down to work to each other's hands at a task which was to them at once the service of the Truth, of the Church, and of the State; the service of God, and of their king and patron James the First. Casaubon's diary of those delightful days is full of Andrewes, and the admiration and the esteem are quite as much, to his honour be it said, on the great bishop's side as on the poor scholar's. 'Come and shoot a buck with me. Throw aside your books this hot weather. Shut up your Drury Lane lodgings, and let me see your dear face. I

am not well in my solitude, but a visit from you will set me on my feet. Come down at once if you would be in time for Stourbridge Fair, the finest thing of its kind in all England. But, if you have no taste for an English fair, then I have beside me at this moment a Matthew in Hebrew that will make your mouth water. Do be persuaded to come. Be so good as to remember that the hand which writes these lines is ill with the ague. Coming or going, God keep you long to be an ornament to letters.' And then when Casaubon did find his way to the palace at Downham,—to see the two solitary scholars together is delightful. It is a rebuke and an inspiration to open Casaubon's diary for those holiday weeks. The two book-lovers read more in the mornings of their holidays than other men read all the year round. They breakfasted alone to gain time and to keep the freshness of the day for their private devotions and their peculiar studies. And then they met, the best of company, at their early mid-day dinner. Andrewes 'doubted,' so Isaacson reports his master, 'they were no true scholars who came to speak to a man before noon.' Casaubon was happy in everything at Ely, the bishop's present diocese, but in the distance of his books. The bishop had a fine library, as the catalogue of it still proves; but, unhappily, it was nearly all in London, where Andrewes spent the most part of every year in attendance at Court and in writing controversies for the king. Both Casaubon and Andrewes were of Pericles' mind, and held that not a Greek's best holiday only, but an Englishman's and a Frenchman's best holiday also, was that day on which he did most of his duty. And accordingly the Master of Peterhouse was largely requisitioned for the loan of his most learned books when Andrewes and Casaubon were at Ely. Books and manuscripts were the tools of Casau-

bon's life, and even if he was not working at his full strength while he was at Ely, at the same time he loved to be feeling the edge of his tools, and to have them and his whetstone always near him. When Casaubon was not composing he was always collecting materials for his next composition. His advice to all true students is this : ' Remember that it is of no use to have read a thing, unless you retain it in your memory. Make notes therefore of everything you read, as aids to your memory.' The books that Casaubon read at Downham and made copious notes of would stagger an ordinary student so much as even to hear their bare names, and he always put at the head of his sheet of notes this motto in Greek, ' Alone and at work with God.' After their mid-day dinner the two friends spent the afternoon walking, riding, visiting the parishes of the diocese, inspecting the church fabrics, entertaining friends, transfixing a buck, but always their best recreation and entertainment was to be talking together of books. Still, with all that, there was nothing that went so deep both into the hearts and into the characters of those two good men as their life of faith, of prayer, and of personal holiness. If there were two saints of God in England that summer, they were surely to be found under the roof of the episcopal palace of Ely. Writing of thirty years before, Pattison's somewhat grudging words are these : ' The religious sentiment was ever suggesting to young Casaubon the futility of worldly knowledge, and the superior value of religious studies. This impression may be traced to the early years of the son of the Huguenot pastor who had to fly to the hills. From the first there were two men in Casaubon, the theologian and the scholar.' And summing up his life his somewhat too aloof biographer says : ' The habitual attitude of Casaubon's soul was abandon-

ment; not merely resignation, but prostration before the Unseen. He moved, thought, and felt, as in the presence of God. His family and friends lay near to his heart, but nearer than all is God. In all his thoughts the thought of God is subsumed.' And again, 'his diary is one prolonged litany.' Yes: so it is. David's Psalms were never out of Casaubon's hands, and the best day he spent at Downham was not the day when he transfixed three bucks, but the day when all alone in the bishop's copse he read the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm over again with a rapturous heart. Pleasantly as his holiday passed, and in spite of the bishop's 'golden chains of courtesy,' Casaubon began to be feverish for London and for his own books. But the great scholar's life of books in this world soon after that came to an end. 'In answer to your questions,' writes Andrewes to Heinsius in 1614, 'regarding the departure of that illustrious man. In the morning of the day on which he died he received the Holy Sacrament from my hand; and that because three days before he had begged it of me. After the sacrament he expressed a wish that Simeon's Canticle should be chanted. There was nothing in the whole world of the slightest interest to that Christian man Casaubon, unless what related to piety and holiness, and that was most evident amid his last tortures. His remains were buried in Westminster Abbey in front of the doors of that chapel in which the monuments of our kings are seen.'

Lancelot Andrewes was born of honest and godly parents in 1555. We find him a scholar of Pembroke in 1571, and Dean of Westminster in 1601. Hooker died in 1600 at the age of forty-six, and on hearing of his death Andrewes wrote of him, 'He hath not that I know left any near him.' Queen Elizabeth died in March 1603

and four months later Andrewes assisted at the coronation of James. In 1605 he was raised to be Bishop of Chichester, he was one of the translators of the Bible in 1607, and in 1609 he published his very learned *Tortura Torti* against Cardinal Bellarmine, an uncongenial task, imposed upon him by the king. In the end of the same year he was translated to Ely, where Casaubon spent part of the summer of 1611 with the bishop. In 1613 he sat as one of the judges on the Essex case. In 1617 he attended the king on his visit to Scotland, and in 1618 he was translated from Ely to Winchester. In 1621 Bacon fell, and Andrewes was one of the deputation of peers who attended on Bacon to receive his confession and submission. In 1621 he sat on Archbishop Abbot's case also, and 'the party,' says Thomas Fuller, 'whom the archbishop suspected his greatest foe, proved his most firm and effectual friend, even Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester.' In 1625 James died. On his deathbed the king sent for Andrewes, but the favourite bishop was so ill himself at the time that it was not possible for him to come to bid his royal master farewell. On the 2nd of February 1626 Andrewes was able to be present at the coronation of Charles the First, in which ceremony, both on account of his high office and his personal acceptability, he took a foremost place. This was one of the last public acts that Andrewes ever performed. 'His gratitude to men,' says his secretary, 'was now changed into thankfulness to God. His affability to incessant and devout prayers and speeches with his Creator and Redeemer and Sanctifier. His laborious studies to restless groans, sighs, cries, and tears. His hands labouring, his eyes lifted up, and his heart beating and panting to see the living God, even to the last of his breath.' Under Monday the 25th of September

1626 we read in Archbishop Laud's diary this entry: 'About four o'clock in the morning died Lancelot Andrewes, the most worthy Bishop of Winchester, the great light of the Christian world.'

Andrewes has left behind him five volumes of sermons, preached for the most part at Court, and on special occasions; two or three columns of controversial matter, a volume of catechetical matter, and the *Private Devotions*. The *Private Devotions*, as the name indicates, was never intended for publication. Andrewes wrote the little book for his own use, and then, when he was done with it, he gave it to his great friend Archbishop Laud.

The Eastern Churches have a very noble devotional literature, which has been made accessible to the English student in the works of Maskell, Palmer, Neale, Littledale, Hammond, Bright, and Robertson, as well as in the Prayer-Books of Edward and Elizabeth. And such heirs of such riches are we, and such joint-heirs with all the Churches, that we possess yet another great treasure in the more private and more personal devotional books of all ages and all nations. We have the Confessions of Augustine, the Prayers and Soliloquies of Anselm, the unfinished Holy Week and other great prayers and praises of Jacob Behmen, the Golden Grove of Jeremy Taylor, the Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrewes, and William Laud, and Thomas Wilson, and many other suchlike precious possessions. But, for its peculiar purpose and for its special use, Andrewes's *Private Devotions* stands out at the head of them all. There is nothing in the whole range of devotional literature to be set beside Andrewes's incomparable *Devotions*. Its author's public and private life; his intense conscience of his past sins and of his abiding sinfulness; his keen, all-realising

faith in God and in the grace of God; his soaring and adoring love; his universal scholarship, especially in the sacred schools; his so original method and so peculiar plan in the conception and in the composition of his book; and the long lifetime of profoundest penitential and importunate prayer that he has put into his book,—all these and many other things combine to make Bishop Andrewes's *Private Devotions* to stand alone and unapproached in the literature of the closet and the mercy-seat. To myself one of the chiefest compensations and offsets for the reign of James the First is this, that the *Private Devotions* of Lancelot Andrewes were being continually composed and were being continually employed, —were being continually wrung out of him,—during the whole course of that so mischievous and insufferable reign. As the chief interest of the reign of this and that king of Judah and Israel lies in such and such prophets and psalmists and righteous men who lived and wrote in the reigns of those kings, so is it with us in our own national history. Kings and queens, protectors and presidents, and the times of their rule, are ultimately memorable and honourable still by nothing so much as by the good and the great men they had among their subjects, the progress that the Kingdom of Heaven made in their day, and not least by the number and the quality of the books belonging to the Kingdom of Heaven that were written in their day. And that the English Bible, the Five Sermons on the Sacraments, Donne's Sermons, and the Private Devotions—not to speak in this place of Macbeth, and Hamlet, and Lear, and the Essays, and the Advancement—have all come down to us out of James's day, that covers a multitude of the sins of his day, and that will make his day to remain rich and illustrious to all time in the estimation of the Church of Christ in

our land, and in all other English-reading lands. It is to James's insight that we owe it that John Donne ever was a minister,—of whom Professor Saintsbury says that in the strength and savour of his quality he has no rival in English, no rival indeed anywhere but in the author of the *Confessions*.

In the composition of his *Devotions*, Lancelot Andrewes had anticipated and had already fulfilled all William Law's best counsels. 'When at any time,' Law advises us, 'either in reading the Scriptures or any book of piety, you meet with a passage that more than ordinarily affects your mind, and seems as it were to give your heart a new motion toward God, you should try to turn it into the form of a petition, and then give it a place in your prayers. By this means you would be often improving your prayers, and storing yourself with proper forms of making the desires of your heart known unto God.' And, again, returning in another place to the same subject: 'If they were to collect the best forms of devotion, and to use themselves to transcribe the finest passages of Scripture-prayers; if they were to collect the devotions, confessions, petitions, praises, resignation, and thanksgivings, which are scattered up and down the Psalms, and range them under proper heads, as so much proper fuel for the flame of their own devotions; if their minds were often thus employed, sometimes meditating upon them, sometimes getting them by heart, and making them habitual as their own thoughts, how fervently would they pray, who came thus prepared to pray!' Now, this was exactly and to the letter what Andrewes had already done a hundred years to a day before Law so pleaded with his readers. When Andrewes met with a verse or a clause or so much as a word in any scripture that specially suited into his own

case; when David, or Asaph, or Job, or Paul said anything, or hinted at anything, that went to Andrewes's heart, on the spot he took that word down, and that too in its own native Hebrew or Greek, as the case might be. And he did the same thing when he would be reading any of the ancients of the Latin or Orient Kirks, as Robert Bruce called them. Such is the care and the labour of those who write the masterpieces in any branch of letters. Andrewes made such a constant practice of this, and had formed such a settled habit of it, that as his life went on his book of secret prayer came to be filled with all the best passages in the Psalms, in the Prophets, in the Gospels, and in the Epistles, as also in the sermons and litanies and liturgies of the Fathers and the Saints, till we have a perfect portrait before us of Andrewes's inmost soul, and that too in lines and in colours borrowed from those hands that could best draw such deep lines and best mix such strong and lasting colours. Every verse, every clause of a verse, every single word and syllable, indeed, that Andrewes quotes has some special and inspired reference to himself alone. It is not quotation with him, it is assimilation; it is appropriation; and it is the recovery and the reappropriation of that which is indisputably his own wherever he comes across it. He passes over whole chapters and whole books in silence and with a dry pen. Only this one word in this whole Psalm is his, and he straightway takes this one word out of the whole Psalm and leaves to its author and to its other readers all the rest of the Psalm. He takes but what is demonstrably his own, and what has no such interest and no such value to any one else, and he hides it ever afterwards in his heart. He steals it down from all eyes into the book which he never opens till after his door is shut. And

thus it is that all formality, all insincerity, all mere lip-service, and all multiplying of sacred words for the sake of their sound is excluded from this severe, sincere, and serious little book. The author's method with himself and with his Bible excludes all that, and protects him and his readers from their constant temptation to all that.

Andrewes always carried out the same method of selection and assimilation as he read the devotional books of the Greek and the Latin Fathers. Only, I feel sure that a great deal too much has been made of what Andrewes owes to the Greek and the Latin litanists and liturgists. Now and then you will come on a passage that is plainly borrowed from Chrysostom, or Basil, or the 'Liturgy of St. James,' but for one word that Andrewes owes to Chrysostom he owes a hundred to David. The truth is, the *Devotions* are far more original, so to call it, than has ever been allowed even by those who are tempted to sacrifice the plain truth to their partiality and their praise of Andrewes. All that Mozley says so uncritically and so extravagantly about Andrewes's sermons, with some chastening and some selecting, could then be very well and very truly said about his *Devotions*. And I venture to prophesy that when the genuine and original Laudian text has been translated, and when all the scriptural and liturgical and other quotations, references, and allusions have been traced up to their sources, the bishop's book will nevertheless be seen to be absolutely his own. The main sources from which he drew were the Holy Scriptures and his own life. The *Institutiones Piæ* is a little volume of clear, simple, sweet English writing, not at all equal in depth or in strength to the *Devotions*, but a great improvement on the style of the sermons. This

and the *Manual for the Sick* are excellent little books, and were the product of Andrewes's personal religion and of his pastoral work when he was as yet an obscure and a single-hearted young minister with his whole time and his whole strength given up to his pulpit and to his pastorate.

To the question why the best part of the *Devotions* was written in Greek, I have no better answer to offer than that which honest Stationer Moseley offered to the Christian reader from his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1647. 'He penned them in Greek, and in that language presented them to his God; the reason is not for me to determine; whether it were for that the evidences of our salvation are delivered to us in that tongue, or whether amongst those fifteen he was master of, he chose this language as the most copious to express the fulness of his soul.' To which let me add this out of the Preface to Dean Stanhope's translation: 'Such of his prayers as were brought nearest to perfection he wrote in Greek, either because the New Testament, the Septuagint, and most of the ancient Fathers and Liturgies, whence he extracted a good deal, were in that language, or because that language had some advantage for devotion, as the many compound words it contains strengthen the ideas they convey to us, and make a more lively impression on the mind.' The fulness of the Greek spirit also, in its form, order, elevation, taste, beauty, music, falls on Andrewes, and for the first time takes full possession of Andrewes, when he enters his closet. And thus it is that, when we take Andrewes's method and manner of composition along with his sources and with the language he wrote in, we have before us in his *Private Devotions* a perfect portrait of that man of prayer. We have Andrewes, in his

Devotions, if not altogether as God saw him, at any rate as he saw himself when he felt himself to be more immediately under the eye of God. And thus it is that it is not David we see even in the most Davidic of Andrewes's prayers, nor Asaph in the most Asaphic of them, nor Paul nor James nor Chrysostom: but what we see there is what was true of Andrewes in them all, with something added that was in none of them all, and is in no one else but in Lancelot Andrewes in all the world.

There is a very remarkable argument carried on in the early part of the Eighty-sixth Tract for the Times. And the argument is to the effect that the Reformation was the outcome of a universal call to repentance on the part of God, and that on the part of the Church of England it was a response to that call in a great act of national humiliation and sorrow for sin. And the subtle and skilful writer of the Tract, having taken that thesis in hand, goes on to trace the proof of that and the effect of that in the changes made in the Collects of the English Prayer-Book at the time of the Reformation. And he points out what he calls a lowering of the voice, a descent of the mind, and a humbling of the heart of the Church from the high choral tone of the missals and the breviaries and the early liturgies, till the Book of Common Prayer has become the cry of a returning prodigal rather than an expression of the liberty and the joy of obedient children. And it cannot be denied that Bishop Andrewes is a true son of the English Church in this respect. He is at his best in repentance and confession. He prays and praises in many places like a son also. But like volcanic rock thrusting itself up through a harvest field, so does Andrewes's acute and abiding remorse for sin pierce up through his finest and fullest psalms of thanksgiving. Andrewes comes again

with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him, but all his harvest field has been sown in tears, and so reaped, and so gathered in, and so garnered, till it is the bread of tears. 'His piety has not softened his heart,' says Mark Pattison in a cruel and revengeful passage. But Andrewes would have said with John Foxe that what his piety had not done his impiety had completely accomplished. I owe far more to my sins, says the old martyrologist, than I owe to my good works. Andrewes has three Acts of Confession in his Latin Devotions, and all three are out of the same still broken heart. But the second of the three, beginning with—'O God, Thou knowest my foolishness,'—it exceeds. I shall not touch it. I shall not attempt to give examples out of it. The page would run blood if I broke off a single sentence of it. Only, if ever God got at the hands of a sinful man a sacrifice that satisfied Him and made Him say on the spot, Bring forth the best robe, it was surely in Lancelot Andrewes's closet, and after that great Act of Confession.

One of the acknowledged masters of the spiritual life warns us against 'an untheological devotion. True spirituality,' he insists, 'has always been orthodox.' And the readers of the *Grammar of Assent* will remember with what masterly power and with what equal eloquence it is there set forth that the theology of the Creeds and of the Catechisms, when it is rightly understood and properly employed, appeals to the heart quite as much as to the head, to the imagination quite as much as to the understanding. And we cannot study Andrewes's book, his closet confession of his faith especially, without discovering what a majesty, what a massiveness, what a depth, and what a strength, as well as what an evangelical fervour and heartsomeness

his theology has given to his devotional life. Take in illustration this profound apostrophe—the sum of so much that is contained in the *Devotions*: 'Essence beyond essence: Essence everywhere, and wholly everywhere!' Let the intellect and the imagination take that of God truly, fully, and long enough up, and forthwith Andrewes's words will take rank not unworthily with John's words, 'No man hath seen God at any time,' and with Paul's words, 'Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto.' To some minds those three words in which Andrewes describes the Divine Nature will recall Jacob Behmen and will flash a new light on many an old expression of the Scriptures and the Catechisms and the Creeds. Let any devout and thoughtful man take up Andrewes's confession of faith for the Fourth Day imaginatively and affectionately, and let each strong heaven-laden word be meditated and prayed over, and he will experience in himself what is meant by the power and the profitableness of a theological devotion. 'I believe in the Father's loving-kindness; in the Almighty's saving power; in the Creator's providence for guarding, ruling, perfecting the universe; in Jesus, for salvation; in Christ, for the anointing of his Holy Spirit; in the only begotten Son, for adoption; in the Lord, for His care as our Master; in His conception and birth, for the cleansing of our unclean conception and birth; in His sufferings, endured that we, whose due they were, might not suffer; in His cross, for the curse of the law removed; in His death, for the sting of death taken away; in His descent whither we ought, that we might not go; in His resurrection, as the first fruits of them that sleep; in His ascension, to prepare a place for us; in His sitting, to appear and to intercede for us; in His return, to

take unto Him His own ; in His judgment, to render to every man according to his deeds ; in the Holy Ghost, for power from on high, transforming unto sanctity from without and invisibly, yet effectually and evidently ; in the Church, a body mystical of those called out of the whole world into a commonwealth of faith and holiness ; in the communion of saints, members of this body, a partaking with one another of holy things, for assurance of the remission of sins, for hope of resurrection and translation to life everlasting.' In the *Grammar of Assent* its author says that for himself he has ever felt the Athanasian Creed to be the most devotional formulary to which Christianity has given birth. We certainly feel something not unlike that when Andrewes takes up the Apostles' Creed, or the Nicene Creed, or the Life of our Lord, or His Names, or His Titles, or His Attributes, or His Offices. When Andrewes takes up any of these things into his intellect, imagination, and heart, he has already provided himself and his readers with another great prayer and another great psalm. So true is it that all true theology is directly and richly and evangelically devotional.

No one can have any idea of the power and the beauty, the breadth and at the same time the particularity of Andrewes's intercessions, who has not for long made use of them as the coal of this so much neglected altar in his own devotional life. William Law is always insisting on particulars, and instances, and specifications ; on names of people, names of places, and names of things in all prayer, and especially in intercessory prayer. And, even with Law himself open before me, I know no master of instances and particulars in intercessory prayer like Andrewes. Those who have not discovered the *Devotions* have a great start forward still before

them when they begin to make constant use of that great book. I shall rejoice if these weak words of mine shall succeed in persuading even one man to take Andrewes for his teacher and his pattern in his life of intercessory prayer.

And then his thanksgivings. Read them, sing them, carry them about with you, drink in their spirit, and offer your own thanksgivings on their noble plan. The Thanksgiving for the Fifth Day is an absolutely unique piece of sacred song. It is an all-embracing, absolutely exhaustive, autobiographic psalm. It is written by a man of God for God alone to read and to hear. And as we are chosen and privileged to read it and to hear it we come to understand something of the secret life of a man who was said to spend five hours of the day sometimes over a prayer and a psalm. We ourselves will spend as many hours, and we will not be done with our praise, when we have learned Andrewes's divine art of writing and reading our own autobiography to God. 'O God, for my existence, my life, my reason; for nurture, protection, guidance, education, civil rights, religion; for thy gifts to me of grace, nature, worldly good; for redemption, regeneration, instruction in the truth; for my call, recall, yea, many calls all through life; for Thy forbearance, longsuffering, long longsuffering toward me, even until now; for all good things received, for all successes granted to me, for all good deeds I have been enabled to do; for my parents honest and good, for teachers kind, for benefactors never to be forgotten, for religious intimates so congenial and so helpful, for hearers thoughtful, friends true and sincere, servants faithful; for all who have helped me by their writings, sermons, conversations, prayers, examples, rebukes, and even injuries; for all these, and for all others which I

know, and which I know not, open, hidden, remembered, forgotten;—what shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?' And, then, on an altogether other key, An Act of Thanksgiving in the Latin Part. 'If I were compelled to make a choice,' says Dr. Cazenove, 'I should select the Act of Thanksgiving.' Before I knew Dr. Cazenove's choice, I find I had already spoken of it as 'that magnificent Act of Thanksgiving. Surely the noblest service of that kind that ever rose from earth to heaven. Yes, it is wholly worthy to be taken up word for word by the great multitude that no man can number. They cannot sing a better song. It is in every word of it worthy of them and of the place where they stand.' And if any man think that too much to say about a book whose very title he has never heard till now, let him begin from now to learn to thank God with Lancelot Andrewes. Those who are staggered and offended to be told that any man should spend hours upon hours alone with himself and with his Maker should study such prayers and psalms as those of Andrewes; and if they once enter into their genius, and come under their spell, they will have discovered a new way of redeeming and laying out the dregs of their days.

In trying to account for Andrewes having composed the most finished parts of his *Devotions* in Greek, Mr. Hutton, Dean Stanhope's editor, says that the compound and emphatic words of that language greatly strengthen the ideas they convey to us, and thus make a deeper impression on our minds. Now no adequate justice can at all be done to Andrewes's *Devotions* till attention has been called to the power and the impressiveness of some of his single words and short sentences. The weight, the concentration, the solidity, and the impact of the style is one of the foremost features of Andrewes's *Devotions*.

I have never forgotten the impression that one word of his in one of his confessions of sin made on my own imagination and heart the first time it leaped out upon me. 'I have neglected thee, O God!' Andrewes cried, and I trembled as I heard him cry it. And I have never come upon that awful word from that day to this without a shudder. It is this neglect of God that makes so many men infidels and atheists and outcasts. You neglect God till you come to say, and that not without some reason, that there simply cannot be such and such a God else it would be a sheer impossibility that you could have neglected Him as you have done. You look within, and you look around, and you see yourself and all men absolutely pushing God aside till it is as good as demonstrated to you that there can be no God. 'God,' said John Donne in a sermon that Andrewes may very well have heard, 'God is like us in this also, that He takes it worse to be slighted, to be neglected, to be left out, than to be actually injured. Our inconsideration, our not thinking of God in our actions, offends Him more than our sins.' 'Pardon,' cries Bishop Wilson in his *Sacra Privata*, 'that I have passed so many days without admiring, without acknowledging and confessing Thy wonderful goodness to the most unworthy of Thy servants. Preserve in my soul, O God, such a constant and clear sense of my obligations to Thee, that upon every new receipt of Thy favour, I may immediately turn my eyes to Him from Whom cometh my salvation.' And in an evening prayer that Andrewes draws out for a family in the *Institutiones Piæ*, he makes them all say, 'We have fled from Thee seeking us: neglected Thee loving us: stopped our ears to Thee speaking to us: turned our backs to Thee reaching Thy hand to us: forgotten Thee doing good to us: and despised Thee

correcting us.' And then in the *Manual for the Sick* he makes the dying man say: 'I have not studied to seek and know Thee as I ought to do. Knowing Thee, I have not glorified Thee, nor given thanks to Thee accordingly.' And again when Andrewes cries in another confession,—'I have withstood Thee, O God,' that makes almost as terrible an impression on my mind, as well it may. 'I will confess my iniquity, for I have transgressed, and neglected Thee, O Lord. Set not my misdeeds before Thee, nor my life in the light of Thy countenance. I have withstood Thee, Lord, but I return unto Thee. I take with me words, and I return unto Thee and say, Take away all iniquity, and receive me graciously.' And still, after all that, we see Andrewes still struggling with some 'relies of reluctancy,' to the end of his seraphic old age.

'I am made of sin,' Andrewes cries out in one of his great acts of confession. 'I have sinned, and of a truth I am made of sin, and my whole life maketh it manifest.' Only those out of whose broken heart the echo comes, And so am I!—only they will believe that Bishop Andrewes can be in honest earnest and in his sound senses when he says that. But they who feel that to be true of themselves,—literally and absolutely true and far short of the truth,—they will be drawn irresistibly to the man who first made such a discovery as that in himself, and who had the truth and the talent to put the discovery into such answering words. Andrewes belongs to the family of Abraham, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Neri, and Pascal, and Bunyan, and Law, and all the devotional succession. 'I am made of dust and ashes,' Abraham said. 'From the head to the foot I am made up of putrifying sores,' said Isaiah. 'In me there dwelleth no good thing,' said Paul. 'Begone, I am a devil, and not a man,'

said Philip. 'I defy the devil himself to equal me,' said the author of *Grace Abounding*. 'We are made up of falsehood, duplicity, and insincerity,' said Pascal, 'and we cloak up these things in ourselves from ourselves.' 'Man is only a compound of corrupt and disorderly tempers,' says William Law. 'I am made of sin,' groans Andrewes, and with that one awful word he lets us down into the whole bottomless pit of sin and shame and pain and misery that is in his own evil heart. 'I am a burden to myself,' he continues, still on his face before God, 'I am a ruined, wretched, excessive sinner.' Nor are these the mere ink-horn terms of which our prayer-books are full, or the usual insincere devotions of which our public worship is full. It is the truth, it is the sincerity, it is the intensity, it is the absolute agony of Andrewes's supremely sinful and supremely miserable heart that so fascinates us, and holds us, and makes us like clay in his hands.

> Small is the blind man's grief to theirs who see
> Nothing at all but their own misery.

'But I have an Advocate with Thee to Thee, and may He be the propitiation for my sins Who is also the propitiation for the whole world.' As much as to say that the whole world and Lancelot Andrewes together will complete the propitiation. As much as to say that Lancelot Andrewes is a whole guilty world in himself, and that to be the propitiation for Lancelot Andrewes is more than to redeem and restore the whole world apart from him. Whom God hath set forth to be the propitiation for the whole world and Lancelot Andrewes.

You will sometimes see in the wall of a church or in the wall of a house or in the wall of a garden a stone with the smooth mark of the boring-iron still upon it—the

boring-iron by means of which the blast was let in which shattered the hard rock into a thousand pieces. And many such significant marks occur all up and down the *Private Devotions*. 'I have perverted that which was right, and yet Thou hast not overwhelmed me with infamy.' Now, 'infamy,' remarkably enough, is the very word that an able historical writer of our day of himself has applied to Andrewes's share in the Essex case. Sometimes one single sin will blast and ruin a man's whole after-life to himself. Sometimes one single sin will still leave its mark on a man long long after it has been forsaken, repented of, atoned for, and forgiven. One single sin will so explode and shatter his conscience, it will so bruise and break his heart into a thousand pieces, that like one of the Children of Israel a true penitent will feel the taste of the dust of the golden calf in every cup he ever after drinks—in his sweetest as well as in his bitterest cup. The Essex case followed Andrewes about all his days, as his drunkenness followed Noah, and his adultery David, and the sins of his blasphemy and injuriousness Paul, and our sins us. 'God often permits sin, even in the elect,' says Bishop Wilson, 'that He may make their fall instrumental to their conversion and salvation. We have reason to bless God for those sins that awaken us, lead us to repentance, and make us to love much because so much has been forgiven us.' 'Wherewithal a man sinneth,' says the Son of Sirach, 'by the same also shall he be punished. Thou, O God, tormentest men with their own abominations.' Or as Andrewes has it, 'Let not my ungodliness be for my punishment. Destroy me not in mine iniquities, nor reserve evil for me, nor make me a public shame.' We stumble at the length and at the number of the hours that Andrewes spent every day with sweating hands, but when God begins to torment

us with our own abominations, and to make our ungodliness our punishment, all Andrewes's hours will have flown past, and we shall neither have numbered them nor grudged them.

'I return to my own heart, and with all my heart I return to Thee, O God of penitents, O Saviour of sinners. Evening by evening will I return in the innermost marrow of my soul. I turn back from my evil ways, I return unto mine own heart, and with my whole heart I return unto Thee, saying, I know, O Lord, the plague of my heart. Since the days of my youth have I been in a great trespass unto this day, and I cannot stand before Thee, by reason of this. I bear the brands of sin. I conceal nothing. I make no excuses. I have destroyed myself. I am without plea. Thou art just in all that has come upon me. Thou hast done right, but I have done wickedly. I remember my sins in the bitterness of my soul. I have no rest because of them. I turn away from them and groan. I despise and hate myself. Forgive me, for I knew not, truly I knew not what I did when I sinned against Thee. I can sin much, but I cannot return from my sins. Only, I will always remember my latter end. I will give myself up to prayer. I will give up the rest of my life to repentance, because Thou art waiting for my full conversion.' How his words transfix us! How our past comes back upon us at his words! How our hearts melt in us as Andrewes takes us by the hand, and as we kneel beside him! The secret of the Lord and His best power are with this penitent in a most singular way, till that wonderful book of his in every page of it pierces us, solemnises us, and subdues us to tears and to prayer and to obedience as no other book of its kind has ever done. Every page, almost every line, of the *Private Devotions* has some strong word in it, some startling

word, some selected, compounded, and compacted word, some heart-laden clause, some scriptural or liturgical expression set in a blaze of new light and life, and ever after to be filled with new power as we employ it in our own prayers and praises. It is true genius; it is a special gift of God and a special grace of His Spirit to be able in this way to make the old and familiar language of devotion so new, so quick, so powerful, and so prevailing, as Andrewes makes it in this fine book of his which is now open before us.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

Samuel Rutherford, the author of the seraphic *Letters*, was born in the south of Scotland in the year of our Lord 1600. Thomas Goodwin was born in England in the same year, Robert Leighton in 1611, Richard Baxter in 1615, John Owen in 1616, John Bunyan in 1628, and John Howe in 1630. A little vellum-covered volume now lies open before me, the title-page of which runs thus: 'Joshua Redivivus, or Mr. Rutherford's Letters, now published for the use of the people of God: but more particularly for those who now are, or may afterwards be, put to suffering for Christ and His cause. By a well-wisher to the work and to the people of God. Printed in the year 1664.' That is all. It would not have been safe in 1664 to say more. There is no editor's name on the title-page, no publisher's name, and no place of printing or of publication. Only two texts of forewarning and reassuring Scripture, and then the year of grace 1664.

Joshua Redivivus: That is to say, Moses' spy and pioneer, Moses' successor and the captain of the Lord's covenanted host come back again. A second Joshua sent to Scotland to go before God's people in that land and in that day; a spy who would both by his experience and by his testimony cheer and encourage the suffering people of God. For all this Samuel Rutherford truly was. As he said of himself in one of his letters to Hugh Mackail, he was indeed a spy sent out to make experiment upon

the life of silence and separation, banishment and martyrdom, and to bring back a report of that life for the vindication of Christ and for the support and encouragement of His people. It was a happy thought of Rutherford's first editor, Robert M'Ward, his old Westminster Assembly secretary, to put at the top of his title-page, Joshua risen again from the dead, or, Mr. Rutherford's Letters written from his place of banishment in Aberdeen.

In selecting his twelve spies Moses went on the principle of choosing the best and the ablest men he could lay hold of in all Israel. And in selecting Samuel Rutherford to be the first sufferer for His covenanted people in Scotland, our Lord took a man who was already famous for his character and his services. For no man of his age in broad Scotland stood higher as a scholar, a theologian, a controversialist, a preacher and a very saint than Samuel Rutherford. He had been settled at Anwoth on the Solway in 1627, and for the next nine years he had lived such a noble life among his people as to make Anwoth famous as long as Jesus Christ has a Church in Scotland. As we say Bunyan and Bedford, Baxter and Kidderminster, Newton and Olney, Edwards and Northampton, Boston and Ettrick, M'Cheyne and Dundee, so we say Rutherford and Anwoth.

His talents, his industry, his scholarship, his preaching power, his pastoral solicitude and his saintly character all combined to make Rutherford a marked man both to the friends and to the enemies of the truth. His talents and his industry while he was yet a student in Edinburgh had carried him to the top of his classes, and all his days he could write in Latin better than either in Scotch or English. His habits of work at Anwoth soon became a very proverb. His people

boasted that their minister was always at his books, always among his parishioners, always at their sick-beds and their death-beds, always catechising their children, and always alone with his God. And then the matchless preaching of the parish church of Anwoth. We can gather what made the Sabbaths of Anwoth so memorable both to Rutherford and to his people from the books we still have from those great Sabbaths: *The Trial and the Triumph of Faith*; *Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself*; and suchlike masterly discourses. Rutherford was the 'most moving and the most affectionate of preachers,' a preacher determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, but not so much crucified, as crucified and risen again—crucified indeed, but now glorified. Rutherford's life for his people at Anwoth had something altogether superhuman and unearthly about it. His correspondents in his own day and his critics in our day stumble at his too intense devotion to his charge; he lived for his congregation, they tell us, almost to the neglect of his wife and children. But by the time of his banishment his home was desolate, his wife and children were in the grave. And all the time and thought and love they had got from him while they were alive had, now that they were dead, returned with new and intensified devotion to his people and his parish.

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear,
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.

O! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's Land.

This, then, was the spy chosen by Jesus Christ to go out first of all the ministers of Scotland into the life of banishment in that day, so as to try its fords and taste its vineyards, and to report to God's straitened and persecuted people at home.

To begin with, it must always be remembered that Rutherford was not laid in irons in Aberdeen, or cast into a dungeon. He was simply deprived of his pulpit and of his liberty to preach, and was sentenced to live in silence in the town of Aberdeen. Like Dante, another great spy of God's providence and grace, Rutherford was less a prisoner than an exile. But if any man thinks that simply to be an exile is a small punishment, or a light cross, let him read the psalms and prophecies of Babylon, the *Divine Comedy*, and Rutherford's *Letters*. Yes, banishment was banishment; exile was exile; silent Sabbaths were silent Sabbaths; and a borrowed fireside with all its willing heat was still a borrowed fireside; and, spite of all that the best people of Aberdeen could do for Samuel Rutherford, he felt the friendliest stairs of that city to be very steep to his feet, and its best bread to be very salt in his mouth.

But, with all that, Samuel Rutherford would have been but a blind and unprofitable spy for the best people of God in Scotland, for Marion M'Naught, and Lady Kenmure, and Lady Culross, for the Cardonesses, father, and mother, and son, and for Hugh Mackail, and such like, if he had tasted nothing more bitter than borrowed bread in Aberdeen, and climbed nothing steeper than a granite stair. 'Paul had need,' Rutherford writes to Lady Kenmure, 'of the devil's service to buffet him, and far more, you and I.' I am downright afraid to go on to tell you how Satan was sent to buffet Samuel Rutherford in his banishment, and how he was sifted as wheat

is sifted in his exile. I would not expose such a saint of God to every eye, but I look for readers who know something of the plague of their own hearts, and who are comforted in their banishment and battle by nothing more than when they are assured that they are not alone in the deep darkness. 'When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition for some time he thought he heard the voice of a man as going before him and saying, "*Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no ill, for Thou art with me.*" Then he was glad, and that for these reasons :—Firstly, because he gathered from thence that some one who feared God was in this valley as well as himself. Secondly, for that he perceived that God was with them though in that dark and dismal state ; and why not, thought he, with me ? Thirdly, for that he hoped, could he overtake them, to have company by and by.' And, in like manner, I am certain that it will encourage and save from despair some who now read this if I just report to them some of the discoveries and experiences of himself that Samuel Rutherford made among the siftings and buffetings of his Aberdeen exile. Writing to Lady Culross, he says : 'O my guiltiness, the follies of my youth and the neglects of my calling, they all do stare me in the face here ; . . . the world hath sadly mistaken me : no man knoweth what guiltiness is in me.' And to Lady Boyd, speaking of some great lessons he had learnt in the school of adversity, he says : 'In the third place, I have seen here my abominable vileness, and it is such that if I were well known no one in all the kingdom would ask me how I do. . . . I am a deeper hypocrite and a shallower professor than any one could believe. Madam, pity me, the chief of sinners.' And, again, to the Laird of Carlton : 'Woe, woe is me, that men should think there

is anything in me. The house-devils that keep me company and this sink of corruption make me to carry low sails. . . . But, howbeit I am a wretched captive of sin, yet my Lord can hew heaven out of worse timber than I am, if worse there be.' And to Lady Kenmure: 'I am somebody in the books of my friends, . . . but there are armies of thoughts within me, saying the contrary, and laughing at the mistakes of my many friends. Oh! if my inner side were only seen!' Ah, no! my brethren, no land is so fearful to them that are sent to seareh it out as their own heart. 'The land,' said the ten spies, 'is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; the cities are walled up to heaven, and very great, and the children of Anak dwell in them. We were in their sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in our own sight.' Ah, no! no stair is so steep as the stair of sanctifieation, no bread is so salt as that whieh is baked for a man of God out of the wild oats of his past sin and his present sinfulness. Even Joshua and Caleb, who brought baek a good report of the land, did not deny that the children of Anak were there, or that their walls went up to heaven, or that they, the spies, were as grasshoppers before their foes: Caleb and Joshua only said that, in spite of all that, if the Lord delighted in His people, He both eould and would give them a land flowing with milk and honey. And be it reeorded and remembered to his eredit and his praise that, with all his self-discoveries and self-aeeusings, Rutherford did not utter one single word of doubt or despair; so far from that was he, that in one of his letters to Hugh Maekail he tells us that some of his correspondents have written to him that he is possibly too joyful under the cross. Blunt old Knoekbrex, for one, wrote to his old minister to restrain somewhat his ecstasy. So true was it, what

Rutherford said of himself to David Dickson, that he was 'made up of extremes.' So he was, for I know no man among all my masters in personal religion who unites greater extremes in himself than Samuel Rutherford. Who weeps like Rutherford over his banishment from Anwoth, while all the time who is so feasted in Christ's palace in Aberdeen? Who loathes himself like Rutherford? Not Bunyan, not Brodie, not Brea, not Boston; and, at the same time, who is so transported and lost to himself in the beauty and sweetness of Christ? As we read his raptures we almost say with cautious old Knockbrex, that possibly Rutherford is somewhat too full of ecstasy for this fallen, still unsanctified, and still so slippery world.

It took two men to carry back the cluster of grapes the spies cut down at Eshcol, and there is sweetness and strength and ecstasy enough for ten men in any one of Rutherford's heaven-inebriated Letters. 'See what the land is, and whether it be fat or lean, and bring back of the fruits of the land.' This was the order given by Moses to the twelve spies. And, whether the land was fat or lean, Moses and all Israel could judge for themselves when the spies laid down their load of grapes at Moses' feet. 'I can report nothing but good of the land,' said Joshua Redivivus, as he sent back such clusters of its vineyards and such pots of its honey to Hugh Mackail, to Marion M'Naught, and to Lady Kenmure. And then, when all his letters were collected and published, never surely, since the Epistles of Paul and the Gospel and Revelation of John, had such clusters of encouragement and such exhilarating cordials been laid to the lips of the Church of Christ.

Our old authors tell us that after the northern tribes had tasted the warmth and the sweetness of the

wines of Italy they could take no rest till they had conquered and taken possession of that land of sunshine where such grapes so plentifully grew. And how many hearts have been carried captive with the beauty and the grace of Christ, and with the land of Immanuel, where He drinks wine with the saints in His Father's house, by the reading of Samuel Rutherford's Letters, the day of the Lord will alone declare.

O Christ! He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

A story is told in Wodrow of an English merchant who had occasion to visit Scotland on business about the year 1650. On his return home his friends asked him what news he had brought with him from the north. 'Good news,' he said; 'for when I went to St. Andrews I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man, and he showed me the majesty of God. After him I heard a little fair man, and he showed me the loveliness of Christ. I then went to Irvine, where I heard a well-favoured, proper old man with a long beard, and that man showed me all my own heart.' The little fair man who showed this English merchant the loveliness of Christ was Samuel Rutherford, and the proper old man who showed him all his own heart was David Dickson. Dr. M'Cric says of David Dickson that he was singularly successful in dissecting the human heart and in winning souls to the Redeemer, and all that we know of Dickson bears out that high estimate. When he was presiding on one occasion at

the ordination of a young minister, whom he had had some hand in bringing up, among the advices the old minister gave the new beginner were these :—That he should remain unmarried for four years, in order to give himself up wholly to his great work ; and that both in preaching and in prayer he should be as succinct as possible so as not to weary his hearers ; and, lastly, 'Oh, study God well and your own heart.' We have five letters of Rutherford's to this master of the human heart, and it is in the third of these that Rutherford opens his heart to his father in the Gospel, and tells him that he is made up of extremes.

In every way that was so. It is a common remark with all Rutherford's biographers and editors and commentators what extremes met in that little fair man. The finest thing that has ever been written on Rutherford is Dr. Taylor Innes's lecture in the Evangelical Succession series. And the intellectual extremes that met in Rutherford are there set forth by Rutherford's acute and sympathetic critic at some length. For one thing, the greatest speculative freedom and theological breadth met in Rutherford with the greatest ecclesiastical hardness and narrowness. I do not know any author of that day, either in England or in Scotland, either Prelatist or Puritan, who shows more imaginative freedom and speculative power than Rutherford does in his *Christ Dying*, unless it is his still greater contemporary, Thomas Goodwin. And it is with corresponding distress that we read some of Rutherford's polemical works, and even the polemical parts of his heavenly Letters. There is a remarkable passage in one of his controversial books that reminds us of some of Shakespeare's own tributes to England : 'I judge that in England the Lord hath many names and a fair company that shall stand at the

side of Christ when He shall render up the kingdom to the Father; and that in that renowned land there be men of all ranks, wise, valorous, generous, noble, heroic, faithful, religious, gracious, learned.' Rutherford's whole passage is worthy to stand beside Shakespeare's great passage on 'this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.' But persecution from England and controversy at home so embittered Rutherford's sweet and gracious spirit that passages like that are but few and far between. Only, let him away out into pure theology, and, especially, let him get his wings on the person, and the work, and the glory of Christ, and few theologians of any age or any school rise to a larger air, or command a wider scope, or discover a clearer eye of speculation than Rutherford, till we feel exactly like the laird of Glanderston who, when Rutherford left a controversial passage in a sermon and went on to speak of Christ, cried out in the church: 'Ay, hold you there, minister; you are all right there!' A domestic controversy that arose in the Church of Scotland towards the end of Rutherford's life so separated Rutherford from Dickson and Blair that Rutherford would not take part with Blair, the 'sweet, majestic-looking man,' in the Lord's Supper. 'Oh, to be above,' Blair exclaimed, 'where there are no misunderstandings!' It was this same controversy that made John Livingstone say in a letter to Blair that his wife and he had had more bitterness over that dispute than ever they had tasted since they knew what bitterness meant. Well might Rutherford say, on another such occasion: 'It is hard when saints rejoice in the sufferings of saints, and when the redeemed hurt, and go nigh to hate the redeemed.' Watch and pray, my brethren, lest in controversy—ephemeral and immaterial controversy—you also go near to hate and hurt one another, as Rutherford did.

And then, what strength, combined with what tenderness, there is in Rutherford! In all my acquaintance with literature I do not know any author who has two books under his name so unlike one another, two books that are such a contrast to one another, as *Lex Rex* and the *Letters*. A more firmly built argument than *Lex Rex*, an argument so clamped together with the iron bands of scholastic and legal lore, is not to be met with in any English book; a more lawyer-looking production is not in all the Advocates' Library than just *Lex Rex*. There is as much emotion in the multiplication table as there is in *Lex Rex*; and then, on the other hand, the *Letters* have no other fault but this, that they are overcharged with emotion. The *Letters* would be absolutely perfect if they were only a little more restrained and chastened in this one respect. The pundit and the poet are the opposites and the extremes of one another; and the pundit and the poet meet, as nowhere else that I know of, in the author of *Lex Rex* and the *Letters*.

Then, again, what extremes of beauty and sweetness there are in Rutherford's style, too often intermingled with what carelessness and disorder. What flashes of noblest thought, clothed in the most apt and well-fitting words, on the same page with the most slatternly and down-at-the-heel English. Both Dr. Andrew Bonar and Dr. Andrew Thomson have given us selections from Rutherford's *Letters* that would quite justify us in claiming Rutherford as one of the best writers of English in his day; but then we know out of what thickets of careless composition these flowers have been collected. Both Gillespie and Rutherford ran a tilt at Hooker; but alas for the equipment and the manners of our champions when compared with the shining panoply and the knightly grace of the author of the incomparable *Polity*.

And then, morally, as great extremes met in Rutherford as intellectually. Newman has a fine sermon under a fine title, 'Saintliness not forfeited by the Penitent.' 'No degree of sin,' he says, 'precludes the acquisition of any degree of holiness, however high. No sinner so great, but he may, through God's grace, become a saint ever so great.' And then he goes on to illustrate that, and to balance that, and almost to retract and to deny all that, in a way that all his admirers only too well know. But still it stands true. A friend of mine once told me that it was to him often the most delightful and profitable of Sabbath evening exercises just to take down Newman's sermons and read their titles over again. And this mere title, I feel sure, has encouraged and comforted many: 'Saintliness not forfeited by the Penitent.' And Samuel Rutherford's is just another great name to be added to the noble roll of saintly penitents which we all have in our minds taken out of Scripture and Church History. Neither great saintliness nor great service was forfeited by this penitent; and he is constantly telling us how the extreme of demerit and the extreme of gracious treatment met in him; how he had at one time destroyed himself, and how God had helped him; how, where sin had abounded, grace had abounded much more. In one of the very last letters he ever wrote—his letter to James Guthrie in 1661—he is still amazed that God has not brought his sin to the Market Cross, to use his own word. But all through his letters this same note of admiration and wonder runs—that he has been taken from among the pots and his wings covered with silver and gold. Truly, in his case the most seraphic saintliness was not forfeited, and we who read his books may well bless God it was so.

And then, experimentally also, what extremes met in our author! Pascal in Paris and Rutherford in Anwoth and Aberdeen and St. Andrews were at the very opposite poles ecclesiastically from one another. I do not like to think what Rutherford would have said of Pascal, but I cannot embody what I have to say of Rutherford's experimental extremes better than just by this passage taken from the *Thoughts*: 'The Christian religion teaches the righteous man that it lifts him even to a participation in the divine nature; but that, in this exalted state, he still bears within him the fountain of all corruption, which renders him during his whole life subject to error and misery, to sin and death, while at the same time it proclaims to the most wicked that they can still receive the grace of their Redeemer.' And again: 'Did we not know ourselves full of pride, ambition, lust, weakness, misery and injustice, we were indeed blind. . . . What then can we feel but a great esteem for a religion that is so well acquainted with the defects of man, and a great desire for the truth of a religion that promises remedies so precious.'

And yet again, what others thought of him, and how they treated him, compared with what he knew himself to be, caused Rutherford many a bitter reflection. Every letter he got consulting him and appealing to him as if he had been God's living oracle made him lie down in the very dust with shame and self-abhorrence. Writing on one occasion to Robert Blair he told him that his letter consulting him about some matter of Christian experience had been like a blow in the face to him; it affects me much, said Rutherford, that a man like you should have any such opinion of me. And, apologising for his delay in replying to a letter of Lady Boyd's, he says that he is put out of all love of writing letters because

his correspondents think things about him that he himself knows are not true. 'My white side comes out on paper—but at home there is much black work. All the challenges that come to me are true.' There was no man then alive on the earth so much looked up to and consulted in the deepest matters of the soul, in the secrets of the Lord with the soul, as Rutherford was, and his letters bear evidence on every page that there was no man who had a more loathsome and a more hateful experience of his own heart, not even Brodie, not even Owen, not even Bunyan, not even Baxter. What a day of extremest men that was, and what an inheritance we extreme men have had left us, in their inward, extreme, and heavenly books!

Once more, hear him on the tides of feeling that continually rose and fell within his heart. Writing from Aberdeen to Lady Boyd, he says: 'I have not now, of a long time, found such high springtides as formerly. The sea is out, and I cannot buy a wind and cause it to flow again; only I wait on the shore till the Lord sends a full sea. . . . But even to dream of Him is sweet.' And then, just over the leaf, to Marion M'Naught: 'I am well: honour to God. . . . He hath broken in upon a poor prisoner's soul like the swelling of Jordan. I am bank and brim full: a great high springtide of the consolations of Christ hath overwhelmed me.' But sweet as it is to read his rapturous expressions when the tide is full, I feel it far more helpful to hear how he still looks and waits for the return of the tide when the tide is low, and when the shore is full, as all left shores are apt to be, of weeds and mire, and all corrupt and unclean things. Rutherford is never more helpful to his correspondents than when they consult him about their ebb tides, and find that he himself either has been, or still is, in the same experience.

But why do we disinter such things as these out of such an author as Samuel Rutherford? Why do we tell to all the world that such an eminent saint was full of such sad extremes? Well, we surely do so out of obedience to the divine command to comfort God's people; for, next to their having no such extremes in themselves, their next best comfort is to be told that great and eminent saints of God have had the very same besetting sins and staggering extremes as they still have. If the like of Samuel Rutherford was vexed and weakened with such intellectual contradictions and spiritual extremes in his mind, in his heart and in his history, then may we not hope that some such saintliness, if not some such service as his, may be permitted to us also?

THOMAS SHEPARD

JONATHAN EDWARDS, 'one of the greatest of the sons of men,' has given us his Appreciation of Thomas Shepard in a most eloquent and impressive way. I know no such complete and conclusive appreciation in all literature as when Jonathan Edwards on every page underbuilds and establishes and illustrates his spiritual masterpiece, the *Religious Affections*, with constant references to the *Ten Virgins*, the *Sound Convert* and the *Spiritual Experiences*, and with no less than innumerable quotations from those so experimental Puritan books. I know no instance of the *laudatur a laudato* principle at all to compare with that of Thomas Shepard and Jonathan Edwards. Now, though I cannot speak with an atom of the authority of Edwards, at the same time I am not on that account wholly shut out from making my own humble acknowledgment of what I also owe to this great Pilgrim Father. I am not debarred from laying my own loyal tribute at the feet of the man on whose head Jonathan Edwards has set such a crown.

Thomas Shepard has been one of my favourite authors ever since the year 1861 when my honoured friend Dr. Williamson of Huntly wrote my name on his own copy of the Parable of the Ten Virgins. I think I must have read Shepard quite as often as Spurgeon had read Bunyan; quite as often at any rate as Jowett had read Boswell. And I am still reading Shepard as if I

had never read him before. As a proof of that take this little confidence of mine. The week before one of my holidays I had read Professor Churton Collins's delightful paper on *The Tempest* that had appeared some time previously in the *Contemporary Review*. And so impressed was I with the learned Professor's paper that I took to the country with me Dr. Furness's variorum and monumental edition of that exquisite work, promising myself a great revel over the great text and over the extraordinary rich mass of explanatory and illustrative notes. But would you believe it? with such a temptation lying on my table all the time I never once opened the seductive volume. For, as God would have it, as John Bunyan was wont to say, I had taken Thomas Shepard also with me, and I read the Ten Virgins, and the Sound Believer, and the Sincere Convert, and the Saint's Jewel, and the Select Cases, and the Spiritual Experiences over and over again; execrable English and all. And instead of repenting myself for my neglect of Shakespeare and his monumental editor, I came home thanking God again for His so notable and so exceptional servant Shepard. And more than that, I came home more settled and resolved than ever to do all I can to make you know something of Shepard's matchlessly pungent lessons in spiritual and experimental religion. And to reassure me I took out of my desk and read again a postcard bearing the Aberdeen postmark, which I received some years ago and which runs thus: 'A thousand thanks for pressing Thomas Shepard on our attention. After long looking for it, I have at last got a copy of the Parable, and I can scarcely lay it down. It is proving itself a very book of life to me. This is the preaching that our day needs.—A Free Church Minister.'

I dare say you will remember that I was always besieging you to buy and to read and to read all your days, as also to distribute, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Grace Abounding*. But you will have perfect peace of mind concerning Thomas Shepard and his works. For I shall never ask any of you to spend one penny on Shepard, such is his atrocious English. Bunyan and Shepard are at one in the deepest things, but they stand at opposite poles in the matter of their English style. Shepard at his very best wrote an all but unrecognisable English. But after the New England printers and then the Aberdeen printers had put Shepard's best book through their hands, if hands they could be called, Shepard came forth absolutely unreadable, unless to a few resolved and relentless and irresistible readers, such as Mrs. Black of Dunnikier Manse, and Dr. Foote of Brechin, and Dr. Williamson, and myself. Much as I respect William Greenhill's judgment, I cannot follow him when he says of Shepard that 'here is a cornfield without cockle or thorns or thistles.' I know quite well what Greenhill means when he says all that, and I wholly subscribe to his deep meaning. But if I were to repeat his words without some warning, you might be led into advertising for the old book, which you would no sooner open than you would throw it down in disgust and in indignation both at Shepard and at Greenhill and at me. 'Polybius,' says Dr. Butcher, 'pays the penalty attaching to neglect of form; he is read by few.' At the same time I will say this. As we find Principal Rendall quite frankly acknowledging the heavy cramped vocabulary, and the deadness of expression, and the formless monotony of clause that all combine to weigh down the First Book of Marcus Aurelius: while at the same time he stands up against Matthew

Arnold when that critic says that the Emperor's style lacks distinction and physiognomy, so will I stand up for Shepard's distinction and for his physiognomy. The truth is, while repeating and exaggerating all the stoic Emperor's faults of style, Shepard's mental countenance is even more unmistakable to me than is that of the royal author of the immortal Thoughts. There is no possibility of our ever mistaking a page or a paragraph or even a sentence of Thomas Shepard's. Not only because of its unparalleled shapelessness, but much more because of its Paul-like hands and feet. For Shepard, once he has got on your track, will follow hard after you all your days. And once he gets a real hold of you, as Luther said of Paul, you will never be able to shake him off again. But when all is said that can be said about Shepard's sluggard's-garden of a style, if you will go with me into the resolved study of this great Puritan I will promise you many a sweet and fragrant flower out of his crannied and crumbling walls, and many a medicinal herb out of his stoniest places, and many a cup of wine well refined out of his most gnarled or crabbed vinestocks. Just gird up your loins and come with me and see if it will not be so. And as the saintly David Brainerd says, 'We shall see what passed for soul-saving religion with that so excellent and so venerable Pilgrim Father Thomas Shepard, the author of the *Sound Convert*, the *Spiritual Experiences*, and the *Parable Unfolded*.'

Take these, then, as some specimen and characteristic headings, sometimes of short entries, and sometimes of whole chapters, in Shepard's *Spiritual Experiences*: 'No one who ever came under my shadow prospered.' 'The more I do the worse I am.' 'My idle words in my preaching, in my praise, and in my prayer.' 'The

sins of one day I forget the next day.' 'I come to see that God is having His whole Name in Exodus xxxiv. fulfilled and adorned in me.' 'For His sake I am killed all the day long.' 'I keep a private fast for the conquest of my pride.' 'My sins are sometimes crucified, but they are never mortified.' 'I am salted with suffering.' 'Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.' 'I abhor myself.' 'You ask me what cured me of being an infidel.' 'Some remorses of an old ministry.' 'Surely I have always laid my pipe far short of the Fountain,' and so on, through the whole unique book. Now, I will appeal to all readers of the best literature to say if they ever came upon more penetrating and more pungent titles and topics than these. At any rate, the immortal author of the *Freedom of the Will*, and the *True Virtue*, and the *Religious Affections* never did; and his splendid appreciation of Thomas Shepard runs accordingly.

When matters were not going well with Shepard himself in his family life, in his pain and remorse he would sometimes say that he thought the Pope had the right way of it with his preachers and pastors. At any rate, he would sometimes say, I wish I had remained a celibate along with my own soul all my days. Other men, he was wont to say, might not always manage their family life with the most perfect success; but a minister's breakdown at home was to Shepard the greatest of all domestic tragedies. He had known many ministers, both in Old England and in New England, whose family life was a great success in every way. But not his own. As for himself, neither wife, nor child, nor servant, nor visitor prospered spiritually under his baleful shadow. So he enters it, again and again, on occasions, in his secret journal which he kept

alone with God. Nobody but himself thought such things about Thomas Shepard. All the same, never was there more sincerity or more poignancy in any private journal than there was in his. Thales was so fond of children that nothing would persuade him to become a father. And though Thomas Shepard became the father of more children than one, he both loved and pitied his children so much that he would sometimes wish they had never been born, at any rate to him.

Altogether, substitute Thomas Shepard, the New England Puritan, for Santa Teresa, the Spanish Superior, and you will have his exact case in his home life, as he so often saw and felt it to be. Thomas Shepard could not express himself nearly so well as Santa Teresa could; but in substance and in essence they both said exactly the same thing. 'My children,' said the saint on her death-bed, 'you must pardon me much. You must pardon me most of all the bad example I have given you. Do not imitate me. Do not live as I have lived. I have been the greatest sinner in all Spain. I have not kept the laws that I laid down for other people. But, then, is not this written in David expressly for me, The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart God will not despise?' Thomas Shepard and Teresa of Jesus would not have spoken to one another on earth. But they are now praising God together in glory; and for their family shame they are now having the double, as they sing together before the throne, and say: By Thy great grace to us, O God, here are we ourselves, and all the children that Thou didst give us.

When Dr. Chalmers was out at Skirling on one occasion he went to the village school and gave the children an elementary lesson in optical science. Taking the

blackboard and a piece of chalk he drew a long diameter on the board, and then he ran a large circumference around the diameter. And then turning to the wondering children he said to them in his own imaginative and eloquent way, 'You must all see that the longer the diameter of light the larger is the surrounding circumference of darkness. And in like manner the shorter the diameter of light the smaller is the circumference of the surrounding darkness.' Now, all we have to do in order to explain and illustrate one of Thomas Shepard's most startling self-accusations is to carry over Dr. Chalmers's mathematical and optical blackboard into the region of moral and spiritual things. 'The more I do,' says Shepard oftener than once, 'the worse I am.' That is to say, the longer the diameter of Shepard's duty done the larger is the circumference of duty he has still to do. And the holier and holier his heart and life become the more sinful the remaining corruption of his heart and life becomes to him, till he is constrained to cry out with the holiest of men, O wretched man that I am!

And then, carrying up all his own experience of the spiritual life therewith to deepen and strengthen and enrich his pulpit work, the great preacher would say: 'There is no difference. I am as you are, and you are as I am. Just try the thing yourselves. Just begin to love God with all your heart, and you will soon see that the more you try to do that the less will you feel satisfied that you succeed. And, in like manner, when you begin to love your neighbour as yourself you will begin to get a lesson with a vengeance in the spiritual life. Just try to rejoice in all your neighbour's well-being as much as you rejoice in your own. Just try to relish and enjoy all other men's praises of your neighbour as you

relish and enjoy all other men's praises of yourself. Just try to take delight in all your neighbour's rewards, promotions, prosperities as you take delight in your own. And go on trying to do that toward all men around you, friend and foe, and you will get a lesson in the infinite and exquisite holiness and spirituality of God's law of love, and at the same time a lesson in the abominable and unspeakable corruptions of your own heart that will make you wiser in all these matters than all your teachers.' In such homecoming homiletic as that Shepard made pulpit and pastoral application of his own experiences in the spiritual life. Till he became a foremost master in all these holy matters, and till men like Edwards and Brainerd sat as his scholars at his feet in New England, and till his name became a tower of truth and power in the old England from which he had been exiled.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE

William Guthrie was a great humourist, a great sportsman, a great preacher, and a great writer. The true Guthrie blood has always had a drop of humour in it, and the first minister of Fenwick was a genuine Guthrie in this respect. The finest humour springs up out of a wide and a deep heart, and it always has its roots watered at a well-head of tears. 'William Guthrie was a great melancholian,' says Wodrow, and as we read that we are reminded of some other great melancholians, such as Jacob Behmen and Blaise Pascal and Joseph Butler and John Foster and William Cowper and Samuel Johnson. William Guthrie knew, by his temperament, and by his knowledge of himself and of other men, that he was a great melancholian, and he studied how to divert himself sometimes in order that he might not be altogether drowned with his melancholy. And thus, maugre his melancholy, and indeed by reason of it, William Guthrie was a great humourist. He was the life of the party on the moors, in the manse, and in the General Assembly. But the life of the party when he was present was always pure and noble and pious, even if it was sometimes somewhat hilarious and boisterous. 'If a man's melancholy temperament is sanctified,' says Rutherford in his *Covenant of Grace*, 'it becomes to him a seat of sound mortification and of humble walking.' And that was the happy result of all William Guthrie's melancholy; it was

always alleviated and relieved by great outbursts of good humour; but both his melancholy and his hilarity always ended in a humbler walk. Samuel Rutherford confides in a letter to his old friend, Alexander Gordon, that he knows a man who sometimes wonders to see any one laugh or sport in this so sinful and sad life. But that was because he had embittered the springs of laughter in himself by the wormwood sins of his youth. William Guthrie had no such remorseful memories continually taking him by the throat as his divinity professor had, and thus it was that with all his melancholy he was known as the greatest humourist and the greatest sportsman in the Scottish Kirk of his day. No doubt he sometimes felt and confessed that his love of fun and frolic was a temptation that he had to watch well against. In his *Saving Interest* he speaks of some sins that are wrought up into a man's natural humour and constitution, and are thus as a right hand and a right eye to him. 'My merriment!' he confessed to one who had rebuked him for it, 'I know all you would say, and my merriment costs me many a salt tear in secret.' At the same time this was often remarked with wonder in Guthrie, that however boisterous his fun was, in one moment he could turn from it to the most serious things. 'It was often observed,' says Wodrow, 'that, let Mr. Guthrie be never so merry, he was presently in a frame for the most spiritual duty, and the only account I can give of it,' says wise Wodrow, 'is, that he acted from spiritual principles in all he did, and even in his relaxations.' Poor Guthrie had a terrible malady that preyed on his most vital part continually—a malady that at last carried him off in the mid-time of his days, and, like Solomon in the proverb, he took to a merry heart as an alleviating medicine.

Like our own Thomas Guthrie, William Guthrie was a

great angler. He could gaff out a salmon in as few minutes as the deftest-handed gamekeeper in all the country, and he could stalk down a deer in as few hours as my lord himself who did nothing else. When he was composing his *Saving Interest*, he heard somehow of a poor countryman near Haddington who had come through some extraordinary experiences in his spiritual life, and he set out from Fenwick all the way to Haddington to see and converse with the much-experienced man. All that night and all the next day Guthrie could not tear himself away from the conversation of the man and his wife. But at last, looking up and down the country, his angling eye caught sight of a trout-stream, and, as if he had in a moment forgotten all about his book at home and all that this saintly man had contributed to it, Guthrie asked him if he had a fishing-rod, and if he would give him a loan of it. The old man felt that his poor rough tackle was to be absolutely glorified by such a minister as Guthrie condescending to touch it, but his good wife did not like this come-down at the end of such a visit as his had been, and she said so. She was a clever old woman, and I am not sure but she had the best of it in the debate that followed about ministers fishing, and about their facetious conversations. The Haddington stream, and the dispute that rose out of it, recall to my mind a not unlike incident that took place on the street of Ephesus, in the far East, just about 1800 years ago. John, the venerable Apostle, had just finished the fourteenth chapter of his great Gospel, and felt himself unable to recollect and write out any more that night. And coming out into the setting sun he began to amuse himself with a tame partridge that the Bactrian convert had caught and made a present of to his old master. The partridge had been waiting till the pen and the parch-

ment were put by, and now it was on John's hand, and now on his shoulder, and now circling round his sportful head, till you would have thought that its owner was the idlest and foolishest old man in all Ephesus. A huntsman, who greatly respected his old pastor, was passing home from the hills and was sore distressed to see such a saint as John was trifling away his short time with a stupid bird. And he could not keep from stopping his horse and saying so to the old Evangelist. 'What is that you carry in your hand?' asked John at the huntsman with great meekness. 'It is my bow with which I shoot wild game up in the mountains,' replied the huntsman. 'And why do you let it hang so loose? You cannot surely shoot anything with your bow in that condition!' 'No,' answered the amused huntsman, 'but if I always kept my bow strung it would not rebound and send home my arrow when I needed it. I unstring my bow on the street that I may the better shoot with it when I am up among my quarry.' 'Good,' said the Evangelist, 'and I have learned a lesson from you huntsmen. For I am playing with my partridge to-night that I may the better finish my Gospel to-morrow. I am putting everything out of my mind to-night that I may to-morrow the better recollect and set down a prayer I heard offered up by my Master, now more than fifty years ago.' We readers of the Fourth Gospel do not know how much we owe to the Bactrian boy's tame partridge, and neither did John Owen nor Thomas Chalmers know how much they owed to the fishing-rods and the curling-stones, the fowling-pieces and the violins that crowded the corners of the manse of Fenwick. I do not know that William Guthrie made a clean breast to the Presbytery of all the reasons that moved him to refuse so many calls to a city charge, though I think I

see that David Dickson, the Moderator, divined some of them by the joke he made about the moors and streams of Fenwick to one of the defeated and departing deputations.

William Guthrie, the eldest son and sole heir of the laird of Pitforthy, might have had fishing and shooting to his heart's content on his own lands of Pitforthy and Easter Ogle had he not determined, when under Rutherford at St. Andrews, to give himself up wholly to his preaching. But, to put himself out of the temptation that hills and streams and lochs and houses and lands would have been to a man of his tastes and temperament, soon after his conversion William made over to a younger brother all his possessions and all his responsibilities connected therewith, in order that he might give himself up wholly to his preaching. And his reward was that he soon became, by universal consent, the greatest practical preacher in broad Scotland. He could not touch Rutherford, his old professor, at pure theology; he had neither Rutherford's learning, nor his ecstatic eloquence, nor his surpassing love of Jesus Christ, but for handling broken bones and guiding an anxious inquirer no one could hold the candle to William Guthrie. As Goodwin says, Guthrie had 'a lady's hand.' Descriptions of his preaching abound in the old books: A Glasgow merchant was compelled to spend a Sabbath in Arran, and though he did not understand Gaelic, he felt he must go to the place of public worship. Great was his delight when he saw William Guthrie come into the pulpit. And he tells us that though he had heard in his day many famous preachers, he had never seen under any preacher so much concern of soul as he saw that day in Arran, under the minister of Fenwick. There was scarcely a dry eye in the whole church. A gentleman who was well known as

a most dissolute liver was in the church that day, and could not command himself, so deeply was he moved under Guthrie's sermon. That day was remembered long afterwards when that prodigal son had become an eminent Christian man. We see at one time a servant girl coming home from Guthrie's church saying that she cannot contain all that she has heard to-day, and that she feels as if she would need to hear no more on this side heaven. Another day Wodrow's old mother has been at Fenwick, and comes home saying that the first prayer was more than enough for all her trouble without any sermon at all. 'He had a taking and a soaring gift of preaching,' but it was its intensely practical character that made Guthrie's pulpit so powerful and so popular. The very fact that he could go all the way in those days from Fenwick to Haddington, just to have a case of real soul-exercise described to him by the exercised man himself, speaks volumes as to the secret of Guthrie's power in the pulpit. His people felt that their minister knew them; he knew himself, and therefore he knew them. He did not pronounce windy orations about things that did not concern or edify them. He was not learned in the pulpit, nor eloquent, or, if he was—and he was both—all his talents, and all his scholarship, and all his eloquence were forgotten in the intensely practical turn that his preaching immediately took. All the broken hearts in the west country, all those whose sins had found them out, all those who had learned to know the plague of their own heart, and who were passing under a searching sanctification—all such found their way from time to time from great distances to the Kirk of Fenwick. From Glasgow they came, and from Paisley, and from Hamilton, and from Lanark, and from Kilbride, and from many other still more distant places. The lobbies of Fenwick Kirk

were like the porches of Bethesda with all the blind, halt, and withered from the whole country round about. After Hutcheson of the *Minor Prophets* had assisted at the communion of Fenwick on one occasion, he said that if there was a church full of God's saints on the face of the earth, it was at Fenwick communion-table. Pitforthy and Glen Ogle, and all the estates in Angus, were but dust in the balance compared with one Sabbath-day's exercise of such a preaching gift as that of William Guthrie. 'There is no man that hath forsaken houses and lands for My sake and the Gospel's, but shall receive an hundredfold now in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

But further, besides being a great humourist and a great sportsman and a great preacher, William Guthrie was a great writer. Our greatest writers have all written little books. Job is a small book, so is the Psalms, so is Isaiah, so is the Gospel of John, so is the Epistle to the Romans, so is the *Confessions*, so is the *Comedy*, so is the *Imitation*, so are the *Pilgrim* and the *Grace Abounding*; and, though William Guthrie's small book is not for a moment to be ranked with such masterpieces as these, yet it is a small book on a great subject, and a book to which I cannot find a second among the big religious books of our day. You will all find out your own favourite books according to your own talents and tastes. My calling a book great is nothing to you. But it may at least interest you for the passing moment to be told what two men like John Owen in the seventeenth century, and Thomas Chalmers in the nineteenth, said about William Guthrie's one little book. Said John Owen, drawing a little gilt copy of *The Great Interest* out of his pocket: 'That author I take to be one of the greatest divines that ever wrote. His book is my *vade mecum*. I carry it always with me. I have written several folios, but there

is more divinity in this little book than in them all.' Believe John Owen. Believe all that he says about Guthrie's *Saving Interest*; but do not believe what he says about his own maligned folios till you have read twenty times over his *Person and Glory of Christ*, his *Holy Spirit*, his *Spiritual-mindedness*, and his *Mortification, Dominion, and Indwelling of Sin*. Then hear Dr. Chalmers: 'I am on the eve of finishing Guthrie, which I think is the best book I ever read.' After you have read it, if you ever do, the likelihood is that you will feel as if somehow you had not read the right book when you remember what Owen and Chalmers have said about it. Yes, you have read the right enough book; but the right book has not yet got in you the right reader. There are not many readers abroad like Dr. John Owen and Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

In its style William Guthrie's one little book is clear, spare, crisp, and curt. Indeed, in some places it is almost too spare and too curt in its bald simplicity. True students will not be deterred from it when I say that it is scientifically and experimentally exact in its treatment of the things of the soul. They will best understand and appreciate this statement of Guthrie's biographer that 'when he was working at his *Saving Interest* he endeavoured to inform himself of all the Christians in the country who had been under great depths of exercise, or were still under such depths, and endeavoured to converse with them.' Guthrie is almost as dry as Euclid himself, and almost as severe; but, then, he demonstrates almost with geometrical demonstration the all-important things he sets out to prove. There is no room for rhetoric on a finger-post; in a word, and, sometimes without a word, a finger-post tells you the right way to take to get to your journey's end. And many who have

wandered into a far country have found their way home again under William Guthrie's exact marks and curt directions. You open the little book, and there is a sentence of the plainest, directest, and least entertaining or attractive prose, followed up with a text of Scripture to prove the plain and indisputable prose. Then there is another sentence of the same prose, supported by two texts, and thus the little treatise goes on till, if you are happy enough to be interested in the author's subject-matter, the eternal interests of your own soul, a strong, strange fascination begins to come off the little book and into your understanding, imagination, and heart, till you look up again what Dr. Owen and Dr. Chalmers said about your favourite author, and feel fortified in your valuation of, and in your affection for, William Guthrie and his golden little book.

JAMES FRASER

The religious literature of Scotland is remarkably rich in books of religious autobiography. Telling us each one his own spiritual story we have James Melville, and Robert Blair, and John Livingstone, and Alexander Brodie, and James Fraser, and Thomas Halyburton, and Thomas Boston, and Hugh Miller, and John Duncan, and William Taylor, and Andrew Bonar. And there are not a few fragments of the same kind quite worthy to stand beside those full and finished works; such as the autobiographical remains of the Lady Coltness, the Lady Anne Elcho, and Marion Veitch. Every one of those famous autobiographies has its own individuality, idiosyncrasy, and physiognomy; and each several one of them makes its own special contribution to the noblest catalogue of the books of our native land. I know something of all those great books; but there is none of them that draws me and holds me and keeps possession of me like the *Memoirs of Sir James Fraser of Brea, written by Himself.* Dr. Jowett, writing to Lady Airlie, said that he had just finished Boswell for the fiftieth time, and Mr. Spurgeon was wont to say that he had read Bunyan a hundred times. I shall not attempt to count up the times I have read James Fraser of Brea, but if I did I feel sure that I would run both Jowett and Spurgeon hard.

Dr. Aird of Creich has collected the chief facts of

Fraser's life into a short biographical sketch which will be found prefixed to the Inverness edition of Fraser's autobiography. And Dr. Elder Cumming of Glasgow has an admirable appreciation of Fraser in his *Holy Men of God.* The following are the main outlines of Fraser's much-tried life. He was born at Brea, his father's estate in Ross-shire, on the 29th of July 1639. His father died while his son James was still a child, and some of his greatest troubles in life came to him out of his ownership of that estate. Although he began to study for the legal profession, young Fraser eventually gave himself up to the study of divinity, to which study he brought a mind of the first intellectual order. From his earliest days the Laird of Brea identified himself with the outed evangelical ministers of the north, and all along he was a most pronounced Presbyterian and Covenanter, and both by his tongue and by his pen he fought unflinchingly for the freedom of his Church and his country. Both in the Bass and in Blackness and in Newgate he suffered the most unjust imprisonment, and the wickedest and the most malicious ill-usage. After the Revolution we find Fraser settled as parish minister of Culross, where he closed his troubled career about the year 1698. Dr. Aird adds this note to his short sketch of Fraser's life: 'He was assisted at a communion at Culross, very shortly before his death, by the celebrated Boston of Ettrick, then a young man.'

But with all that it is in his *Memoirs of Himself* that James Fraser of Brea will live, and he will live in that remarkable book as long as a scholarly religion, and an evangelical religion, and a spiritual religion, and a profoundly experimental religion lives in his native land. In saying that I do not forget the warning that Dr. Elder Cumming gives me to the effect that Fraser's will

be a Scottish reputation only, and even that will be limited to readers of a special cast of religious experience and spiritual sympathy. At the same time, Dr. Elder Cumming adds that Fraser's autobiography is a book that for depth and for grip has few, if any, equals among the foremost books of its kind in the whole world.

Now you will naturally ask me at this point just what it is that gives James Fraser such a high rank as a spiritual writer, and just what it is that so signalises his *Memoirs of Himself.* Well, in his own characteristic words his Memoirs is 'the book of the intricacies of his own heart and life,' and that on their purely spiritual side. Now, Fraser's mind was by nature of the most intricate kind—that is to say, his mind was naturally of the most acute and subtle and penetrating and searching-out kind. Had he gone into law, as at one time he intended to do, he would infallibly have taken rank as one of the acutest of our Scottish lawyers. And with his immense industry he would to a certainty have left writings behind him that would have been of classical authority in that great profession. But to the lasting enrichment of his own soul, and to the lasting enrichment of all his kindred-minded readers' souls, Fraser was led of God into divinity, and into divinity of the deepest, acutest, most evangelical, and most experimental kind. 'I chose divinity,' says Butler, 'it being of all studies the most suitable to a reasonable nature.'

Unhappily for us, many of Fraser's private journals, family papers, and estate documents are hopelessly lost. But if ever they are recovered I feel sure it will be found that he had made out more than once a most exact map and inventory of his inherited estate with his own exact and intricate hands. I can see the delineaments and the depictments of the whole estate of Brea

as they were laid down by the honestest, and the exactest, and the intricatest of pens. I can see its hills and its glens, its farms and its crofts, its streams and its lochs, its cattle and its game and its fish, and all laid down with a mathematical exactness and a geometrical completeness as if he were preparing his estate for the Inverness or Edinburgh market; and as if he were determined to do so with the most absolute justice both to the seller and the buyer. Now whether those maps and plans and accompanying documents are ever recovered or no, most happily we have some still more important documents preserved to us from Fraser's faithful and careful hands. I refer to the delineations he made of the inward estate of his own soul: a delineation and an inventory that has been preserved to us to this day, I will say, under the special and adorable providence of Fraser's God and our God. And it is an analysis and a delineation and a depictment of such a kind that I know nothing to approach it in any language that I read. And I thank God every day that so intricate and so spiritual a book is not in Hebrew or Greek or Latin, but is in my own Scottish tongue wherein I was born. Fraser describes his spiritual autobiography as 'The Book of the Intricacies of his own Heart and Life.' And so it is. It is a book of such intricacy and sinuosity and complication and reticulation and involution, that in all my experience of such books it stands simply unparalleled and unapproached. No labyrinth ever constructed by the brain of man comes near the heart of Brea. Not even that wonder of the world the labyrinth of Egypt with its three thousand secret chambers. Not even the Cretan labyrinth of Daedalus with its blood-thirsty monster at its centre, and with only a thin linen thread to lead you out through its endless tortuosities to the

open air. All that is but a faint and feeble description of the always spiritually intricate book that Fraser of Brea has bequeathed to his fellow-countrymen and his fellow-churchmen. To as many of them, that is, as have an intricate life of their own, and a labyrinthine heart of their own. And among the thousands of his Christian fellow-countrymen in our day, there must surely be some men still left with something of the intellectual strength, and the spiritual inwardness, and the experimental concentration, and the holy fear and the close walk with God, of the Laird of Brea. Some men who will feel that they are not such absolute monsters among men, and so much alone in Scotland, as they always thought they were till they were told about James Fraser, the Laird of Brea. Well may Dr. Elder Cumming say that Brea's is a book to be read by all men with wonder and with awe; and, I will add, to be read by some men with an ever-increasing thankfulness and an ever-increasing hopefulness. Yes, well might his old publisher in first venturing Brea's autobiography out on the market go on to say: 'There is perhaps no other Performance giving a more distinct Account of a supernatural Work of Grace. And it is thought not to be unseasonable at this juncture for reviving Piety and the Exercise of Grace, and convicting those who make a jest of these serious Matters.'

Now in summing up all I have already said about Fraser and his autobiography, I will say a single word here about the immense importance of intellect in our evangelical preachers and experimental writers. And instead of any weak words of my own on that matter, take these so fresh and so pointed words of Santa Teresa: 'I always had a great respect and affection for intellectual and learned men,' she says. 'It is my experience that

all who intend to be true Christians will do well to treat with men of mind when they are being deeply exercised about their souls. The more intellect and the more learning our preachers and pastors have, the better. The devil is exceedingly afraid of learning, especially when it is accompanied with great humility and great virtue. Let no one be taken into this religious house of ours unless she is a woman of a sound understanding. For if she is without mind, she will neither know herself nor will she understand her best teachers. And ignorance and self-conceit is a disease that is simply incurable. And, besides, it usually carries great malice and great malignity along with it. Commend me to people with good heads. From all silly devotees may God deliver me!' Had Santa Teresa lived in Scotland in the seventeenth century she would to a certainty have taken a house at Culross in order to sit under Fraser's ministry. Nay, she would to a certainty have taken service as a scullery-maid on the Bass Rock just to be under the same roof with a man of such learning and such intellect in his religion; and a man, at the same time, of such a broken heart in his daily devotions.

And, then, one of the best of intellects of that intellectual day is here to be seen employed, exclusively and unceasingly, upon what its owner conceived to be the best, the noblest, and the most commanding of all occupations—the salvation of his own soul; and in and after that the same salvation of other men's souls. Let a man constantly examine himself on that supreme matter, says the Apostle. Well, James Fraser has only one fault in that respect: he takes the Apostle much too seriously and much too literally, for he is always and in everything examining himself. Whether Paul would have praised Fraser or blamed him for that incessant

introspection of his, you have your opinion, and I have mine. Watch and pray, says our Lord also. Well, did any of the twelve do that like the Laird of Brea? No, I am quite sure that none of them did—not, at any rate, to begin with. 'My people do not consider,' complained the God of covenanted Israel. Now, our complaint here again with Fraser is this, that he considered too much, and that he would do nothing else all his days but consider inwardly and then act outwardly. Fraser believed with all his deep mind and with all his renewed heart that there was but one thing absolutely and supremely necessary as between him and his God; and he wrote his book and lived his life accordingly. In season and out of season Fraser of Brea pursued that one thing with an intricacy, and with a tenacity, and with a perspicuity unparalleled in all my reading or hearing of such men and such matters.

And then I have this also for my defence and apology in taking up such an out-of-date man—Fraser of Brea is one of ourselves. He is one of our own covenanted household of faith. He is one of our own cloud of witnesses. 'People are variously constituted,' says Dr. Newman in an exquisite essay. 'What influences one man does not in the same way or to the same extent influence another man. What I delight to trace,' he says, 'and to study, is the interior life of God's great saints. And when a great saint himself speaks to me about himself, that is what I like best, and that is what is done by those early luminaries of the Christian Church, Athanasius, and Hilary, and Ambrose, and Theodoret. This is why I exult in the folios of the Fathers. I am not obliged to read the whole of them. I read what I can, and am content.' And if I may be bold enough to borrow that from Newman, I shall be loyal enough to

apply that to myself and to say that that is the very same reason why I so exult in Bunyan, and in Baxter, and in Goodwin, and in Brea, and in Halyburton, and in Boston, and in Chalmers: a body of men who, as Coleridge has it, are, for the matter in hand, worth a whole brigade of the Fathers. At the same time, I do not forget that people are very variously constituted. What influences one does not in the same way influence another. Nor am I obliged to read the whole of our evangelical and experimental and Puritan Fathers. I read what I can, and am content; or rather, I for one exult—and then, as a wise old writer has it, 'the judicious are fond of originals.' And then, as to the reward that we may confidently look for from our study of Fraser's autobiography. In his dedication to Thomas Ross of Tain, our author says: 'I have in nothing been more refreshed, quickened, and edified than by hearing and reading of the experiences of others of God's people, and in nothing more comforted and sanctified than by a serious recalling to mind of the Lord's intricate dealings with myself.' And far on in the body of the book he returns to that subject, and says: 'The calling to mind and seriously meditating on the Lord's secret dealings with myself as to soul and body; my recalling of His manifold and intimate mercies to me has done me very much good; has cleared my case; has confirmed my soul concerning God's love to me, and of my interest in Him; and has made me love Him more and more. O what good hath the writing of this book of my Memoirs done me! What wells of water have mine eyes been opened to see that before were hid from me! Scarce anything hath done me more good than the writing of this book!' And I will say that scarce anything hath done the writer of this Appreciation more good than the reading of such

chapters in this book as these: i., iv., vi., xiii., xvi., xviii., xx., xxiv., and three times as many and all as good. Till this line about a great man in a very different dispensation comes to my mind—'Probed many hearts, beginning with his own.'

THOMAS GOODWIN[1]

GENTLEMEN, I have long looked for a suitable opportunity of aeknowledging an old debt of mine to a favourite author of mine. But when I proeeed to pay a little of that old debt to-day I am not to be supposed to put any of you into that same author's debt. All I wish to do to-day is for onee to make full and heartfelt aeknowledgment of my own deep debt to that author, and then to urge you all to get into some such relation of indebtedness to some great authors of past days or of the present day.

It was in my third year at the University that I first becamc acquaintcd with Thomas Goodwin. On opening the *Witness* newspaper onc propitious morning my eye fell on the announeement of a new edition of Thomas Goodwin's works. I entered my namc at onee as a subscriber to thc series, and not long after the first volume of Goodwin's Works camc into my hands. And I will here say with simple truth that his Works havc never been out of my hands down to this day. In those far-off ycars I read my Goodwin every Sabbath morning and every Sabbath night. Goodwin was my every Sabbath day meat and my every Sabbath day drink. And during my sueeeeding ycars as a studcnt, and as a young ministcr, I carried about a volume of Goodwin with me wherever I went. I read him in railway carriages

[1] Originally an Address to New College Students.

and on steamboats. I read him at home and abroad. I read him on my holidays among the Scottish Grampians and among the Swiss Alps. I carried his volumes about with me till they fell out of their original cloth binding, and till I got my bookbinder to put them into his best morocco. I have read no other author so much and so often. And I continue to read him to this day, as if I had never read him before. Now, if I were to say such things as these about some of the Greek or Latin or English classics, you would receive it as a matter of course. But why should I not say the simple truth about the greatest pulpit master of Pauline exegesis and homiletic that has ever lived, and who has been far more to me than all those recognised classics taken together?

It was a great time, gentlemen, when I was attending the University and New College. The works of Dickens and Thackeray were then appearing in monthly parts. The Brontë family were at their best. George Eliot was writing in *Blackwood*. Carlyle was at the height of his influence and renown. Ruskin, Macaulay, Tennyson, and Browning were in everybody's hands. And I read them all as I had time and opportunity. But I read none of them all as I read Goodwin. He is not to be named beside them as literature. No. But then they are not to be named beside him as religion. Masters in their own departments as they all are, yet none of them laid out their genius upon Paul, nor upon Paul's supreme subject—Jesus Christ and His salvation. And, therefore, though I read them all and enjoyed them all in their measure, yet, as Augustine says about some of the best classics of Greece and Rome, since the Name of Jesus Christ was not to be found in them, none of them all took such complete possession of me as did Thomas Goodwin, the great Pauline exegete.

I frankly confess to you that I sometimes say to myself that I must surely be all wrong in my estimate of Goodwin's worth, else some one besides myself would sometimes be found to mention his name with some honour. But when I am led to open Goodwin again all my old love for him returns to me, and all my old indebtedness and devotion to him, till I give myself up again to his incomparable power and incomparable sweetness as an expounder of Paul and as a preacher of Jesus Christ.

Thomas Goodwin was born October the 5th, 1600, at Rollesby, a little village in Norfolk. He was brought up with great care by his Puritan parents, who had from his birth devoted him to the Christian ministry. He was educated at Cambridge, where he attained to great proficiency in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, and he kept up his reading in those three languages to the end of his life, and to the lasting enriching and adorning of his pulpit work. 'By an unwearied industry in his studies,' says one of his biographers, 'Goodwin so much improved those natural abilities that God had given him, that, though so very young, he gained for himself a great esteem at the University. But all the time,' adds his biographer, 'he walked in the vanity of his mind, and ambitious hopes and selfish designs entirely possessing him, all his aim was to get applause, and to raise his reputation, and in any manner to advance himself by preferment. But,' adds his biographer, 'God, who had designed Goodwin to higher ends than those he projected in his own thoughts, was graciously pleased to change his heart and to turn the course of his life to the divine service and to the divine glory.'

After his conversion, Goodwin attached himself openly and boldly to the Puritan party in the University, and

he remained one of the great pillars of that party as long as he lived. He was wont to say that it was his deep reading of his own heart, taken along with his deep reading of his New Testament, that made him and kept him an evangelical Puritan through all the intellectual and ecclesiastical vicissitudes of his after life. Owing to Archbishop Laud's persecution of the evangelical party in the English Church, Goodwin was compelled to resign all his ecclesiastical appointments, and to take refuge in Holland. By this time his scriptural and historical studies had made him a convinced Independent, both in politics and in Church government. And he was looked on and spoken of as the 'Atlas of Independency' all through the coming years of such debate and controversy in connection with Church constitution and Church government. After Laud fell Goodwin was able to return to England. He settled in London, where his unparalleled power in the pulpit soon gathered a large and influential congregation around him. His epitaph in Bunhill Fields excellently sums up his services and his character: 'Here lies the Body of Thomas Goodwin, D.D. He had a large acquaintance with ancient, and, above all, with Ecclesiastical History. He was exceeded by no one in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. He was at once blessed with a rich invention and a solid and exact judgment. He carefully compared together the different parts of Holy Writ, and with a marvellous felicity discovered the latent sense of the divine Spirit who indited them. None ever entered deeper into the mysteries of the Gospel, or more clearly unfolded them for the benefit of others. . . . In knowledge, wisdom, and eloquence he was a truly Christian pastor. . . . Till having finished his appointed course, both of services and of sufferings,

in the cause of his divine Master, he gently fell asleep in Jesus. His writings that he has left behind him will diffuse his name in a more fragrant odour than that of the richest perfume. His name will flourish in far distant ages, when this marble, inscribed with his just honour, shall have dropt into dust. He died February 23rd, 1679, in the eightieth year of his age.'

Goodwin's works in their original editions occupied five massive folio volumes. 'And,' says Andrew Bonar, in one of his learned notes to Rutherford's Letters, 'they are five invaluable volumes.' In the Edinburgh edition the whole works fill twelve closely printed octavo volumes. The first volume of the Edinburgh reprint is wholly occupied with thirty-six sermons on the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. The Ephesians was the Apostle's favourite Epistle, and it was also Goodwin's favourite Epistle. I know nothing anywhere at all to compare with this splendid exposition, unless it is Bishop Davenant on the Epistle to the Colossians or Archbishop Leighton on First Peter. Goodwin cannot be said to have the classical compression, nor has he the classical finish that so delight us in all Leighton's literature. But there is a grappling power; there is 'a studying down' of the passage in hand and, withal, there is a height, and a depth, and a fertilising suggestiveness in Goodwin that neither Davenant nor Leighton possesses. For a specimen of this golden volume take the expository sermon on the words: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ'; or the sermon on the words: 'Holy and without blame before Him in love'; or the sermon on 'Sealed with the Holy Spirit'; and in those great sermons you have noble examples of the height to which

the Puritan pulpit could rise. Than Thomas Goodwin's twenty-six pages on 'the sealing of believers,' I know nothing deeper, nothing sweeter, nothing more captivating and enthralling in the whole range of our exegetical and homiletical literature. I would almost venture to set those divine pages as the test of a divinity student's spiritual experience, spiritual insight, and spiritual capacity for opening up to a congregation the deep things of God. To the wonderful sermon on 'Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith' you must bring your most disciplined theological mind, and your most deeply exercised Christian heart. For myself, when I am again reading that superb sermon I always set it down in my mind beside Hooker's immortal sermon, 'Of Justification,' as two of the greatest, if not the two very greatest sermons in the English language. But how Hooker's people or how Goodwin's people could have followed such powerful and such soaring sermons, I cannot imagine. It is hard enough work to follow them and to master them even when they are read and re-read in the leisure of the study. I will leave what I have said about the specimen sermons I have selected out of Goodwin's Ephesians with this fine saying of Hazlitt about Burke: 'The only adequate specimen of Burke,' said Hazlitt, 'is all that the greatest of English statesmen has ever written.' And with this out of Coleridge: 'How Luther loved Paul! And how Paul would have loved Luther!' So will I say: How he would have loved Goodwin! And that not without good reason. For not even Luther on the Galatians is such an expositor of Paul's mind and heart as is Goodwin on the Ephesians.

Goodwin's second volume contains his famous sermon on what he calls 'the strangest paradox ever uttered.'

That strangest of paradoxes is the passage in which the Apostle James tells the twelve tribes to count it all joy when they fall into divers trials or temptations. Goodwin's loss of his valuable library in the great fire of London was the occasion of his remarkable discourse entitled *Patience and her Perfect Work*. In that great calamity our author lost £500 worth of selected and cherished books; a greater loss to such a student than any number of pounds could calculate. 'I have heard my father say that God had struck him in a very sensible place. But that since he loved his books much too well, so God had sharply chastised him by this sore affliction.' This recalls to my mind what Dr. Duncan of this college was wont to say: 'My Semitic books,' he said, 'are my besetting sin.' But, as God would have it, out of the redhot ashes of Goodwin's burned-up books there sprang up a sermon that has been the calming and the consolation of multitudes amid crosses and losses such that, but for Goodwin's teaching and example, would have completely crushed and overwhelmed them.

The third volume contains 'An Exposition of the Book of Revelation,' which is followed by 'Three Select Cases Resolved.' And Goodwin's Three Cases are as lastingly valuable to me as his Revelation is worthless. Goodwin warns his readers that some of them may find his Revelation somewhat 'craggy and tiresome.' And I am fain to confess that I am one of those readers. The true key to the Book of Revelation had not been discovered in Goodwin's day. And, therefore, I thankfully accept his offered permission to leave his Revelation alone. But if his Revelation is 'craggy and tiresome' to me, his 'Select Cases' are everything but that. The truth is, there is no part of Goodwin's twelve volumes

that has been more thumbed by me from my youth up than just his 'Three Select Cases.' The ablest, the most scholarly, the most elaborate, and, I need not say, the most eloquent book of case-divinity in the English language, is Jeremy Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium.* The *Ductor* is a book that every divinity student ought to read once at any rate in his lifetime, even if he finds it also to be somewhat craggy and tiresome in some parts. But if he reads Goodwin's 'Select Cases' once, and if he needs them as much as I do, they will never be long out of his hands. 'Likewise, at the same time,' says James Fraser of Brea, 'I received much knowledge and much comfort from Mr. Goodwin's works, especially from his *Growth in Grace.* For that book of his answered to the frame of my heart as face answers to face.' 'The Three Select Cases' are: 'A Child of Light Walking in Darkness,' 'The Return of Prayers,' and 'The Trial of a Christian's Growth.'

'The Heart of Christ in Heaven towards Sinners on Earth' is the gem of the fourth volume. And it *is* a gem of the purest water, if I am any judge. If any enterprising student who now hears me is interested, or ever becomes interested, in the philosophical and theological controversy that raged round Mansel's famous Bampton Lectures in my New College days, he will find the roots of that whole debate dealt with, again and again, in a most masterly way in this profound volume. It is such pages as occur, again and again, in this volume, that have won for Goodwin the fame of being the most philosophical theologian of all the Puritans. And every one who knows the works of the great Puritans will recognise how high that praise of Goodwin is. Hooker, in some important respects, comes up closer to the full truth about the Heart of

Christ in Heaven than even Goodwin does. And it does not need to be said that the greatest theologian of the English Church clothes his great teaching here, as everywhere, in the noblest English ever written. At the same time, Goodwin is unapproached here, as so often elsewhere, in his combination of intellectual and theological power with evangelical and homiletical comfort. Take them together on this supremest of subjects, and Hooker and Goodwin will form an inexhaustible equipment for any man whose office and calling it is to preach Jesus Christ in His life on earth, and in His eternal priesthood in heaven.

Speaking about Hooker, the Fifth Book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* contains some of the very noblest things that have ever been written on that great mystery of godliness, 'God manifest in the flesh'; and that in language not wholly unworthy of that noblest of subjects. Unhappily for English Church doctrine and discipline, Hooker's incomparable Christology always ends in pure sacramentalism. But, on the other hand, happily for the evangelical faith, Goodwin's fifth volume is full of the purest and strongest and sweetest New Testament truth. *Christ the Mediator* is the all-comprehending title of this massive and most scriptural book. And throughout, this grand subject is grappled with, and is handled, as only Goodwin can grapple with and handle Paul. And then every chapter is carried down into the hearts of his hearers and readers with that powerful, and at the same time tender, homiletic of which Goodwin is such a master.

The chapters in the sixth volume to which I oftenest turn are those on True Spirituality; on true and pure scriptural and evangelical spirituality; what it is; and why and how it is what it is; on spiritual persons

and spiritual things; and on the supreme blessedness of the truly spiritual mind. The chapters on conscience in the sixth volume are simply masterly, even to this day. Neither Sanderson, nor Taylor, nor Butler, nor Chalmers, nor Maurice, nor all of them taken together, have superseded Goodwin. I speak only of the authors I know somewhat well when I say that none of them comes near Goodwin for powerfulness, for subtlety, for finality, and best of all, for evangelical impressiveness and for pulpit fruitfulness. I know what I say, and you may believe me—Butler on conscience, and Chalmers on Butler, and then Goodwin after them, these three masters will furnish out a young preacher with a doctrine and a homiletic of conscience that will be like iron in his own blood and in the blood of all who sit under him.

By men who know what they say on such matters, Goodwin has been appreciated and eulogised as by far the most philosophically minded of all the Puritans. Let the great treatise in his seventh volume, 'Of the Creatures, and the condition of their state by Nature,' be read in proof of this eulogium. Even in these Darwinian days, when 'Adam' has been dissolved and distributed into so many protoplasms, and potencies, and preludes of the human being who was to come in the far future, I am bold to recommend Goodwin's seventh volume to all serious-minded students of Moses, and of Paul, and of themselves.

Editing the eighth volume, Goodwin's dutiful son says of it: 'In this book of my father's you have the infinite mercy of the divine nature displayed as far as human thought and human language can reach. And what you here possess in my poor English does not at all reach the rich eloquence of his Latin.' So far Goodwin's grateful son. But take the eighth volume from

me, and in this way. We sometimes entertain one another by disclosing what author and what book of his we would select to take away with us if we were banished to a desert island, and were only allowed one author. One says that he would take Homer, another says Dante, and another Milton. Almost every one says Shakespeare. Now to employ one of Goodwin's own expressions—would you count me utterly 'uncouth and extravagant' if I said that I would take Goodwin's eighth volume with me to my island? Whatever you count me, it is true, and I have done it, and that more than once. 'I write this book,' says its author, 'for the use of thoroughly humbled and thoroughly broken hearts.' And you will all admit that till a man's heart is thoroughly humbled and thoroughly broken he is not a fit judge of the books that contrite men should select to take with them to read, whether on an island or on a continent. The great acknowledgment I have to make concerning Goodwin's eighth volume is this. I had often read the thirty-fourth of Exodus before ever I came upon Goodwin's exposition of that great fountain-head of Old Testament grace and truth. But from the day when I first read Goodwin's epoch-making discourses on that wonderful chapter, it has been a source of daily salvation and of daily song to me. Yes, I am quite safe to say that for fifty years I have never seen the day that 'the Name of the Lord' has not been a strong tower to me, and all owing to Thomas Goodwin's exposition of that great Name. 'Thank you, sir,' writes one of our ministers to me; 'thank you for urging us to study Goodwin. Nowadays he is never out of my hands.'

After you have read his ninth volume, 'On Election,' you will confess that amid much that is somewhat 'craggy and tiresome' to you, at the same time you

have come upon chapters that only Goodwin could have written, notably those chapters on the election of Christ Himself, and on your election in Him. As also the specially Goodwinian Book IV. on 1 Peter v. 10. Indeed, I will stake all I have ever said about Goodwin on this book: that is to say, when the book comes into the hands of the prepared and proper reader.

His tenth volume is a comprehensive treatise on the Prophetic, Apostolic, and Puritan anthropology. It cannot be denied that this treatise is somewhat sombre and even solemnising and overawing reading. But it would not be true to mankind if it were not both sombre and solemnising and overawing. The whole volume is an exhaustive and a conclusive answer to the Catechism question: 'Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?' And once mastered by the true student this massive treatise will remain a quarry of scriptural and experimental material both for his personal religion and for his pulpit work.

The eleventh volume contains an elaborate treatise on 'The Constitution, Right Order, and Government of the Churches of Christ.' As to the manner in which Goodwin's defence of Independency, and his assault on Presbytery and Episcopacy is conducted, I will let the author's son speak: 'Here,' says young Goodwin, 'is no pride nor arrogance. Here are no reproaches, no base and sly insinuations, none of those invidious reflections with which controversies are usually managed. But here are sober thoughts, calm reasonings, and the truth showing itself in such a mild and lovely aspect as may create inclinations to it in the souls of all persons whom passion or interest have not too much prejudiced.' So speaks an able and a loyal son about the only polemical work of his father. There is no doubt that this elaborate

volume will greatly fortify the Independent who reads it, and there is as little doubt that it will both open the mind and reward the heart of the Presbyterian and the Prelatist who has the patience and the sympathy to master it. 'A truly great and noble spirit,' is the verdict of a Presbyterian of that day, who felt bound to attempt a reply to Goodwin's eleventh volume. For myself, I do not think that any one but Goodwin would have induced me to read a volume on Church government of five hundred pages again, and again, and again. To me that endless debate has little or no real and immediate interest, though I still believe in the apostolicity of Presbytery, even after reading both Hooker and Goodwin again and again. But what takes me back to both these authors is the nobleness of the thought and the style of the one, and the extraordinary freshness and modernness of mind of the other. But take this on this subject from Goodwin's own pen: 'As for my part, this I say, and I say it with much integrity, I never yet took up party religion in the lump. For I have found by a long trial of such matters that there is some truth on all sides. I have found Gospel holiness where you would little think it to be, and so likewise truth. And I have learned this principle, which I hope I shall never lay down till I am swallowed up of immortality, and that is, to acknowledge every truth and every goodness wherever I find it.'

As I have all along laboured to show, Goodwin is always an interpreter, and one of a thousand. So much is this the case that he is still an interpreter even when he lays out and executes his most elaborate, most confessional and most dogmatical works. I refer to such confessional and dogmatical works of his as *The Mediatorship of Christ*, in his fifth volume; *The Holy Spirit*, in his sixth volume;

The Object and the Acts of Faith, in his eighth volume; and *Election*, in his ninth volume. Even when he plans out a great scheme of a book on the elaborate, constructive, and dogmatic method of his day, Goodwin no sooner commences the execution of his plan than he falls back immediately on his own favourite method of exegesis and exposition and homiletic. As a matter of fact, he heads every successive chapter, even of his most formal and logical works, with some great Scripture that he forthwith sets himself to expound and to apply. And thus it comes about that book after book, and chapter after chapter, is but another example and illustration of that endlessly interesting method of his. It cannot be too much signalised, for it is his outstanding and honourable distinction over all the great divines of his own and every other day, that every head of doctrine, every proposition of divinity, every chapter and every sentence and every clause of creed or catechism is taken up and is discussed down to the bottom by Goodwin, not as so many abstract, dogmatical propositions, but as so many fountain-head passages of Holy Scripture. All his work, throughout all his twelve volumes, is just so much pulpit exposition and pulpit application of the Word of God. And hence one great secret of the incomparable vitality, freshness, succulence, richness, great homecomingness, great personal directness, and great evangelical fruitfulness of all his work in all its parts. Like Paul, his master in mental constitution, in literary method, and in homiletic urgency, Goodwin will often 'go off upon a word,' as Paley says somewhat too familiarly about the Apostle. And sometimes, like his master in method, Goodwin does not soon return. But, like his master in this also, when he does return he returns laden with such fresh intellectual and spiritual spoils as make the digression almost richer than the proper text.

Long and elaborate as Goodwin's sermons undeniably were, had they been measured by the scrimp and starved standards of our modern day, even so I feel quite sure that his sermons were not felt to be too long by those hearers of his who had mind enough, and imagination enough, and experience enough to enable them to appreciate such a preacher. Indeed, his pulpit manner must have made his sermons singularly and endlessly interesting to those who listened to him. He is so natural in the pulpit; so homely, while so dignified; so unconventional, while so classical; so affable, so confidential, and always on such intimate terms with his hearers. He so takes his hearers into his confidence about his studies and about his sermons. He so shows them all the processes and operations of his mind in the conception and the composition of his sermons; he so leans over the pulpit and takes his hearers by the hand; he so speaks to them as if they were less his hearers than his fellow-students; he so introduces them to his favourite authors; he so assumes that they are all as much interested in his favourite authors as he is himself; he so tells them why he agrees so wholly with this great commentator and so wholly disagrees with that other; he so confesses to his hearers all the difficulties and all the perplexities he has had with his text; and how, at last, he thinks he has overcome those difficulties; and then he so puts it to them if they do not all agree with him in the interpretation that he is now putting upon the text. Full as Goodwin always is of the ripest scriptural and Reformation scholarship; full as he always is of the best theological and philosophical learning of his own day and of all foregoing days; full, also, as he always is of the deepest spiritual experience—all the same, he is always so simple, so clear, so direct, so untechnical, so personal, and so pastoral, in all his pulpit work, that what Thomas Fuller says about Perkins in his

pulpit may be borrowed and applied to Goodwin. 'In a word,' says Fuller, 'Perkins' church consisting of town and gown, the scholar could hear no learneder, the townsman no simpler or plainer sermons. He did distil and soak so much deep scholarship into his sermons, yet so insensibly, that nothing but the most familiar expressions did ever appear.'

And then as to his favourite authors, things like these continually occur. 'So Socrates was the highest instance how far the light of nature could go.' 'Plato thanked God that he was a man, an Athenian, and a philosopher. I, that I am a Christian.' 'Aristotle, that great dictator of nature, hath a touch of this notion in his *Ethics*.' 'See Athanasius on this text contra Arianos.' '*Omnipotente suavitate* is Augustine's word for this text on the drawing of the soul by Christ.' 'Suarez says this, and he is one of the acutest of our new schoolmen.' 'Scotus, the wisest of the schoolmen, and Bonaventure, the holiest of them, are of another mind.' 'Luther radically altered all his former principles and practices, such was the view he got of the sinfulness of sin.' 'Calvin, that great and holy light of the Reformed Church.' 'Pollock, Principal of Edinburgh University, in his Latin comments, and in his English sermons.' 'Worthy Mr. Dickson, also of Scotland.' 'Gerard, that most judicious divine.' 'Arminius also speaks true.' 'Zanchius, that best of our Protestant writers, and a truly great divine.' And so on; I have a thousand such references. Parenthetically, and as he passes on, he characterises and appreciates them all, as if, instead of having an everyday congregation sitting before him, he had an exegetical class hanging on his learned and eloquent lips. The Fathers, Greek and Latin; the Schoolmen; the Reformers, the Remonstrants, the Anglicans, the Arminians, the Anti-

nomians, the Socinians, the Quakers, the English and American Puritans, the Scottish Presbyterians, they are all laid under pulpit contribution, and they all get their generous meed of praise, or their regretful word of passing blame. Till it must have been a Biblical and a theological education to sit under Goodwin, not only to his Bible students, but to all his hearers. And till I can see the Bible-loving Protector and all his preaching officers rubbing their hands with holy glee as they crowded round Goodwin's pulpit, now in the House of Commons, and now in the camp, and congratulated evangelical England and themselves that they had such a 'trier' as Goodwin was, by whom to waken up the sleeping incumbents of the parish pulpits all over the land.

But, after all I have said, I would not feel that I had come within sight of doing justice to the whole wealth, originality, and suggestiveness of Thomas Goodwin's mind unless I went on to give a specimen list of the topics and the themes he starts and treats himself, and of the topics and the themes he leaves his ministerial readers to take up and treat for themselves. I have, therefore, selected a short list of those topics and themes, some of which I have already treated in the pulpit myself. And if I have not sufficient time and strength left me to overtake them all, I shall leave them to such of you as shall succeed me in the study and exposition of Goodwin's works. Take, then, the following texts and topics and themes as so many illustrations of Goodwin's wealthy and suggestive mind.

'God is glorified only by being made known.'

'The Son of God might have assumed any nature, yours or mine.'

'Jesus Christ was the greatest and the best believer that ever lived.'

'The one great end of Christ's preaching was to reveal the Father.'

'Aliquid in Christo formosius Salvatore.'

'Faith answers to the whole of Christ, and Christ answers to the whole of faith.'

'Eye not the promises, but the Promiser.'

'Holy Scripture is not abhorrent of the metaphor of purchase in the work of Christ.'

'Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is.'

'Some men have given over all other lives but the life of faith.'

'Regeneration is but partial in the very best saints.'

'Motus primi non cadunt sub libertatem.'

'Our greatest sins are those of the mind.'

'Their indwelling sin is by far the greatest misery of the regenerate.'

'Self is the most abominable principle that ever was.'

'Generalia non pungunt.'

'We are to seek to have affections suitable to our knowledge.'

'*Aqua fortis* is laid on letters of ink to eat them out, and so is the blood of Christ laid on the handwriting that is against us.'

'Verba in res, as the philosopher said when he was converted.'

'Divinity hath a definition of man, of which definition the deepest philosophy falls short.'

'The circumstances lie heavier on the conscience than the act itself.'

'Hell fire is not culinary fire.'

'Good swimmers seek out deep waters.'

'A thief that deserves hanging must not complain of being burned in the hand.'

'Judas heard all Christ's sermons.'

'Demas left his preaching, and turned to merchandising.'

'God had only one Son, and He made Him a Minister.'

And a thousand more of the same suggestive kind.

Now, I do not think that any born preacher can listen to a catalogue of texts and topics and themes like that without his heart taking fire for the pulpit. What think you? But with all that I have said, do not go away supposing or saying that I am demanding that any of you shall feed your mind and feast your heart on Thomas Goodwin as I have done. All I have said to-day but leads me up to say this with some experience and with some authority, I hope. Find out the food and the relish convenient for your own mind and heart, and then feed continually upon it. Amid the immense intellectual and spiritual riches of our Biblical and theological and experimental and autobiographical literature, find out some first-class authors who shall be to you something of what Paul was to Luther, and Luther to Bunyan, and Calvin to Cunningham, and Athanasius to Newman, and William Guthrie to John Owen, and Augustine to Dean Trench, and Thomas Shepard to Jonathan Edwards, and Butler and Edwards to Chalmers, and Foster and Faber to Dods. And then study with all your might to put the theology of Paul and Luther and the Puritans into the written English of Hooker and Newman, or into the spoken English of Robertson and Spurgeon. And thus studying, and thus preaching, and thus living, you will both save yourselves and them that hear you.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE[1]

THE *Religio Medici* is a universally recognised English classic. And the *Urn-Burial*, the *Christian Morals*, and the *Letter to a Friend* are all quite worthy to take their stand beside the *Religio Medici*. Sir Thomas Browne made several other contributions to English literature besides these masterpieces; but it is on the *Religio Medici*, and on what Sir Thomas himself calls 'other pieces of affinity thereto,' that his sure fame as a writer of noble truth and stately English most securely rests. Sir Thomas Browne was a physician of high standing and large practice all his days; and he was an antiquarian and scientific writer of the foremost information and authority: but it is the extraordinary depth and riches and imaginative sweep of his mind, and his rare wisdom and wealth of heart, and his quite wonderful English style, that have all combined together to seal Sir Thomas Browne with his well-earned immortality.

Sir Thomas Browne's outward life can be told in a very few words. He was born at London in 1605. He lost his father very early, and it must have been a very great loss. For the old mercer was wont to creep up to his little son's cradle when he was asleep, and uncover and kiss the child's breast, and pray, 'as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost would at once take

[1] The Inaugural Discourse delivered at the Meeting of the British Medical Association in St. Giles' Cathedral on the 26th of July 1898.

possession there.' The old merchant was able to leave money enough to take his gifted son first to Winchester School, and then to Oxford, where he graduated in New Pembroke in 1626. On young Browne's graduation, old Anthony à Wood has this remark, that those who love Pembroke best can wish it nothing better than that it may long proceed as it has thus begun. As soon as he had taken his university degree young Browne entered on the study of medicine: and in pursuit of that fast-rising science he visited and studied in the most famous schools of France and Italy and Holland. After various changes of residence, through all of which it is somewhat difficult to trace the young physician's movements, we find him at last fairly settled in the city of Norwich, where he spent the remainder of his long, and busy, and prosperous, and honourable life.

Dr. Johnson laments that Sir Thomas Browne has left us no record of his travels and studies abroad, and all Sir Thomas's readers will join with his great biographer in that regret. At the same time, as we turn over the pile of letters that Sir Thomas sent to his student son Edward, and to his sailor son Thomas, when they were abroad at school and on ship, we can easily collect and picture to ourselves the life that the writer of those so wise and so beautiful letters led when he himself was still a student at Montpellier and Padua and Leyden. 'Honest Tom,—God bless thee, and protect thee, and mercifully lead thee through the ways of His providence. Be diligent in going to church. Be constant, and not negligent in your daily private prayers. Be a good husband. Cast up your accounts with all care. Be temperate in diet, and be wary not to overheat yourself. Be courteous and civil to all. Live with an apothecary, and observe his drugs and practice. Frequent civil

company. Point your letters, and put periods at the ends of your sentences. Have the love and the fear of God ever before your eyes. And may God confirm your faith in Christ. Observe the manner of trade: how they make wine and vinegar, and keep a note of all that for me. Be courteous and humble in all your conversation, and of good manners: which he that learneth not in France travaileth in vain. When at sea read good books. Without good books time cannot be well spent in those great ships. Learn the stars also: the particular coasts: the depth of the road-steads: and the risings and fallings of the land. Enquire further about the mineral water: and take notice of such plants as you meet with. I am told that you are looked on in the Service as exceeding faithful, valiant, diligent, generous, vigilant, observing, very knowing, and a scholar. When you first took to this manner of life, you cannot but remember that I caused you to read all the sea-fights of note in Plutarch; and, withal, gave you the description of fortitude left by Aristotle. In places take notice of the government of them, and the eminent persons. The merciful providence of God ever go with you, and direct and bless you, and give you ever a grateful heart toward Him. I send you Lucretius: and with it Tully's Offices: 'tis as remarkable for its little size as for the good matter contained in it, and the authentic and classical Latin. I hope you do not forget to carry a Greek Testament always to church: a man learns two things together, and profiteth doubly, in the language and the subject. God send us to number our days, and to fit ourselves for a better world. Times look troublesome: but you have an honest and peaceable profession like myself, which may well employ you, and you have discretion to guide your words and actions.

May God be reconciled to us, and give us grace to forsake our sins which set fire to all things. You shall never want my daily prayers, and also frequent letters.' And so on, through a delightful sheaf of letters to his two sons: and out of which a fine picture rises before us, both of Sir Thomas's own student life abroad, as well as of the footing on which the now famous physician and English author stood with his student and sailor sons.

You might read every word of Sir Thomas Browne's writings and never discover that a sword had been unsheathed or a shot fired in England all the time he was living and writing there. It was the half-century of the terrible civil war for political and religious liberty: but Sir Thomas Browne would seem to have possessed all the political and religious liberty he needed. At any rate, he never took open part on either side in the great contest. Sir Thomas Browne was not made of the hot metal and the stern stuff of John Milton. All through those terrible years Browne lived securely in his laboratory, and in his library, and in his closet. Richard Baxter's *Autobiography* is as full of gunpowder as if it had been written in an army-chaplain's tent, as indeed it was. But both Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* and Browne's *Religio Medici* might have been written in the Bedford or Norwich of our own peaceful day. All men are not made to be soldiers and statesmen: and it is no man's duty to attempt to be what he was not made to be. Every man has his own talent, and his corresponding and consequent duty and obligation. And both Bunyan and Browne had their own talent, and their own consequent duty and obligation, just as Cromwell and Milton and Baxter had theirs. Enough,

and more than enough, if it shall be said to them all on that day, Well done.

'My life,' says Sir Thomas, in opening one of the noblest chapters of his noblest book, 'is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry; and it would sound to common ears like a fable.' Now, as all Sir Thomas's readers must know, the most extraordinary criticisms and comments have been made on those devout and thankful words of his concerning himself. Dr. Samuel Johnson's were not common ears, but even he comments on these beautiful words with a momentary wooden-headedness almost past belief. For, surely the thirty years of schoolboy, and student, and opening professional life that resulted in the production of such a masterpiece as the *Religio Medici* was a miracle both of God's providence and God's grace, enough to justify him who had experienced all that in acknowledging it to God's glory and to the unburdening of his own heart, so richly loaded with God's benefits. And, how a man of Samuel Johnson's insight, good sense, and pious feeling could have so missed the mark in this case, I cannot understand. All the more that both the chapter so complained about, and the whole book to which that chapter belongs, are full of the same thankful, devout, and adoring sentiment. But even Homer sometimes nods. 'The world that I regard,' Sir Thomas proceeds, 'is myself. Men that look upon my outside, and who peruse only my conditions and my fortunes, do err in my altitude. There is surely a piece of divinity in us all; something that was before the elements, and which owes no homage unto the sun.' And again: 'We carry with us the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and all its prodigies in us all. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that

studies wisely learns, in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.' And again: 'There is another way of God's providence full of meanders and labyrinths and obscure methods: that serpentine and crooked line: that cryptic and involved method of His providence which I have ever admired. Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, and doublings, and wrenches, which, well examined, do prove the pure hand of God. And to be true, and to speak out my soul, when I survey the occurrences of my own life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyss and a mass of mercies. And those which others term crosses, and afflictions, and judgments, and misfortunes, to me they both appear, and in event have ever proved, the secret and dissembled favours of His affection.' And in the *Christian Morals*: 'Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude. Make not thy head a grave, but a repository of God's mercies. Register not only strange, but all merciful occurrences. Let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementoes and asterisks of acknowledgment. And to be complete and to forget nothing, date not His mercy from thy nativity: look beyond this world, and before the era of Adam. And mark well the winding ways of providence. For that hand writes often by abbreviations, hieroglyphics, and short characters, which, like the laconism on Belshazzar's wall, are not to be made out but by a key from that Spirit that indited them.' And yet again: 'To thoughtful observers the whole world is one phylactery, and everything we see an item of the wisdom, and power, and goodness of God.' How any man, not to speak of one of the wisest and best of men, such as Samuel Johnson was, could read all that, and still stagger at Sir Thomas Browne holding

himself to be a living miracle of the power, and the love, and the grace of God, passes my understanding.

We have seen in his own noble words how Sir Thomas Browne's life appeared to himself. Let us now look at how he appeared to other observing men. The Rev. John Whitefoot, the close and lifelong friend of Sir Thomas, has left us this lifelike protrait of the author of *Religio Medici*: 'For a character of his person, his complexion and his hair were answerable to his name, his stature was moderate, and his habit of body neither fat nor lean, but εὔσαρκος. In his habit of clothing he had an aversion to all finery, and affected plainness. He ever wore a cloke, or boots, when few others did. He kept himself always very warm, and thought it most safe so to do. The horizon of his understanding was much larger than the hemisphere of the world: all that was visible in the heavens he comprehended so well, that few that are under them knew so much. And of the earth he had such a minute and exact geographical knowledge as if he had been by divine providence ordained surveyor-general of the whole terrestrial orb and its products, minerals, plants, and animals. His memory, though not so eminent as that of Seneca or Scaliger, was capacious and tenacious, insomuch that he remembered all that was remarkable in any book he ever read. He had no despotical power over his affections and passions, that was a privilege of original perfection, but as large a political power over them as any stoic or man of his time, whereof he gave so great experiment that he hath very rarely been known to have been overpowered with any of them. His aspect and conversation were grave and sober; there was never to be seen in him anything trite or vulgar. Parsimonious in nothing but his time, whereof he made as much improvement, with

as little loss of any man in it, when he had any to spare from his drudging practice, he was scarce patient of any diversion from his study: so impatient of sloth and idleness, that he would say, he could not do nothing. He attended the public service very constantly, when he was not withheld by his practice. Never missed the sacrament in his parish, if he were in town. Read the best English sermons he could hear of with liberal applause: and delighted not in controversies. His patience was founded upon the Christian philosophy, and sound faith of God's providence, and a meek and humble submission thereto. I visited him near his end, when he had not strength to hear or speak much: and the last words I heard from him were, besides some expressions of dearness, that he did freely submit to the will of God: being without fear. He had oft triumphed over the king of terrors in others, and given him many repulses in the defence of patients; but when his own time came, he submitted with a meek, rational, religious courage.'

Taking Sir Thomas Browne all in all, Tertullian, Sir Thomas's favourite Father, has supplied us, as it seems to me, with his whole life and character in these so expressive and so comprehensive words of his, *Anima naturaliter Christiana.* In these three words, when well weighed and fully opened up, we have the whole author of the *Religio Medici*, the *Christian Morals*, and the *Letter to a Friend. Anima naturaliter Christiana.*

The *Religio Medici* was Sir Thomas Browne's first book, and it remains by far his best book. His other books acquire their value and take their rank just according to the degree of their 'affinity' to the *Religio Medici.* Sir Thomas Browne is at his best when he is most alone with himself. There is no subject that interests him so much

as Sir Thomas Browne. And if you will forget yourself in Sir Thomas Browne, and in his conversations which he holds with himself, you will find a rare and an ever fresh delight in the *Religio Medici*. Sir Thomas is one of the greatest egotists of literature—to use a necessary but an unpopular and a misleading epithet. Hazlitt has it that there have only been but three perfect, absolute, and unapproached egotists in all literature—Cellini, Montaigne, and Wordsworth. But why that fine critic leaves out Sir Thomas Browne, I cannot understand or accept. I always turn to Sir Thomas Browne, far more than to either of Hazlitt's canonised three, when I want to read what a great man has to tell me about himself: and in this case both a great and a good and a Christian man. And thus, whatever modification and adaptation may have been made in this masterpiece of his, in view of its publication, and after it was first published, the original essence, most genuine substance, and unique style of the book were all intended for its author's peculiar heart and private eye alone. And thus it is that we have a work of a simplicity and a sincerity that would have been impossible had its author in any part of his book sat down to compose for the public. Sir Thomas Browne lived so much within himself, that he was both secret writer and sole reader to himself. His great book is 'a private exercise directed solely,' as he himself says, 'to himself: it is a memorial addressed to himself rather than an example or a rule directed to any other man.' And it is only he who opens the *Religio Medici* honestly and easily believing that, and glad to have such a secret and sincere and devout book in his hand,—it is only he who will truly enjoy the book, and who will gather the same gain out of it that its author enjoyed and gained out of it himself. In short, the properly prepared and

absolutely ingenuous reader of the *Religio Medici* must be a second Thomas Browne himself.

'I am a medical man,' says Sir Thomas, in introducing himself to us, 'and this is my religion. I am a physician, and this is my faith, and my morals, and my whole true and proper life. The scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, and the indifference of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion, might persuade the world that I had no religion at all. And yet, in despite of all that, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of a Christian.' And if ever any man was a truly catholic Christian, it was surely Sir Thomas Browne. He does not unchurch or ostracise any other man. He does not stand at diameter and sword's point with any other man; no, not even with his enemy. He has never been able to alienate or exasperate himself from any man whatsoever because of a difference of an opinion. He has never been angry with any man because his judgment in matters of religion did not agree with his. In short, he has no genius for disputes about religion; and he has often felt it to be his best wisdom to decline all such disputes. When his head was greener than it now is, he had a tendency to two or three errors in religion, of which he proceeds to set down the spiritual history. But at no time did he ever maintain his own opinions with pertinacity: far less to inveigle or entangle any other man's faith; and thus they soon died out, since they were only bare errors and single lapses of his understanding, without a joint depravity of his will. The truth to Sir Thomas Browne about all revealed religion is this, which he sets forth in a deservedly famous passage: 'Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in revealed religion for an active faith. I love to lose myself in a mystery, and to pursue

my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est.* I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for anything else is not faith but persuasion. I bless myself, and am thankful that I never saw Christ nor His disciples. For then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I have enjoyed that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. They only had the advantage of a noble and a bold faith who lived before the coming of Christ; and who, upon obscure prophecies and mystical types, could raise a belief and expect apparent impossibilities. And since I was of understanding enough to know that we know nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith. I am now content to understand a mystery in an easy and Platonic way, and without a demonstration and a rigid definition; and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith.' The unreclaimed reader who is not already allured by these specimens need go no further in Sir Thomas Browne's autobiographic book. But he who feels the grace and the truth, the power and the sweetness and the beauty of such writing, will be glad to know that the whole *Religio* is full of such things, and that all this author's religious and moral writings partake of the same truly Apostolic and truly Platonic character. In this noble temper, with the richest mind, and clothed in a style that entrances and captivates us, Sir Thomas proceeds to set forth his doctrine and experience of God; of God's providence; of Holy Scripture; of nature and man; of miracles and oracles; of the Holy Ghost and

holy angels; of death; and of heaven and hell. And, especially, and with great fulness, and victoriousness, and conclusiveness, he deals with death. We sometimes amuse ourselves by making a selection of the two or three books that we would take with us to prison or to a desert island. And one dying man here and another there has already selected and set aside the proper and most suitable books for his own special deathbed. 'Read where I first cast my anchor,' said John Knox to his wife, sitting weeping at his bedside. At which she opened and read in the Gospel of John. Sir Thomas Browne is neither more nor less than the very prose-laureate of death. He writes as no other man has ever written about death. Death is everywhere in all Sir Thomas Browne's books. And yet it may be said of them all, that, like heaven itself, there is no death there. Death is swallowed up in Sir Thomas Browne's defiant faith that cannot, even in death, get difficulties and impossibilities enough to exercise itself upon. O death, where is thy sting to Rutherford, and Bunyan, and Baxter, and Browne; and to those who diet their imaginations and their hearts day and night at such heavenly tables! But, if only to see how great and good men differ, Spinoza has this proposition and demonstration that a 'free man thinks of nothing less than of death.' Browne was a free man, but he thought of nothing more than of death. He was of Dante's mind—

> The arrow seen beforehand slacks its flight.

The *Religio Medici* was Sir Thomas Browne's first book, and the *Christian Morals* was his last; but the two books are of such affinity to one another that they will always be thought of together. Only, the style that was already almost too rich for our modern taste in the *Religio*

absolutely eloys and elogs us in the *Morals*. The opening and the closing sentenees of this posthumous treatise will better convey a taste of its strength and sweetness than any estimate or eulogium of mine. 'Tread softly and eireumspeetly in this funambulatory traek, and narrow path of goodness; pursue virtue virtuously: leaven not good actions, nor render virtue disputable. Stain not fair acts with foul intentions; maim not uprightness by halting eoneomitanees, nor eircumstantially deprave substantial goodness. Consider whereabout thou art in Cebes' table, or that old philosophieal pinax of the life of man: whether thou art yet in the road of uneertainties; whether thou hast yet entered the narrow gate, got up the hill and asperous way whieh leadeth unto the house of sanity; or taken that purifying potion from the hand of sincere erudition, whieh may send thee elear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy life.'. And having taken his reader up through a virtuous life, Sir Thomas thus parts with him at its elose: 'Lastly, if length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expeetation. Reekon not upon long life; think every day thy last. And sinee there is something in us that will still live on, join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. And if any hath been so happy as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exaltation, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, and ingression into the divine shadow, aecording to mystieal theology, they have already had an handsome antieipation of heaven: the world is in a manner over, and the earth in ashes unto them.' 'Prose,' says Friswell, 'that with very little transposition, might make verse quite worthy of Shakespeare himself.'

The *Letter to a Friend* is an aecount of the swift and

inevitable deathbed of one of Sir Thomas's patients: a young man who died of a deceitful but a galloping consumption. There is enough of old medical observation and opening science in the *Letter*, as well as of sweet old literature, and still sweeter old religion, to make it a classic to every well-read doctor in the language. 'To be dissolved and to be with Christ was his dying ditty. He esteemed it enough to approach the years of his Saviour, who so ordered His own human state, as not to be old upon earth. He that early arriveth into the parts and prudence of age is happily old without the uncomfortable attendants of it. And 'tis superfluous to live unto grey hairs, when in a precocious temper we anticipate the virtues of them. In brief, he cannot be accounted young who outliveth the old man.' Let all young medical students have by heart Sir Thomas Browne's incomparable English, and wisdom, and piety in his *Letter to a Friend upon the occasion of the death of his intimate Friend.* 'This unique morsel of literature,' as Walter Pater calls it.

The *Vulgar Errors*, it must be confessed, is neither very inviting, nor very rewarding to ordinary readers nowadays. And that big book will only be persevered in to the end by those readers to whom everything that Sir Thomas Browne has written is of a rare interest and profit. The full title of this now completely antiquated and wholly forgotten treatise is this, '*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths, which examined prove but Vulgar and Common Errors.' The First Book of the *Pseudodoxia* is general and philosophical; the Second Book treats of popular and received tenets concerning mineral and vegetable bodies; the Third, of popular and received tenets concerning animals; the

Fourth, of man ; the Fifth, of many things questionable as they are commonly described in pictures, etc. ; and the Sixth, of popular and received tenets, cosmographical, geographical, and historical ; and the Seventh, of popular and received truths, some historical, and some deduced from Holy Scripture. The Introductory Book contains the best analysis and exposition of the famous Baconian Idols that has ever been written. That Book of the *Pseudodoxia* is full of the profoundest philosophical principles set forth in the stateliest English. The students of Whately and Mill, as well as of Bacon, will greatly enjoy this part of the *Pseudodoxia. The Grammar of Assent*, also, would seem to have had some of its deepest roots in the same powerful, original, and suggestive Book. For its day the *Pseudodoxia* is a perfect encyclopædia of scientific, and historical, and literary, and even Biblical criticism : the *Pseudodoxia* and the *Miscellany Tracts* taken together. Some of the most powerful passages that ever fell from Sir Thomas Browne's pen are to be come upon in the Introduction to the *Pseudodoxia.* And, with all our immense advances in method and in discipline, in observation and in discovery, no true student of nature and of man can afford to neglect the extraordinary catalogue of things which are so characteristically treated of in Sir Thomas Browne's great, if, nowadays, out-grown book. For one thing, and that surely not a small thing, we see on every page of the *Pseudodoxia* the labour, as Dr. Johnson so truly says, that its author was always willing to pay for the truth. And, as Sir Thomas says himself, a work of this nature is not to be performed upon one leg, or without the smell of oil, if it is to be duly and deservedly handled. It must be left to men of learning and of science to say how far Sir Thomas has duly and deservedly

handled the immense task he undertook in this book. But I, for one, have read this great treatise with a true pride, in seeing so much hard work so liberally laid out according to the best light allowed its author in that day. As Dr. Johnson has said of it, 'The mistakes that the author committed in the *Pseudodoxia* were not committed by idleness or negligence, but only for want of the philosophy of Boyle and Newton.' Who, then, will gird up his loins in our enlightened day to give us a new *Pseudodoxia* after the philosophy of Bacon and Boyle and Newton and Ewald and Darwin? And after Sir Thomas's own philosophy, which he thus sets forth before himself in this and in all his other studies: 'We are not magisterial in opinions, nor have we dictator-like obtruded our conceptions: but, in the humility of inquiries or disquisitions, have only proposed them to more ocular discerners. And we shall so far encourage contradiction as to promise no disturbance, or re-oppose any pen, that shall fallaciously or captiously refute us. And shall only take notice of such whose experimental and judicious knowledge shall be employed, not to traduce or extenuate, but to explain and dilucidate, to add and ampliate, according to the laudable custom of the ancients in their sober promotions of learning. Unto whom, notwithstanding, we shall not contentiously rejoin, or only to justify our own, but to applaud or confirm his maturer assertions; and shall confer what is in us unto his name and honour; ready, for our part, to be swallowed up in any worthy enlarger: as having our aid, if any way, or under any name, we may obtain a work, so much desired, and yet desiderated, of truth.' Shall this Association, I wonder, raise up from among its members, such a worthy successor and enlarger of Sir Thomas Browne?

The title, at least, of the *Urn-Burial* is more familiar to the most of us than that of the *Pseudodoxia*. It was the chance discovery of some ancient urns in Norfolk that furnished Sir Thomas with the occasion to write his *Hydriotaphia*. And that classical book is only another illustration of his enormous reading, ready memory, and intense interest in everything that touches on the nature of man, and on his beliefs, habits, and hopes in all ages of his existence on this earth. And the eloquence and splendour of this wonderful piece is as arresting to the student of style as its immense information is to the scholar and the antiquarian. 'The conclusion of the essay on Urn-Burial,' says Carlyle, 'is absolutely beautiful: a still elegiac mood, so soft, so deep, so solemn and tender, like the song of some departed saint —an echo of deepest meaning from the great and mighty Nations of the Dead. Sir Thomas Browne must have been a good man.'

The Garden of Cyrus is past all description of mine. *The Garden of Cyrus* must be read. It is an extravagant sport of a scholar of the first rank and a genius of the first water. 'We write no herbal,' he begins, and neither he does. And after the most fantastical prose-poem surely that ever was written, he as fantastically winds up at midnight with this: 'To keep our eyes longer open were but to act our antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' At which Coleridge must incontinently whip out his pencil till we have this note of his on the margin: 'What life! what fancy! what whimsicality! Was ever such a reason given for leaving one's book and going to bed as this, that they are already past their first sleep in Persia, and that the huntsmen are up in America?'

Sir Thomas Browne has had many admirers, and his greatest admirers are to be found among our foremost men. He has had Samuel Johnson among his greatest admirers, and Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Hazlitt, and Lytton, and Walter Pater, and Leslie Stephen, and Professor Saintsbury; than whom no one of them all has written better on Browne. And he has had princely editors and annotators in Simon Wilkin, and Dr. Greenhill, and Dr. Lloyd Roberts. I must leave it to those eminent men to speak to you with all their authority about Sir Thomas Browne's ten talents: his unique natural endowments, his universal scholarship, his philosophical depth, 'his melancholy yet affable irony,' his professional and scientific attainments, and his absolutely classical English style. And I shall give myself up, in ending this discourse, to what is of much more importance to him and to us all than all these things taken together,—for Sir Thomas Browne was a believing man, and a man of unfainting and unrelaxing prayer.

'I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind: and therefore, God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.' The old proverb, *Ubi tres medici, duo athei,* cast an opprobrium on the medical profession that can never have been just. At the same time, that proverb may be taken as proving how little true philosophy there must have been at one time among the medical men of Europe. Whereas, in Sir Thomas Browne at any rate, his philosophy was of such a depth that to him, as he repeatedly

tells us, atheism, or anything like atheism, had always been absolutely impossible. 'Mine is that mystical philosophy, from whence no true scholar becomes an atheist, but from the visible effects of nature, grows up a real divine, and beholds, not in a dream, as Ezekiel, but in an ocular and visible object, the types of his resurrection.' Nor can he dedicate his *Urn-Burial* to his worthy and honoured friend without counselling him to 'run up his thoughts upon the Ancient of Days, the antiquary's truest object'; so continually does Browne's imagination in all his books pierce into and terminate upon Divine Persons and upon unseen and eternal things. In his rare imagination, Sir Thomas Browne had the original root of a truly refining, ennobling, and sanctifying faith planted in his heart by the hand of Nature herself. Up through all 'the weeds and tares of his brain,' as Sir Thomas himself calls them, his imagination and his faith shot, and sprang, and spread, till they covered with their finest fruits his whole mind, and heart, and life.

Sir Thomas Browne was a noble illustration of Bacon's noble law. For Sir Thomas carried all his studies, experiments, and operations to such a depth in his own mind, and heart, and imagination, that he was able to testify to all his fellow-physicians that he who studies man and medicine deeply enough will meet with as many intellectual, and scientific, and religious adventures every day as any traveller will meet with in Africa itself. As a living man of genius in the medical profession, Dr. George Gould, has it in that wonderful Behmenite and Darwinian book of his, *The Meaning and the Method of Life*, 'A healing and a knitting wound,' he argues, 'is quite as good a proof of God as a sensible mind would desire.' This was Sir Thomas Browne's wise, and deep, and devout mind in all parts of his professional and

personal life. And he was man enough, and a man of true science and of true religion enough, to warn his brethren against those 'academical reservations' to which their strong intellectual and professional pride, and their too weak faith and courage, continually tempted them. Nor has he, for his part, any clinical reservations in religion either, as so many of his brethren have. 'I cannot go to cure the body of my patient,' he protests, 'but I forget my profession and call unto God for his soul.' To call Sir Thomas Browne sceptical, as has been a caprice and a fashion among his merely literary admirers: and to say it, till it is taken for granted, that he is an English Montaigne: all that is an abuse of language. It is, to all but a small and select circle of writers and readers, utterly misleading and essentially untrue. And, besides, it is right in the teeth of Sir Thomas's own emphatic, and repeated, and indignant denial and repudiation of Montaigne. Montaigne, with all his fascinations for literary men, and they are great; and with all his services to them, and they are not small; is both an immoral and an unbelieving writer. Whereas, Sir Thomas Browne never wrote a single line, even in his greenest studies, that on his deathbed he desired to blot out. A purer, a humbler, a more devout and detached hand never put English pen to paper than was the hand of Sir Thomas Browne. And, if ever in his salad days he had a doubt about any truth of natural or of revealed religion, he tells us that he had fought down every such doubt in his closet and on his knees.

I will not profanely paraphrase, or in any way water down the strong words in which Sir Thomas Browne writes to himself in his secret papers about prayer. All that has been said about this very remarkable man only makes what we are now to read all the more remarkable

and memorable. All Sir Thomas Browne's readers owe an immense debt to Simon Wilkin; and for nothing more than for rescuing for us these golden words of this man of God. 'They were not,' says Wilkin, 'intended by Browne for the perusal of his son, as so many of his private papers were, or of any one else.' And hence their priceless value.

'To be sure that no day pass without calling upon God in a solemn, fervent prayer, seven times within the compass thereof. That is, in the morning, and at night, and five times between. Taken up long ago from the example of David and Daniel, and a compunction and shame that I had omitted it so long, when I heedfully read of the custom of the Mahometans to pray five times in the day.

'To pray and magnify God in the night, and in my dark bed, when I cannot sleep; to have short ejaculations whenever I awake, and when the four o'clock bell awakens me; or on my first discovery of the light, to say this collect of our liturgy, Eternal God, who hast safely brought me to the beginning of this day. . . .

'To pray in all places where privacy inviteth: in any house, highway, or street: and to know no street or passage in this city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it; and that no parish or town where I have been may not say the like.

'To take occasion of praying upon the sight of any church which I see or pass by as I ride about.

'Since the necessities of the sick, and unavoidable diversions of my profession, keep me often from church; yet to take all possible care that I might never miss sacraments upon their accustomed days.

'To pray daily and particularly for sick patients, and in general for others, wheresoever, howsoever, under

whose care soever; and at the entrance into the house of the sick, to say, The peace and mercy of God be in this place.

'After a sermon, to make a thanksgiving, and desire a blessing, and to pray for the minister.

'In tempestuous weather, lightning, and thunder, either night or day, to pray for God's merciful protection upon all men, and His mercy upon their souls, bodies, and goods.

'Upon sight of beautiful persons, to bless God for His creatures: to pray for the beauty of their souls, and that He would enrich them with inward grace to be answerable to the outward. Upon sight of deformed persons, to pray Him to send them inward graces, and to enrich their souls, and give them the beauty of the resurrection.'

WILLIAM LAW

William Law was born at King's Cliffe, Northampton shire, in 1686, and he died at the same place in 1761. Daniel Defoe was born in 1661, Jonathan Swift in 1667, Joseph Addison in 1672, Alexander Pope in 1688, Joseph Butler in 1692, John Wesley in 1703, Samuel Johnson in 1709, and Oliver Goldsmith in 1728. The best books of Law's famous contemporaries are all more or less known to every one who loves books,—Crusoe and Gulliver, Homer and the *Essay on Man*, the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Analogy* and the *Sermons*, as well as Southey and Boswell,—but many not ill-read men have never read a single line of William Law. And yet it may with perfect safety be said that there are very few authors in English literature, if there is one, whose works will better delight and reward readers of an original and serious cast of mind than just the wholly forgotten works of William Law. In sheer intellectual strength Law is fully abreast of the very foremost of his illustrious contemporaries, while in that fertilising touch which is the true test of genius, Law simply stands alone. And then his truly great and sanctified intellect worked exclusively, intensely, and with unparalleled originality on the most interesting, the most important, and the most productive of all subjects, the Divine Nature and human nature, sin, prayer, love, and eternal life. Certainly fame is like a

river that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.

William Law was the fourth of a large family of eight sons and three daughters. His father was a shopkeeper in King's Cliffe, and the shop had prospered in his honest and attentive hands. The old shopkeeper's impressive portrait has been preserved to us in the delightful gallery of his son's *Serious Call*. He was surely a happy son who could draw such a portrait of his father as we have in the Paternus of that noble book, and could also place beside it such a companion picture as that of Eusebia in her widowhood. Young Law was intended for the ministry of the Church of England, and with that view he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1705. He was elected to a Fellowship and entered Holy Orders in 1711. He held his Fellowship till 1716, when by his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to King George I., Law forfeited his Fellowship and with it all hope of preferment in the Established Church. I suppose every student lays down rules for his life when he first leaves his father's house and enters the university, and much more when he enters the divinity hall; and the only thing remarkable about the rules that Law laid down for his conduct as a student is the light they cast on the early life of the future author of the *Christian Perfection* and the *Serious Call*. Out of Law's eighteen rules I select the following as specimens. 'That the greatness of human nature consists in nothing else but in imitating the Divine Nature. To avoid all idleness. To avoid all excess in eating and drinking. To call to mind the presence of God whenever I find myself under any temptation to sin, and to have immediate recourse to prayer. To think humbly of myself and to think with great charity of all others. To forbear all evil-speaking. To pray privately three

times a day besides my morning and evening devotions. To spend some time in giving an account of the day, previous to evening prayer.' To the students of William Law's works all these rules and resolutions read like so many headings of well-known chapters and recall many never-to-be-forgotten passages. The letter which the young nonjuror wrote to his eldest brother when he lost his Fellowship, and with it all the high hopes his family had hitherto held of his advancement in the Church, lets us see what kind of man the observance of his rules of conduct had produced in William Law. 'Dear Brother,' he wrote, 'I have sent my mother such news as I am afraid she will be too much concerned at, which is the only trouble I have for what I have done. My prospect is melancholy enough, but had I done what was required of me to avoid it, I should have thought my condition much worse. The benefits of my education seem partly at an end, but that education had been miserably lost if I had not learned to fear something more than misfortune. . . . I expected to have had a greater share of worldly advantages than I am now likely to enjoy, but I am fully persuaded that if I am not happier for this trial it will be my own fault. . . . I am heartily glad that your education does not expose you to the same hardships that mine does me, so that you may provide for your family without the expense of conscience. . . . I shall conclude as I began with desiring you to say as many comfortable things as you can to my mother, which will much oblige your affectionate brother.'

While yet a young man, Law sprang to the front rank of the polemical writers of his day. The Bangorian controversy created a tremendous agitation in the Church of England in Law's early days. We have ourselves

passed through enough theological panics to have some idea of the Bangorian controversy. Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, occupied, roughly speaking, some such position theologically and ecclesiastically in his day as that which Bishop Hampden, Archbishop Whately, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Hatch occupied in the Church of England in their day. The memorable sermon that Bishop Hoadly preached before George I. in 1717, and which caused such a scandal, was just such a sermon as Dean Stanley, say, might have preached in his day, and, indeed, did often preach. And it will give modern students not a bad idea of Law's reply to Hoadly if they will imagine Canon Mozley replying in a pamphlet to Dean Stanley's *Church Institutions*. Mozley at his best is not unlike Law if only he had a dash of Newman to give lucidity, keenness, flexibility, and here and there a subtle touch of wit and satire to his style. The High Church party of that day were soon in ecstasies over the advent of such a powerful writer on their side. And I do not wonder at their exhilaration. For, little sympathy as I have with many of Law's early ecclesiastical contentions,—as little as he latterly had himself,—yet I cannot but confess to the strength of understanding, the ripeness of learning, the clearness of eye, and, withal, the noble seriousness of mind that Law discovers to his readers on his first appearance in the arena of theological controversy. Throughout his three letters to Hoadly Law is almost wholly taken up with the divine right of kings and priests, the apostolical succession of English bishops, baptismal regeneration, confirmation, absolution, and suchlike questions. There are not lacking, indeed, many promises and foretastes of that truly catholic breadth and depth of mind, and that truly apostolic power of handling divine things, which after-

wards made William Law so deservedly famous. But had he not in after days far outgrown the Bangorian stage of his mental and spiritual development Law would have been hailed as the ablest and freshest polemical writer of his own day, but would never have been opened after his own day had passed away. No one can read Law's *Three Letters to the Bishop of Bangor* without admiring and enjoying the young nonjuror's ecclesiastical gladiatorship, but it is when he rises into such passages as those on prayer, on the use of the passions in religion, and suchlike, that we hail the approach of the coming author of the *Christian Perfection*, the *Serious Call*, and *The Spirit of Love*. In their purely theological passages Law's *Three Letters* continually remind me of Hooker at his best. It is the fashion to laugh at Christopher Walton as a perfect madcap on the subject of William Law and all that he ever said and did, but I have found nothing that to my mind better sums up the true merit of Law in the part he took in the Bangorian controversy than just what Walton says on this subject in his mammoth footnote. 'If the reader,' says Walton, 'be a person of experience, strict impartiality, and solid judgment in religious things, he will easily arrive at a clear perception of the true and the false of all the questions discussed in this most important controversy. For our author, despite his captivating logic, rhetoric, and erudition, and notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon those letters by the High Church party and their reviewers, must not be sanctioned beyond the bounds of justice and experience.' With that wise caution taken along with a sentence out of Bishop Ewing's well-written eulogy I shall take leave of Law's first publication. 'The *Letters* to Hoadly,' says the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, 'may fairly be put on a level with the *Lettres*

Provinciales of Blaise Paseal, both displaying equal power, wit, and learning.'

We do not even know where Law was living during the years that immediately followed his exclusion from college life, but that he was not idle we soon have abundant proof. In the year 1705 Dr. Bernard Mandeville published a short political squib of some two hundred doggerel lines entitled *The Grumbling Hive*, which he followed up with a succession of defenees and expansions of his doctrines, publishing the whole under the general title of *The Fable of the Bees* in 1723. Under the figure of a bee-hive, in which 'These insects lived like men and all Our actions they performed in small,' Mandeville took up the cynical position that our most brutish and most diabolical vices are not only natural to us but are actually necessary to fit us for our life in this world; and, indeed, that the most prosperous communities of men owe all their prosperity at bottom to the vicious dispositions of their individual members. In Mandeville's own words, his book was written to show that it is the very vileness of the ingredients that secures the wholesomeness of every well-ordered society, and to extol the wisdom of statesmen and philosophers who have raised such a beautiful machine as a great nation is out of such contemptible and abominable materials. Nor is Mandeville, in all this, setting forth a violent paradox wherewith to bait the moralists and divines of his day, as you would naturally think. Not at all. With all his ability and learning and argumentative powers, and they are not small, and with something that looks sometimes like real conviction, the author of *The Fable of the Bees* defends and extends his scornful position through two large volumes. Mandeville's contemptuous and insulting book called forth many able and indignant replies, but

William Law's reply is on all hands admitted to be by far the best. In a letter to his brother-in-law, Frederick Denison Maurice, we find John Sterling expressing himself about Law's answer to Mandeville in this manner: 'I cannot refrain from sending you a few words to announce a discovery which I made yesterday afternoon. Looking by accident into William Law's works I found at the beginning of the second volume an answer to Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*. The first section is one of the most remarkable philosophical essays I have ever seen in English. This section has all the highest beauty of Law's polemical compositions with a weight of pithy, right reason, such as fills one's heart with joy.' So highly did Maurice also think of Law's *Remarks on the Fable of the Bees* that he published a special edition of the neglected book in 1844 with a characteristic and valuable introduction from his own pen. Even Gibbon says that morality as well as religion must join in Law's applause for the manner in which he drew his pen against Mandeville's licentious doctrines. The *Remarks* is, indeed, a fine piece of philosophical polemic, red-hot throughout with a passionate indignation. How human virtue has its origin and seat and sanction in the Divine virtue; how obligation arises in the reason and conscience of man; how our human idea of God is formed; how and what happiness is the perfection of human nature; and how our liberty and our conduct act upon the formation of character, and on our ultimate desert and destiny:—the whole treatise is, indeed, all that it has been called, an essay in moral philosophy, and a gem in literature such that to read it fills one's heart with joy. Mandeville is a powerful and attractive writer. He sees the seamy side of life; he sees seams and creases and stains and scars, indeed, when they exist only in his own

polluted imagination and corrupt heart. I can quite well understand why Mandeville had so many readers in the eighteenth century in England, and why so few of those who tried it were able to answer him.

Law's next publication was a sixpenny pamphlet entitled *The Absolute Unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment fully Demonstrated.* 'I am sensible,' says Law, in the opening sentence of his tract, 'that the title of this little book will, to the generality of people, seem too high a flight; that it will be looked upon as the effect of a fanatical spirit carrying matters higher than the sobriety of religion requires.' And the anticipation of its author has turned out to be quite true concerning his tremendous attack upon the theatre. 'Law's admirers,' says Canon Overton, one of his greatest admirers, 'will regret that he ever published this tract.' Well, no. I, too, am one of Law's admirers, and after reading the universally disowned tract over and over again, and reading it in the light of all that has been said against it, I cannot honestly say that I regret its publication. I know something of what has been said as to the ideal stage with all its educating, refining, and diverting possibilities. But, all the more, do I not regret Law's onslaught on the actual stage of his day. No doubt *Cato* was put on the stage of Law's day, but one swallow maketh not summer. And, if for nothing else, I read and re-read the tract which contains Trebonia, who goes 'but seldom to the playhouse, and then either with her mother or her aunt. And, besides, she always knows the play beforehand, and she never goes on the sacrament week.' And Levis, who has this to set against all Law's arguments, that 'the diversion of the theatre never did him any hurt.' And Jucunda, who, with great cheerfulness, says that 'after all is said,

the stage is but a small sin, and, considering the wickedness of the age, she thinks that the person who is only guilty of going to the play is in a very good state indeed. God send I may have no greater sin to answer for than seeing a play!' Law is undoubtedly strong even to extremity in his polemic against the stage of the eighteenth century; but after the true mean has been found, and duty and safety and liberty have had their boundaries fixed as regards this diversion, there will remain many passages in this tract that for a noble solemnity, as well as for a moral severity, William Law alone in his loose generation could have ventured to write.

In his thirty-eighth year Law published a volume of considerable size, entitled, *A Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection.* This was Law's first treatise on personal religion, and its appearance placed him at once in the very first rank of our practical and homiletical authors also. I do not wonder at the immense impression that great book made on the generation to which it was immediately addressed; for, to this day, it is impossible to read it seriously without our hearts being taken by storm, and without our whole after-life being powerfully affected by it. As his method always is, Law begins in the *Christian Perfection* at the beginning. He bottoms his book deep in the nature of fallen man, in the nature of sin, and in the nature and design of true religion; and he works up from all that to the very highest attainments of Christian experience and out from all that to the finest fulfilments of Christian obedience. In his *Christian Perfection*, Law takes us into a strait gate indeed, and leads us along a narrow way; but what of that when every step of the way rewards us with new liberty and with a nobler prospect, till he lands us at

last without spot or blemish before the throne of God. In this, as in all his practical books, Law cuts to the bone. He seizes and holds all the defiles and dark passes of the heart. When John Wesley on one occasion complained to Law that his doctrine of Christian perfection was too high to be attainable, Law replied, 'We shall do well to aim at the highest degree of perfection if we may thereby at least attain to mediocrity.' The literature of the *Christian Perfection* also, though it has not yet attained to the balance and ease and finish of the *Serious Call*, is delightful. The characters who cross the stage from time to time as the argument goes on are drawn with all Law's insight, sagacity, humane satire, and sparkling wit, till those who sit beside us as we read Law to ourselves wonder what we get to laugh at in such a forbidding book.

Law is in his thirty-ninth year when we find him living in comfort and honour and happiness in Mr. Edward Gibbon's house at Putney as the tutor of his son who was afterwards the father of the famous historian. Gibbon, the old merchant, was a man of uncommon ability. His grandson tells us with pride that Lord Bolingbroke had been heard to declare that he had never conversed with a man who more clearly understood the commerce and finance of England than Edward Gibbon did. And the old merchant showed that he understood more and better things than commerce and finance when he took William Law into his household. Macaulay has three or four very characteristic pages on the life of dependence and even degradation that so many of the nonjuring and unbeneficed clergy of the Church of England lived in the houses of rich city merchants and country gentlemen in that day. But the

brilliant and epigrammatic historian would have had to tone down his highly coloured picture of the trencher-chaplains of that day if there had been more poor scholars of the habits and character and temper of Mr. Gibbon's chaplain-tutor. We are deeply indebted to John Byrom's *Journal* for the impressive picture we possess of Law's life at Putney. Byrom is a kind of Pepys in the way he keeps his journal, and a kind of Boswell in the way he hangs upon and worships his master. And, altogether, vain and lazy and garrulous and good-liver as Byrom is, yet he compels from us a certain respect if only for his love of good men and good books. With all Byrom's provoking ways Law had a great liking for the restless irrepressible stenographer. Byrom had some not despicable literary gifts of his own. Three or four of his papers were admitted into the *Spectator*, and there is a volume of poems of his still extant; but it is by his journal that Byrom will be best remembered, and it, again, by those passages in it in which William Law appears. Byrom was so struck and so influenced for good by Law's *Serious Call* and *Christian Perfection* that he took boldness to go out to Putney and introduce himself to the great author, and many were the visits he afterwards made, and many were the conversations about men and books they held together as they walked to and fro in Mr. Gibbon's garden. All up and down Byrom's queer conglomerate of a journal Law's name and the names of his famous books continually appear. We talked about Mr. Law: we fell out about Mr. Law: So-and-so has just bought and begun to read Mr. Law's books: So-and-so's life has been totally changed by reading Mr. Law's *Call*: I supped too late and ate too much last night and lay too long to-day for an admirer of Mr. Law: in a multitude of such coffee-house entries in

his journal and letters to his wife, Byrom in these ways returns to Law till we have such a portrait of Law as only a thousand such touches can produce. But all that Byrom writes only goes to establish and illustrate the noble praise that Gibbon pronounces on Law in his *Memoirs of My Life and Writings*. 'In our family William Law left the reputation of a worthy and pious man who believed all that he professed, and practised all that he enjoined.' That from Edward Gibbon's mature pen is a monument more lasting than brass.

Among the many visitors to Putney was a student from Oxford who was destined to make a deeper and a more lasting mark on the world than any other man of his day. Law's books had made a very deep impression on John Wesley, till, as Law said after they had fallen out: 'I was at that time a sort of oracle to John Wesley.' The bitter quarrel that broke out between Wesley and Law is a perplexing and a painful subject, and I shall not attempt to discuss it here. The ins and outs of the dispute are set forth with admirable impartiality both by Mr. Tyerman in his excellent *Life of Wesley* and by Canon Overton in his equally excellent *Life of Law*. It is most refreshing and reassuring, and it reads us an excellent lesson, to see how Tyerman puts Wesley in the wrong, and Overton Law. Both biographers bring out that Wesley's attack on his old master was inevitable, given the man and given the great change he passed through after he had taken Peter Böhler to be his new master. But it is not the less to be deplored that the two most influential and two of the best men of that whole century should have made themselves such a spectacle of acrimony and recrimination. A large part if not the whole of the truth in that most unhappy controversy lay in this: that Law and Wesley in their

intellectual life and in their religious experience, as well as in the work to which their Master had called them, were perhaps as different as two able and good men could well be. Wesley was fitted to be a popular and most impressive preacher, while Law was never allowed to preach, but was early set apart by Divine Providence to think and read and write. The work of Wesley's life was to preach awakening sermons; whereas, to take up already awakened and converted men, and especially converted men of the educated and intellectual class, and compel them to a more consecrated life, was the equally divine commission of William Law. And, surely, if they could only both have seen it, there was scope enough and call enough within the lines of Evangelical Christianity for two such signally gifted if signally individual men. We see now that William Law without John Wesley, as well as John Wesley without William Law, would have left the religious life and literature of the eighteenth century both weak, one-sided, and unsafe. Could they both but have seen it, both were indispensable: John Wesley to complete William Law, and William Law to complete John Wesley.

It was during his quiet residence at Putney that Law wrote his famous masterpiece, the *Serious Call.* I shall not enter here on any description or discussion of that matchless book. It is still the only one of all Law's books that is easily accessible; but, happily, it is easily accessible to everybody. I shall not begin, great as the temptation is, to praise the *Serious Call,* or even to attempt to say what I myself owe to it and through it to its author. Let those praise the book who can do so with authority, and whose voices will be listened to. Take, first, what John Wesley says about this book, after his lifelong quarrel with its author. 'The *Serious*

Call,' says Wesley in his old age, 'is a treatise which will hardly be excelled, if it be equalled, in the English tongue, either for beauty of expression, or for justness and depth of thought. It is a treatise which must remain, as long as England endures, an almost unequalled standard of the strength and purity of our language as well as of sound practical divinity.' 'Soon after I went to the university,' says George Whitefield, 'I met with Mr. Law's *Serious Call*, but had not money to purchase it. Afterwards I purchased a small edition of the book, and by means of it God worked powerfully upon my soul as He has since upon many others by that and by Law's other excellent treatise, the *Christian Perfection*.' 'When I was at Oxford,' said Dr. Johnson, 'I took up Law's *Serious Call to a Holy Life*, expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me, and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion.' And again: 'Law's *Serious Call* is the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language.' 'Mr. Law's masterpiece,' says Gibbon, 'is a powerful book. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the gospel: his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from his knowledge of human life, and many of his portraits are not unworthy the pen of La Bruyère.' 'Though I live,' writes a minister, 'in a small country village, I have had sufficient work on my hands to bring my parishioners to any tolerable degree of piety and goodness. I preached and laboured among them incessantly; and yet, after all, was convinced that my work had been as fruitless as casting pearls before swine. I purchased many religious works and distributed them among my people; but, alas! I could perceive no visible effects. About this time I happened to peruse Mr. Law's *Serious Call*, with

which I was so much charmed and greatly edified that I resolved my flock should partake of the same spiritual food. I therefore gave to each person in my parish one of those useful books, and charged them upon my blessing to carefully peruse the same. My perseverance was now crowned with sueeess, and I had the satisfaetion of beholding my people reclaimed from a life of folly and impiety to a life of holiness and devotion.' And the Rev. David Young of Perth, who prepared an edition of the *Serious Call* for publieation by William Collins of Glasgow in 1827, says of it, 'The *Serious Call* will never fall into oblivion. It is sustained by a brilliancy of genius, and has risen to a rank of favour with the intelleetual and the tasteful whieh no neglect and no vituperation of its enemies can overeome.' And Mr. Birrell, in his *Res Judicatæ*, deseribes William Law to his readers as 'the inimitable author of the *Serious Call*'; and speaking of Gibbon, goes on to say that 'splendid achievement of learning and industry though the *Decline and Fall* may be, glorious monument though it is, more lasting than marble, yet in sundry moods it seems but a poor and barren thing by the side of a book, whieh, like the *Serious Call*, has proved its power "to pieree the heart and tame the will."'

Matthew Tindal was the Voltaire of England without Voltaire's genius. As it was, Tindal was by far the ablest enemy of revealed religion. Law was at his best when Tindal's attack on Christianity appeared, and he lost no time in putting on his armour. Mr. Leslie Stephen has very little sympathy with William Law's religious principles, but Mr. Stephen is historian enough and eritie enough to hold the seales even when he is weighing the merits of the deistieal debate. 'The question raised,' says Stephen, 'by Law's answer to

Tindal is how such a master of English and of reasoning should have sunk into such oblivion.' Dr. Arnold has described the eighteenth century as the great misused seed-time of modern Europe. William Law's works were among the richest seed-baskets of that century, and its seed stands still unused down at the end of the nineteenth century. Those who love practical religion best give the palm to the *Serious Call*; but there have been able theologians who have held that *The Case of Reason* is Law's masterpiece. Speaking for myself, I prefer several of Law's books to his reply to Tindal; but that does not prevent me from feeling and acknowledging the massiveness of mind and the nobleness of spirit with which the argument against Deism is carried on. 'Here at last,' Leslie Stephen sums up, 'we are face to face with a man who believes what he says, who is fighting for what he loves, and is striking at the heart. This man despises your vamped-up and second-hand eloquence, he writes with the freedom of a man who is thoroughly at home in his own doctrines, and with the force, brilliance, and terseness of a clear-headed reasoner. Law simply tears Tindal's flimsy fallacy to rags.'

For ten years the poor nonjuring scholar had found a happy home in Mr. Gibbon's house at Putney. So much esteemed was the tutor by the head of the house and by the whole family, and so famous as the years went on had his name become, that Law was looked on less as a dependent than a beloved and honoured member of the household. Mr. Gibbon's hospitable table was always open to his tutor's visitors, Byrom, the Wesleys, and suchlike; his purse was always open when his tutor wished to buy books; and, altogether, Law had ten years of great intellectual activity and great happiness in the old

merchant's house at Putney. But Mr. Gibbon's death in 1736 suddenly put an end to all that, and soon after we find Law back again at King's Cliffe and settled as a bachelor householder in an old edifice that had been left to him by his deceased father. In the year 1744 we find the old palace, as it was called, peopled by a most remarkable household. A widow lady, named Mrs. Hutcheson, along with Miss Hester Gibbon, one of his old pupils and an aunt of the future historian, had entered into a domestic arrangement with Law, and had taken up their quarters in King John's palace, as the old house was by tradition called. By Christopher Walton's passionate devotion to all that belongs to the name of William Law, we have collected for us a mass of biographical material belonging to this period of Law's life which only waits for the fit biographer, for whom Walton so long advertised in vain, to digest that indefatigable collector's stores into one of the most interesting, impressive, and instructive chapters of Christian biography in the language. I question if there is a more arresting, impressive, and instructive picture in the whole range of Christian biography than we have in the daily round of study and devotion and charity that William Law punctiliously fulfilled for the next twenty years in the old mansion-house at King's Cliffe.

Law by this time was well turned fifty, but he rises as early and is as soon at his desk as when he was still a new, enthusiastic, and scrupulously methodical student at Cambridge. Summer and winter Law rose to his devotions and his studies at five o'clock, not because he had imperative sermons to prepare, but because, in his own words, it is more reasonable to suppose a person up early because he is a Christian than because he is a labourer or a tradesman or a servant. I have a great deal of

business to do, he would say. I have a hardened heart to change ; I have still the whole spirit of religion to get. When Law at any time felt a temptation to relax his rule of early devotion he again reminded himself how fast he was becoming an old man, and how far back his sanctification still was, till he flung himself out of bed and began again to make himself a new heart before the servants had lighted their fires or the farmers had yoked their horses. Shame on you, he said to himself, to lie folded up in a bed when you might be pouring out your heart in prayer and praise, and thus be preparing yourself for a place among those blessed beings who rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy ! All the time he was dressing, and till he sat down to his desk, Law occupied his thoughts with thanksgiving. He had laid himself down last night saying to himself, What, O my soul, if we should waken in eternity ! And that he wakened once more in a place of repentance and had another day of salvation and service before him was every new morning a fresh cause of warm thanksgiving. As a rule, he began his devotions with a thanksgiving psalm or chapter or collect, but he did not confine himself to any one form of prayer or praise. As soon as he felt his heart ready to break forth into strains of devotion on its own account and in its own language, he immediately gave himself up to those inward fervours. Not seldom he needed no book at all. Not seldom, both in the early morning and all the day, Law was so filled with an overpowering compunction that no language could relieve his heart but that of silent tears. Then, again, he religiously reserved a certain spot, first of his bedroom and then of his little study, for secret prayer. He never allowed himself to do anything common on that spot, till he came to find that just to kneel in that

spot was a real and sure assistance toward a spirit of prayer.

He collected also into a manuscript book, and that not for pulpit use, but for his own secret assistance, all the best forms of devotion he ever lighted on. As he read the Psalms, he collected all the confessions, petitions, praises, resignations, and thanksgivings scattered up and down the Psalter, and ranged them under their proper heads as so much sacred fuel for his own fire. And from all this he discovered that though the spirit of devotion is the gift of God, and not attainable by any mere power of our own, yet it is mostly given to, and never withheld from, those who by a wise and diligent use of the proper means, prepare themselves for the reception of it. Many a morning Law never got to his studies at all, and nine o'clock, the third hour of his day of study and prayer, had often come before he had got himself torn away from the devotions and meditations of the early morning. A deeper humility was always the burden of Law's prayers for himself at the third hour of the day. Law's work lay largely, as we have seen, in philosophical and theological controversy, and he felt a mighty want of humility in his intercourse with men and papers and books. And, full of pride and scorn and contempt and ill-will as he knew himself by nature to be, he felt a wonderful change gradually coming over his spirit as he prayed year after year, and every day of the year, expressly and particularly, and pleading instances for the divine nature of humility. After an hour spent at the appointed place where he met every forenoon the poor of the village and even the mendicants of the whole country, he had two or three hours of hard study before dinner-time. But before he appeared at early dinner he had a fixed appointment to pray in secret every day for the divine grace of

universal love. See what he says in the *Serious Call* about universal love. It would open your eyes, it would alter your whole life, both of prayer and of practice.

One thing he keeps saying continually, and that is the sure sanctification that comes to that man's own sinful heart who is importunate and particular in intercessory prayer. You cannot, he argues, continue to hate or envy, or feel spite or ill-will at a man if you persist in praying for him and seeking his good. It is an axiom of Law's that intercessory prayer is an infallible means of renewing and cleansing and sweetening the heart. Try it, he says, and see. Sir James Mackintosh has claimed the striking title of a discoverer in morals for Bishop Butler on the ground of his doctrine of conscience in his *Three Sermons on Human Nature*; and no lower designation than that of a discoverer in experimental religion will adequately describe William Law in what he has written on the reflex effects of intercessory prayer. 'What remains,' says Butler, in his profound sermon on The Ignorance of Man, 'is that we learn to keep our heart, to govern and regulate our passions and our affections, that we may be free from the impotencies of fear, envy, malice, covetousness, ambition, considered as vices seated in the heart. He who should find out one rule to assist us in this work would deserve infinitely better of mankind than all the improvers of all other knowledge put together.' Now, what is claimed for William Law is just this, that he has found out such a rule. Let any man who is keeping his heart with all diligence just try Law's rule upon his own heart and see the result. Every day the London post brought letters to King's Cliffe from people who were reading the recluse's books and were getting untold good out of them. But the postman's bag brought other things also. A great controversy—

many great controversies—had sprung up out of Law's writings. We have already seen what a many-sided and powerful controversialist Law was. He had been a man of war for the truth from his youth up. His hand had been against every enemy of the truth. And he had all a controversialist's temptations to overcome. And how was a constant controversialist like Law to keep himself humble and full of universal love? How, but just by the way Law spent the ninth hour of every day? When things seemed to go ill with the cause of truth and righteousness in controversy or in actual life, Law at once fell back on the assurance that God's ways must of necessity be a great deep to the mind of man. And when hurts and wrongs, crosses and vexations came to himself, Law knew himself well enough to see why God sent them or permitted them to come. It was often remarked that Law struck only for the truth. There was never perhaps a lifelong controversialist whose hands were so clean of his enemy's blood. You are here, he said to himself, to have no tempers, and no self-designs, and no self-ends, but to fill some place, and act some part, in strict comformity and thankful resignation to the Divine good pleasure. Begin, therefore, in the smallest matters and most ordinary occasions, and accustom yourself to the daily exercise of this pious temper in the lowest occurrences of life. And when a contempt, an affront, a little injury, a loss, or a disappointment, or the smallest events of every day come to try you, continually raise your mind to God in proper acts of resignation, and then you may justly hope that you shall be numbered among those who are resigned and thankful to God in the greatest trials and afflictions. 'Perform,' says a writer in morals, 'a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is to say, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary

points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it; so that, when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you nerved and trained to stand the test. Then you will stand like a tower when everything rocks around you and when your softer fellow-mortals are scattered like chaff.' I leave you to picture Law at bedtime to yourselves after telling you what he says about self-examination. An evening repentance, he says, which brings all the actions of the day to account is not only necessary to wipe off the guilt of sin, but is also the most certain way to amend and perfect our lives. For it is only such a repentance as this is that touches the heart, awakens the conscience, and leaves a horror and detestation of sin upon the mind. An examination thus managed will in a little time make you as different from yourself as a wise man is different from an idiot. It will give you such a newness of mind, such a spirit of wisdom, and such a desire after perfection as you were an utter stranger to before. Represent to your imagination that your bed is your grave, and that you have no more to do with this world, and then commit yourself to sleep, as into the hands of God, as one that is to have no more opportunities of doing good, but is to awake among spirits that are separate from the body and are waiting for the judgment of the last great day. This, if you pursue it, is a practice that will soon have an excellent effect upon your spirit and your life. 'How,' asks the disciple of the Master in Behmen's *Supersensual Life*, 'how shall I be able to subsist in all this anxiety and tribulation so as not to lose the eternal peace?' And the Master answers: 'If thou dost once every hour throw thyself by faith beyond all creatures into the abysmal mercy of God, into the sufferings of our Lord, and into the fellowship of

His intercession, and yieldest thyself fully and absolutely thereinto, then thou shalt receive power from above to rule over death and the devil, and to subdue hell and the world under thee. And then thou mayest not only endure in all manner of temptation, but be actually the better and the brighter because of them.' By a life of study of the best authors, by a life of good works and devotional tempers and practices such as these, William Law kept his mind open to all truth, and his heart open to all love, and his life open to all opportunities of doing good, till he made himself, till God made him, the ablest defender of the truth, the most powerful and impressive writer on practical religion of his day, and one of the most saintly men that ever lived on the earth.

During the Putney period of his life, when Law was standing one day in the door of his publisher's shop in Paternoster Row looking at the passing crowd, a young man in the dress and with the manners of a gentleman's servant stepped out of the crowd and asked him if he was Mr. Law, and put a letter with that address into his hand. When Law opened the letter he found inside of it a bank-note for a thousand pounds. No name accompanied the note and by the time that Law had looked up from his letter the messenger had gone. But there could be no doubt about it. There was the correct address, The Reverend William Law, M.A., and inside the thousand pounds. Some well-wisher, some one who had read the *Three Letters* and the *Christian Perfection*, had taken this anonymous way of conveying his gratitude to the unbeneficed author. Before Law had left the doorstep he had taken his resolution; for, has not Gibbon told us that his father's old tutor believed all that he professed and practised all that he enjoined? For years Law had had the poor widows and orphans of

King's Cliffe on his heart, and he had often said to himself that if he were only a rich man they should not need to beg their bread. And now, behold, in a moment, and without any effort or desert of his, he was a rich man. And, accordingly, next morning Law took the first coach to King's Cliffe and before he returned to Putney he had made arrangements for the building and endowment of a residential school for fourteen poor girls. And then in after-years when he had retired to the Manor House of his native town, and when his books had begun to bring him in some royalty, and when old Mrs. Hutcheson, the rich merchant's widow, and Miss Gibbon, his old pupil, had come to live with him, the three charitable souls all threw their incomes into a common purse, lived with all the frugality and modesty set forth in Law's practical books, the *Christian Perfection* and the *Serious Call*, and gave all to the poor. Schools were built for orphan boys and girls. *Viduarum Hospitia* were endowed. Schoolmasters' houses and a library were fitted up which last as 'The Law and Hutcheson Charities' to this day. Rule 5 for the King's Cliffe hospital runs thus: 'Only such old and poor women, widows or ancient maidens, as are of good report for their sobriety, industry, and Christian character in their several stations are qualified. No ancient women of ill manners, or of unchristian behaviour, no idle, gossiping, or slothful persons shall be nominated.' At the same time, while all this tender and scrupulous care was taken of the Christian poor, the window of Law's study was open for an hour every forenoon at which his charity ran so free that he got into difficulties with the rector for demoralising the parish with his too open window. The rules and regulations of the Law and Hutcheson schools are extant to this day in the handwriting of Mr.

Law and Miss Gibbon. They run on such lines as these: 'Rule 18. The master at his first entrance into the school in the morning is to pray with the children, and again at twelve o'clock, and again at their breaking up in the evening.' And Rule 4 for the girls' school, 'Every girl at her entrance in the morning shall kneel down by her mistress and with her hands held up together shall say the prayer appointed for the morning, and before they go away shall say the prayers for the evening, and at their rising up shall make a curtsey. . . . No girl shall talk, or laugh, or make any noise in the room where her mistress is. Every girl that gives the lie to any other girl, or calls another a fool, or uses any rude or unmannerly word, shall kneel down and in the presence of them all shall say, I am heartily sorry for the wicked words that I have spoken. I humbly beg pardon of God and of all you that are here present, hoping and promising by the help of God never to offend again in like manner. Then shall the girl that she has abused come and take her up from her knees and kiss her, and both turning to their mistress, they shall make a curtsey and return to their seats. . . . Every girl when she walks in the streets shall make curtseys to all masters and mistresses of families, and to all ancient people whether rich or poor. They shall also make a curtsey when they enter into any house and at their coming out of it.' And so on for seventeen such happy rules which were read over and explained to the children every Monday morning when the children all knelt down and said after the mistress the following prayer: 'Almighty and Most Merciful Father, we give Thee humble thanks for all Thy mercies to us and to all mankind. We bless Thy Holy Name for that Thou hast called us to this place to be brought up in Thy faith and fear, to learn

Thy holy word, and to turn our hearts to Thee in the days of our youth. We here offer ourselves, our souls, and our bodies, to Thee. Grant us, Holy Father, that we, thus beginning our lives in humility and labour, in praying and reading, may, as we grow in age, grow in good works, and at last attain the salvation of our souls, through the merits and mediation of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our Father, Which art in heaven. . . .' Such, adds the indefatigable Walton, are the particulars of the charities established at King's Cliffe by Mr. Law and under his direction, which, in common with all the other public acts and monuments of his life, are calculated to endear his name and character for wisdom, piety, and benevolence to the latest generations.

Nonjuror and mystic is the description that William Law usually goes by on the title-pages of his biographers and in the references made to him in church histories and in religious literature. We have seen something of the life that the nonjuror led and the work that he did; and it now remains for us to look for a little at Law as the chief of the English mystics. Most interesting as the subject is, and helpful as a short estimate of mysticism would be to enable us fully to understand Law, that cannot be attempted here. I must content myself with the bare mention of the names of a few mystical writers—'spiritual writers' Law always called them; but the mere mention of their names will perhaps leave some idea in our minds of what a mystic is. Plato was the prince of mystics among the Greek philosophers. And the Apostle John may, with all due reverence, be said to be a kind of mystic among the writers of the New Testament. Passing by fathers and mediæval philosophers and theologians who partake more or less of the mystic

spirit, we come to such men as Tauler, à Kempis, the author of the *Theologia Germanica*, Jacob Behmen, Samuel Rutherford with all his logic, Peter Sterry Cromwell's chaplain, the Cambridge Platonists, Fénelon, Leighton, Jonathan Edwards in his earlier and later writings, William Blake, Coleridge in some moods of his mind, Carlyle in some moods of his mind, Newman in some moods of his mind, Wordsworth, Maurice, Keble, Tennyson in his *In Memoriam* especially, Stewart and Tait in their *Unseen Universe*, Martensen, George MacDonald, and suchlike. The mere mention of these names, far apart as their owners are in time as well as in many other things, will yet leave with us a picture of a certain type of mind and heart that we may not incorrectly call the mystic type. The true mystic begins with and never loses sight of this foundation truth, that man is made in the image of God. All Christian men admit that; but it is the distinguishing mark of the true mystic that he never forgets his high original, it is ever with him penetrating, illuminating, and inspiring all his reflections and all his devotions. Our Lord's words also, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you,' are deep down in the mystic's heart. As are also John's words concerning 'the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' and, indeed, all that John has written both in his Gospel and in his Epistles. And Paul, who has everything, has mysticism too, and that even in the Epistle to the Romans. 'The invisible things of God are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made.' Not to speak of the whole of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and much more. 'I thank God,' wrote Law in one of his last books, 'that I have been a diligent reader of the mystical divines, through all ages of the church, from

the apostolical Dionysius the Areopagite down to the great Fénelon and the illuminated Guion.' But of all these mystical writers it was the poor unlettered German shoemaker, Jacob Behmen, that made William Law a mystic. I can well believe that there are some of my readers who never heard so much as the name of Jacob Behmen, and there cannot be many who have ever read a line of his marvellous books. 'In an intimate interview I had with Mr. Law a few months before his decease,' says one of Law's early biographers, 'I inquired of him when and how he first met with Jacob Behmen's works. He replied that he had often reflected upon it with surprise that although when a tutor in London he had rummaged every bookseller's shop and book-stall in the metropolis, yet he had never met with a single book of Jacob Behmen's or even so much as knew the title of any one of them. The first notice he had of Behmen was from a treatise called *Fides et Ratio*, published at Amsterdam (1707), and soon after he accidentally obtained one of the best of Behmen's books. "When I first began to read Behmen's book," he says, "it put me into a perfect sweat. But as I discerned sound truths and the glimmerings of a deep ground and sense even in the passages not then clearly intelligible to me, I followed the impulse to dig in Behmen with continual prayer to God for His help to understand His servant, till at length I discovered the wonderful treasure there was hid in this field." ' Know thyself, said Jacob Behmen in every page of his heart-searching books to William Law. Seek above every other search the one noble knowledge of thyself. For, only in the ever-deepening knowledge of thyself shalt thou come to know sin, and only in the knowledge of thyself and thy sinfulness shalt thou ever know aught aright of God. Self is sin and

God is love. Seek all thy knowledge, therefore, in the still deeper knowledge of thyself. Count all other knowledge but ignorance till thou knowest thyself. The knowledge of thyself is the pearl of great price; it is the treasure that no thief can steal, and that no rust can corrupt. The kingdom of heaven, the throne of grace, the Son of God, the Holy Ghost, are all within thee. So Behmen preaches in season and out of season. But, you will say, surely William Law knew all that long before he met with Jacob Behmen. He surely knew that the kingdom of heaven is not set up among the stars, nor the throne of God established and prepared in the sun or the moon. Yes, in a way he might be said to know all that before he met with Behmen. But we have his own solemn word for it that it was the poor unlettered German artisan who first made him see and feel all that with anything like its true reality and power. To borrow Law's own words about the daily and life-long reading of the Bible, Behmen gave him not so much any new information, but he took all Law's old information and drew out of it a new, a deep, a lasting, an everlasting impression. This, then, was the man, I can scarcely call him the author, who took up the greatest English theologian and the best practical writer of the eighteenth century and made him the greatest of our English mystics.

It only remains to say something about the increasingly deep and noble books that William Law wrote after he had been taken possession of by Jacob Behmen. In the year 1737 Law published a book on the Lord's Supper. This treatise took the form of a reply to his old opponent, Bishop Hoadly, who had set forth a doctrine of the Supper in which he had taught the lowest and most rationalistic views as to the nature and grounds of that ordinance.

Law's doctrine of the Supper is a high doctrine in the best sense of that word. 'Everything that is great,' he sets out with saying, 'everything that is adorable in the redemption of mankind, everything that can delight, comfort, and support the heart of a Christian is found in this holy sacrament.' That the Supper is not merely a positive ordinance, as Hoadly held, but that it has its ground and its roots deep down in the very nature of things, Law argues out in a profound, most convincing, and most satisfying way. He then passes on to show his readers that there are two essential parts in this sacrament, which relate respectively to the twofold character and office of our Redeemer, first, as He is the atonement and satisfaction for our sins, and, second, as He is a principle of life to us. All the merit, all the dignity, all the virtue of the Supper, with all the blessings and advantages derived to us from it, and all the pious dispositions with which we are to approach it,—all this will come to him who aright understands and receives this twofold nature of the Supper. And starting from these deep principles Law passes on to expatiate on the blessings of redemption and on our need of it in all his own powerful and affecting way. The *Demonstration* is a book for trained theologians rather than for the body of communicants, and, indeed, there are not a few passages in it that will not be very intelligible even to trained theologians unless they have first read something of Behmen and have some sympathy with him. At the same time, Canon Overton, Law's Anglican biographer, is quite entitled to say that Law's churchmanship was only modified, not lost, when he became a mystic; and that on the Supper he holds as distinctly High Church views as he did when he measured swords with the same antagonist twenty years before. For myself I may say that

the two best books by far I have ever read on the Lord's Supper are that of our own Calvinistic and Presbyterian Robert Bruce and that of the Anglican and Behmenite William Law.

Our industrious author's next piece was a shilling tract entitled *The Ground and Reason of Christian Regeneration.* This fine treatise is steeped throughout in Law's new mysticism, and if he does not transgress the Church Catechism and the Baptismal Service in his exposition and argument, it is because he rises far above both and expatiates in a region clear of every ecclesiastical creed that has ever been laid down. The super-confessional element, as Martensen calls it, that was so conspicuous in Behmen the orthodox Lutheran, comes out in this and in all the subsequent works of Law the equally orthodox Anglican. The *Christian Regeneration* is a delightful piece, and I do not wonder that my copy of this tract belongs to the seventh edition.

We owe Law's next work to the publication of Dr. Trapp's *Four Sermons on the Sin, Folly, and Danger of being Righteous Overmuch.* I have ill succeeded in setting William Law before you if you cannot imagine for yourselves something of the power, solemnity, and pathos of his *Serious Answer* to such a publication as that of Dr. Trapp. I must leave you to imagine what that book is of which Mr. Tyerman, the biographer of Wesley, says that it is 'as grand a piece of writing as can be found in the English language.' Only, to assist your imagination I shall let you hear in one or two sentences how Law begins his answer to Trapp and how he ends it. 'Might I follow the bent of my own mind,' he begins, 'my pen, such as it is, should be wholly employed in setting forth the infinite love of God to mankind in Christ Jesus, and in endeavouring to draw all men to the belief

and acknowledgment of it. The one great mercy of God, which makes the one, only happiness of all mankind, so justly deserves all our thoughts and meditations, so highly enlightens and improves every mind that is attentive to it, so removes all the evils of this present world, so sweetens every state of life, and so inflames the heart with the love of every divine and human virtue, that he is no small loser whose mind is either by writing or reading detained from the view and contemplation of it.' And then, after ninety pages of such serious matter as you can imagine, he closes thus: 'I desire no authority for what I have written but the gospel, else I could soon show that everything in my books that offends the doctor is again and again to be found not only in Thomas à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor, but in the writings of the most eminent saints through all ages of the church.'

I must also leave untouched his next book, which has this bold and elaborate title-page, *An Appeal to all that doubt or disbelieve the Truths of the Gospel, whether they be Deists, Arians, Socinians, or Nominal Christians, in which the true Grounds and Reasons of the whole Christian Faith are plainly and fully Demonstrated.* The *Appeal* is the most original and the most complete of all Law's later works. You may think that Law is very bold on his title-page. And so he is. But by universal consent he fully performs all that he promises. All through the *Appeal* its author continually acknowledges that he is ploughing with Jacob Behmen's heifer; but, all the more, because of that, it must be proclaimed that the field that Law so ploughs is all his own, and that the furrows he draws in it have a depth, an order, and a beauty all his own also. I have no means of knowing what effect the *Appeal* had on the Deists, Arians, Socinians, and Nominal Christians of Law's day, but speaking for

myself I can answer for the effect for good it has had on one nominal Christian at least in our day. It was about the *Appeal* that Samuel Johnson, *impransus*, wrote to Miss Boothby, 'I return you *Law*, which, however, I entreat you to give me.'

We come now to two truly golden books, *The Spirit of Prayer* and its companion volume, *The Spirit of Love*. Christopher Walton does not exaggerate one iota when he says that Law's readers will rise up from those books saying, These are the two best books in the world! The intellectual and experimental range of *The Spirit of Prayer* and *The Spirit of Love* is much more extended and profound than is the range of what is popularly known as orthodox and evangelical doctrine. Law does not write here—indeed, he never writes, though he always says he does—for the unlettered believer. The abler and the better informed the mind, and the more exercised in the divine life the heart that any reader brings to those two treatises, the more good will he get from them, and the more all his after-life will he value them. The dialogues which constitute so much of both those books are to my taste productions of a nothing less than a Platonic depth and beauty. I have laid down those books again and again saying with Walton: In their way, and on their subjects, show me another two books like those in all the world! And, if only to show you that Walton and I are not alone in our exquisite estimate of *The Spirit of Prayer*, just listen to what the editor of the Glasgow edition says about it. 'For myself,' he says, 'I cannot extol this book too highly. I think it ought to be printed in diamonds. Nor am I a wild enthusiast in saying this. I have had forty years' intimate acquaintance with this book. I have also read all known spiritual writers in the world with much general satisfaction. But after all

that I turn to William Law's *Spirit of Prayer*, and conclude that it stands far above them all.' Sir James Mackintosh has adduced the memorable instances of Cicero and Milton and Dryden and Burke in support of his idea that there is some natural tendency in the fire of genius to burn more brightly in the evening than in the morning of human life. And this was signally the case with William Law. His seraphic genius literally blazed up to heaven in the evening of his holy life till we cannot take up *The Spirit of Prayer* or *The Spirit of Love* into our hands without feeling that we are in the presence of a man whose heart was an absolute altar-fire. 'The first part of *The Spirit of Prayer* you read to me,' says Rustieus in the dialogue, 'more than three or four times, and that is the reason why I am in no state of eagerness after a second part. I have found in the first part all that I need to know of God, of Christ, of myself, of heaven, of hell, of sin, of grace, of death, and of salvation. I have found that all these things have their being, their life, and their working in my own heart. That God is always in me: that Christ is always in me: that He is the inward light and life of my soul, a bread from heaven which I may always eat, a water of eternal life springing up in my soul of which I may always drink. O my friend, these truths have opened up a new life in my soul. I am brought home to myself: the veil is taken off my heart. I have found my God. I know now that His dwelling-place, His kingdom, is within me. My eyes, my ears, my thoughts are all now turned inwards because all that God and Christ and grace are doing for me, and all that the devil, the world, and the flesh are working against me, are only to be known and found there. What need, then, of so much news from abroad since all that concerns either life or death are all transact-

ing and are all at work within me? I now know to what it is that I am daily to die, and to what it is that I am daily to live, and, therefore, I look upon every day as lost that does not help forward both this death and this life in me. I have not yet half done what the first part of *The Spirit of Prayer* directs me to do, and therefore have but little occasion to call out for a second.'

The third part of *The Spirit of Prayer* was intended by Law to be an introduction to a new edition of Behmen's works, for which Law had now for a long time been preparing himself. 'I taught myself the High Dutch language on purpose that I might know the original words of the blessed Jacob, and if it please God that I undertake this work, I shall only attempt to make J. B. speak as he would have spoken had he written in English. Also, by prefaces and introductions and notes to prepare and direct the reader to the true use of these writings.' But Law did not live to carry out this cherished design. And thus it is that the four-volume quarto edition of Behmen which we possess, and which is often advertised and referred to as Law's translation, is not Law's at all. It is only a reprint of an old edition which was first published during the time of the Commonwealth, with some allegorical plates added which Law's executors found among his papers, and which were originally from the pencil of Freher, Behmen's German editor. What a treasure we have thus lost by the death of Law we only too well see as we are carried through *The Way to Divine Knowledge*. The four friends are met again, and Humanus, the Deist, who has been silent till now, opens the conversation. He is frank to confess that the conversation to which he has been privileged to listen has completely overcome him. 'I must yield,' he says; 'you have taken from me all power of cavilling and

disputing. What I have read and heard glows in my soul like a fire, like a hunger which nothing can satisfy but a further view of those great truths which I this day expect from your opening to us the mysteries of heaven revealed to that wonderful man, Jacob Behmen.' And then Theophilus, who is just Law himself, takes the lead in the dialogue, and the result is, as I have said, such an exposition of Behmen's doctrines and services as would have proved a worthy introduction to an adequate edition of the Teutonic philosopher. As it is, the English reader must content himself with such expositions of Behmen as are scattered up and down Law's later works; and, in spite of Mr. Leslie Stephen's flout at Christopher Walton, let no student of Behmen and Law neglect that indefatigable and able, if somewhat erratic and unconventional author, or, rather, author's collector and referee. One reader at any rate has neither been bewildered nor even wearied, as Mr. Stephen said he would be, among the theosophical quagmires and gigantic footnotes of Walton. I have read Walton's enormous book over and over again with delight, with benefit, and with gratitude.

Law's truly heavenly treatise *The Spirit of Love* is, itself, besides all else, a perfect triumph of that same divine spirit. For that fine work was called forth by the persistent objections that both his friends and his enemies had made to many things in his later writings. And while gathering up into an ordered and systematic whole all the best and most characteristic things in his later books, Law gives them over again here with a fulness and a finish that make *The Spirit of Love* the copestone and crown of all his compositions. And, better than all that, he illustrates and adorns that most delightful book with a wisdom and a meekness,

and with a display of that all-embracing love of which William Law was, of all our modern men, surely the chosen apostle. While the most humble and simply believing and the least rationalistic of theologians, at the same time, Law sets out in *The Spirit of Love* to give a profound and complete rationale of the origin and the nature of sin, the origin and the nature of the love and the wrath of God, the origin and the nature of the atoning death of our Lord, and so on. Like his master Jacob Behmen, Law moves deep down among the primitive and unfrequented roots of things. He sees the unseen roots of things with his own eyes, and he tells what he sees in his own words, till it may safely be said that no man of a sufficiently open and sufficiently serious mind can read Law on these awful and unfathomable subjects without having his seriousness immensely deepened and his love to God and man for all his days fed to a seraphic flame. The second dialogue of *The Spirit of Love* has been reprinted by the late Bishop Ewing in his *Present-Day Prayers on Theology*; but, even with the Bishop's excellent preface, the reader is plunged into the very depths of Law's doctrines without the needful discipline of mind and heart that the consecutive and cumulative reading of his peculiarly germinant and organic books can alone give to the student. 'Before you leave me,' says Theophilus, 'I beg one more conversation to be on the practical part of the spirit of love; that so doctrine and practice, hearing and doing, may go hand in hand.' I wish Bishop Ewing, or some such student of Law, had reprinted for the Christian public the third and practical part of Law's great work.

Law's last book, which he did not live to correct for the press, is entitled, *An Humble, Earnest and Affectionate Address to the Clergy*. Law had never been in active

pulpit and parish work himself; he held by his nonjuring principles to the end; but his whole heart was in the ministry, as a thousand passages scattered up and down his writings sufficiently show us. And, accordingly, in the *Humble Address* Law sums up all the authorship of his long and fruitful life, and brings it all to bear with an overpowering impressiveness on the younger clergy of the Church of England. He had often had the younger clergy in his eye as he composed his former books, but this now is his dying charge to them. And it is very characteristic of Law that he does not set out to address his younger brethren on any of their properly professional duties. There is not one word about books, though he had been a lifelong student himself. There is not a single word about how to compose or deliver a sermon. Law leaves all that to his readers to find out for themselves. And he keeps himself and them to the end of his overpowering address to the purest substance and the innermost essence of a minister's work. In a letter, dated Philadelphia, 1767, I find the following passage: 'Mr. Law's *Address to the Clergy* was the first of his books that fell into my hands. I took it up with much prejudice in my mind against its author, whom I had always heard spoken of as an enthusiast. But I had not read half the pamphlet before my heart was visited with such sensations as I had never felt before. My mind, which had hitherto been unsettled, dark, doubting, and yet anxious to find the truth, became calm, serene, and sweetly composed. I had found my God. I had found my Redeemer. I had found the origin and source of my disorder, and with that the only means of consolation and of a perfect cure.' But by the time that American letter arrived in England, William Law had been taken to that world of light and love where neither the praise nor the blame of this world could follow him.

It was when Law was engaged on some out-of-doors business connected with the King's Cliffe charity schools that he took the severe cold that ended in his death. Till well beyond his threescore years and ten Law had enjoyed splendid health. He started on life with a sound constitution, and all his days he took good care of it. We shall not forget his early hours, his temperate and almost ascetical habits, his regularity in study and devotion and exercise, and the serenity of his noble mind continually occupied even to ecstasy with the most sublime objects of human contemplation. Law's death-bed was one long rapture. He fell asleep at that morning hour at which for a lifetime he had been wont to make his study vocal with his songs of thanksgiving for another new day. And his ruling passion was strong enough even in death to raise him up in his bed while he sang with his last breath the angels' song of peace and good-will on the plains of Bethlehem. The last words that were heard from his lips were something like these: 'Take away the filthy garments from him, and clothe him with a change of raiment.' And these: 'I feel within me a consuming fire of heavenly love which has burned up in my soul everything that was contrary to itself and transformed me inwardly into its own nature.' And thus, like a saint already satisfied with the Divine likeness, William Law breathed his last on the morning of the 9th of April 1761.

BISHOP BUTLER

Joseph Butler had for his contemporaries John Locke, Isaac Newton, George Berkeley, William Law, Alexander Pope, John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Johnson, and many other well-known men. The *Principia* was published in 1687, the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* in 1690, the *Rolls Sermons* in 1726, the *Serious Call* in 1729, the *Essay on Man* in 1733, the *Alciphron* in 1733, the *Analogy* in 1736, the *Religious Affections* in 1746, the *Freedom of the Will* in 1754, the *Dictionary* in 1755, and the *Lives of the Poets* in 1781. If Butler's lifetime was not the very greatest age of English literature and philosophy and religion, it was still a great age, when these were the men whose names were in every mouth, and when these were the books that were in every reader's hand.

Butler quite excelled himself the very first time he put pen to paper. He never wrote anything again so astonishingly acute as was the short series of anonymous letters he addressed to Dr. Samuel Clarke on certain philosophical and theological positions of that eminent author. Butler tells us that the Being and the Nature of God had been his incessant study ever since he began to think at all. And that he had thought to some purpose on that supreme subject of thought, those able letters of his are the sufficient evidence. 'A correspondence,' says Professor Fraser in his *Life of Berkeley*, 'unmatched

in its kind in English philosophical literature.' But it is not the acuteness of their dialectic, nor even the depth of their thought, that gives those early letters of Butler their lasting interest to us. It is much more the rare qualities of heart and character that shine out of every page of those modest letters that make Butler's admirers so to cherish his early correspondence with Clarke.

Butler has no biography. Butler's books are his whole biography. What Jowett so well says of Plato's writings may also be said of Butler's: 'The progress of his writings is the history of his life. We have no other authentic life of him. His writings are the true self of the philosopher, stripped of the accidents of time and place.' Butler's schoolboy letters to Clarke are the best biography of his boyhood and youth, and his *Rolls Sermons* and his *Analogy* are the sum and substance of all his after days. The Preface to the second edition of his *Rolls Sermons* is, perhaps, on the whole, the most self-revealing and most characteristic piece of writing that ever proceeded from Butler's pen. 'The Preface to the *Sermons*,' says Maurice, 'is the most important of all the documents we possess for the understanding of Butler's character.' The famous Preface is full, I will not say of contempt, but of a certain saddened scorn at the generality of the readers of his day. Those are classical passages in which he takes up the defence of his much-assailed manner of writing in his *Rolls Sermons*. Butler's really noble style is never seen to greater advantage than just in those two or three pages in which he defends his *Rolls Sermons*. All those men among ourselves who would write seriously, as well as all those who would read seriously, should lay to heart those weighty and solemnising pages of this great writer.

And then, after his severe chastisement of the indolent and incapable readers of his day, Butler passes on to assist his really serious-minded readers by preparing for them a most masterly introduction to the fifteen sermons. Then the famous Preface comes to a close with this valuable autobiographic paragraph: 'It may be proper to advertise the reader that he is not to look for any particular reason for the choice of the greatest part of these discourses; their being taken from amongst many others preached in the same place, through a course of eight years, being in a great measure accidental. Neither is he to expect any other connection between them than that uniformity of thought and design which will always be found in the writings of the same person when he writes with simplicity and in earnest.' With these simple and earnest words Butler winds up a piece of composition so characteristic of him, that we would not have wanted it for anything. Butler writes by far his best, so far as style is concerned, when he is smarting under a sense of injury. His resentment makes him strike with his pen in this Preface of his as with a sword. In these powerful pages Butler turns and charges home on his idle-minded and fault-finding readers in a way that still reaches to many readers among ourselves. We all reel under Butler's blows as we read his retaliatory Preface to his *Rolls Sermons.*

The three epoch-making sermons on Human Nature commence with a characteristically conducted examination as to what human nature really is; of what several parts it is composed, and how those several parts are all constituted and constructed into human nature as we possess it and know it. And then from that, Butler proceeds to ask what it is for a man to 'live according to

his nature,' as the Stoics always insisted that every man ought to live. Christian bishop as Butler was, it was true of him what Maurice says about Jonathan Edwards : 'He was not afraid to agree with the Stoics when they were right.' Appropriating, therefore, the very words of those 'ancient moralists,' as he always calls them, Butler proceeds to explain and to enforce their teaching by showing that human nature is made up of its several appetites, passions, affections and emotions, and that conscience sits as a sovereign and a judge over all these her subjects. And it is just in his discovery and exposition of this complex constitution of human nature ; and especially it is in his discovery and vindication of the supremacy of conscience, that Butler's services to philosophy, and to morals, and to religion, are so original and so immense. 'In his three sermons on Human Nature,' says Dr. Eagar, 'Butler dropped a plummet into depths before unsounded.' 'It may be stated, once for all,' says Carmichael in his admirably annotated edition of the *Rolls Sermons*, 'that to Butler belongs the merit of having first, as a scientific moralist, made the supremacy of conscience the subject of distinct and reflex cognition.' And then, after characterising the ethical standards of Plato and Aristotle and Bentham and Hobbes, Carmichael goes on to say, 'Butler would simply direct the enquirer to reverence his conscience, to respect its dictates, and to bring all his conduct before it as before a faculty from which there can be no appeal but to itself : that is to say, from its unillumined to its enlightened decision, to seek for that enlightenment, to wish for it, and in the consciousness of his countless secret faults and his unnumbered shortcomings, to pray for it, and to bow down, an humble, contrite penitent, before that God in whose sight even the heavens are not clean.'

The law of conscience in the moral world is like nothing so much as the law of gravitation in the material world. And both those foundation laws of Almighty God were for the first time brought to light in the same generation: the one by Newton and the other by Butler. Newton made the most magnificent and the most fruitful of all physical discoveries, that every atom of matter in the material universe exercises a measurable influence on every other atom; and that this law, which he named the law of gravitation, is absolutely universal and invariable in its operation. The smallest atom of red-hot lava at the heart of our own earth throws out an influence of attraction that measurably affects the remotest speck of star-dust on the outermost border of the unfathomable universe. And it was while the minds of men were so overawed and exalted with Newton's astounding discovery and with all that followed upon it, that Butler made his parallel discovery and demonstration of the law of conscience in the moral world. This law, namely, that there is not an act that any man performs, nor a word that any man speaks, nor a thought in any man's mind, nor an affection in any man's heart, that is not all placed under the sceptre of his conscience. It is true, the nature of man in the present life is such, that the law of conscience suffers endless perturbations and suspensions, and sometimes what would seem to be reversals; but so does the law of gravitation. And just as our ever-widening knowledge has proved the absolute universality and inviolability of Newton's law, so will it be with Butler's law. Wait, says Butler, till you enter on the completing dispensation of things, and you will find that conscience has only handed over all her seeming defeats and reversals to the judgment and to the power of One who will sooner

see heaven and earth perish than that one jot or title of His moral law shall be left unvindicated and unexecuted. Both the law of gravitation and the law of conscience had been laid by Almighty God on nature and on man from the beginning. But those two universally binding laws of God were never fully discovered nor finally demonstrated to the children of men till Newton and Butler were raised up to discover them and to demonstrate them. And that immense service, so far as the law of conscience is concerned, is performed by Butler in his three epoch-making sermons on Human Nature. The noble teaching of those three sermons has been so absorbed and assimilated into our best literature that it is not very easy for us to go back to that age when Butler's doctrine of conscience could be called a new discovery, as Sir James Mackintosh so emphatically calls it. Dr. Newman, especially, has made Butler's teaching on the subject of conscience such a theme of his in a multitude of magnificent passages, that the supremacy, and the authority, and the anticipations, and the presages, of conscience are all familiar ideas to us, as well as daily experiences. Newman took up his great master's teaching on conscience, and brought to that teaching all his own so captivating English style, and all his own so unequalled homiletical genius, in both of which gifts Butler was, comparatively speaking, so deficient. It is true that all the best literature, both ancient and modern, has always been full of the omnipresence, and the authority, and the presages, of conscience. But it was Butler who first established all that on a scientific and an unassailable basis; till it almost seems as if very conscience herself holds the pen and mounts the pulpit in these three immortal sermons upon herself.

Robert Hall on one occasion gave a young preacher a most impressive advice as to his frequently taking up particular parts of conduct and character in his sermons. John Foster also, both by precept and example, often sets this duty before his ministerial readers. Butler was still but a young preacher when he delivered his extraordinarily original and pungent sermon on this particular part of conduct and character—the government of the tongue. Butler was still a young man, but there is a whole lifetime of observation and insight, I might almost say of suffering and exasperation, in that single sermon. No one ever reads that sermon, and of those who do read it, not one in ten pays any attention to it so as to apply it to himself. And thus the widespread mischief and misery go on, just as if that sermon had never been written. 'The fault referred to, and the disposition supposed,' says the preacher, 'is not evil-speaking from malice, nor lying, nor bearing false witness for selfish ends. The thing here supposed is talkativeness.' Nothing seems to have worn out Butler like the incessant talking of the people round about him. After his death his enemies said that he had died a Papist. But that was only another instance of their irrepressible talkativeness. Butler did not die a Papist, but he would be tempted sometimes to think of entering the Carthusian Order so as to escape for ever from the tongues of continually talking men. Butler rode a little black pony, and he always rode it as fast as it could carry him—so his old parishioners used to tell. He rode fast, sometimes, to escape the crowds of beggars who continually infested him, and sometimes, as we are led to think, to escape the tongues of men who so continually tormented him. It has been said that there is a certain tinge of remorse in the style of Tacitus. And

I never read Butler's sermon on the misgovernment of the tongue without detecting in that sermon Butler's own bitter remorse for his misgovernment of his own tongue. No man ever speaks with such an intense bitterness as I taste in that sermon except when he speaks in remorse, and in self-resentment, and, as Butler says, with real self-dislike toward himself. And then, lest some of his superficial readers should think that he is making far too much of a small matter, he has this observation, that 'the greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to.' 'There is, nor can be,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'no superannuation in this sermon.' No: not so long as men and women are ruining themselves every day by talking continually, and by straining continually, as Butler has it, 'to engage your attention: to take you up wholly for the present time: what reflections will be made afterwards is in truth the least of their thoughts.' The son of Sirach is a classical author with Butler: 'Honour and shame is in talk. A wise man will hold his tongue till he sees opportunity; but a babbler and a fool will regard no time. He that useth many words will be abhorred; and he that taketh to himself authority therein shall be hated. The tongue of a man is his fall.' Let every man who has a tongue to govern read regularly, once every year, Butler's bitter sermon on that subject, and lay it to heart.

'Balaam' and 'David' are two tremendous sermons. 'Good God, what inconsistency is here! What fatality is here!' Butler bursts out in a way most unusual with him. And then he goes down to the darkest bottom of Balaam's heart, and of his hearer's heart, with the two-edged sword of the Spirit in his hand, till Butler's

Balaam is one of the most terrible pieces of conscience-searching invective in the English language. And then, David's self-partiality and self-deceit make the tenth sermon a companion sermon, quite worthy of the seventh sermon. Both those sermons must be read many times over before their tremendous power will be believed. 'I am persuaded,' says the preacher, 'that a very great part of the wickedness of the world is, one way or other, owing to the self-partiality, self-flattery, and self-deceit, endeavoured here to be laid open and explained. Those who have taken notice that there is really such a thing, namely, plain falseness and insincerity in men with regard to themselves, will readily see the drift and design of these discourses. And nothing that I can add will explain the design of them to him who has not beforehand remarked at least somewhat of the character.' At the same time, 'Viewed in the light of the Gospel,' says Carmichael, 'this sermon is incomplete.'

'On Resentment' is a most enlightening and memorable sermon. 'One point in Butler's account of resentment,' says Dr. Whewell, 'has been admired as happy and novel. I mean the distinction he draws between anger and settled resentment.' And Whewell sums up Butler's doctrines on these subjects in these words: 'The distinction that Butler takes between sudden anger and settled resentment is of this kind. Sudden anger does not imply that we have wrong inflicted on us, resentment does. Sudden anger flashes up before we have time to reflect, and resists all violence and harm: resentment glows with a permanent heat against injury and injustice. Sudden anger is an instinct implanted for the preservation of the individual: resentment is a moral sentiment given for the repression

of injustiee, and the preservation of soeiety. The former, we may add, belongs to animals as well as to men, the latter is peculiar to mankind.' Let every hot-hearted, and every sullen-hearted, and every spiteful-hearted man lay this sermon of Butler's to heart, and it will be a great assistanee to him in his deliveranee from his besetting sin.

The sermon on the Forgiveness of Injuries is full of that moral and intelleetual seed-sowing which is so characteristie of all Butler's best work, and which has made his writings so singularly fruitful to all his readers. And the same thing may be said about his two beautiful sermons on the Love of our Neighbour. It is in the seeond of those two sermons that this single seed is dropped which has raised such a harvest of thoughtfulness, and fellow-feeling, and brotherly love, in so many of Butler's readers. This single seed, that 'we ourselves differ from other men just as much as they differ from us.' The two sermons are summed up into this closing prayer: 'O Almighty God, inspire us with this divine prineiple of brotherly love. Kill in us all the seeds of envy and ill-will. And help us, by cultivating within ourselves the love of our neighbour, to improve in the love of Thee. Thou hast placed us in various kindreds, friendships, and relations, as the school of discipline for our affections. Help us, by the due exercise of all these, to improve to perfection, till all partial affection be lost in that entire universal one, and Thou, O God, shalt be all in all.'

In his two sermons on the Love of God, Butler touches by far his highest ehord. There is the very thrill of David and Isaiah in those two sermons, if not of Paul and

John. In the fourteenth Essay of his *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, Sir James Stephen says that the famous sermons on the Love of God are in his judgment not only the greatest of Butler's writings, but they are also the first to which a person who wishes to understand those writings as a whole should attend. I have preferred to take Butler's own arrangement of his sermons, and to study them in the order in which he has placed them himself. I agree with Sir James Stephen that those two sermons are the greatest of Butler's writings, and I return to them oftener than to any other of his writings, and always with the same result. So far as they go they are to me among the most conclusive and satisfying pieces of religious writing in the English language, and every serious student ought to return to those sermons till he has them, as we say, by heart. This is the characteristically quiet way in which Butler introduces us to those enthralling sermons: 'There must be some movements of mind and heart which correspond to the divine perfection.' It is from these few words that those truly magnificent sermons are developed and elaborated and reasoned out, and that with such depth and strength and opulence of thought, and with such masculine eloquence of style. In his admirably annotated edition of the *Rolls Sermons*, Carmichael has this introductory footnote to guide the student through those deep sermons: 'Although the thirteenth and fourteenth sermons are included under the same head, the points of view are widely different. In the thirteenth sermon Butler treats of the love of God as an *affection* in the highest degree reasonable, alike from the constitution of man and the character of God. In the fourteenth sermon he considers the love of God as a *principle* which is influenced in its exercise by man's present condition,

and is to be perfected in heaven.' Butler is the least scriptural of all our great preachers, but for once he closes and crowns those two magnificent sermons with a long chain of scripture passages which gleam on Butler's somewhat sombre pages like a cluster of pearls. Such masterly sermons as these are, and coming to such a close, and approaching, as they sometimes do approach, to the very borders of becoming evangelical—all this makes us wish that Butler had gone on to give himself up wholly to apostolical and evangelical theology, instead of spending his great gifts on philosophical apologetics, however successfully and however fruitfully executed. As it is, those two truly superb sermons will always go with the reader of Butler to lighten up his path and to warm his heart as he toils on through the somewhat unsunned and severe spaces of the *Analogy*.

Now, after saying all that, it is a strong thing to go on to say that as far as Butler's sermons on our love to God are concerned, the Son of God need never have come with His Father's message of love to us, nor need the New Testament Epistles ever have been written. The truth is, the very name of Him in whom God's love to us has been most fully manifested, and in whom our love to God is first kindled, is never mentioned by Butler in these two sermons. Literally, the name of our Lord occurs only once, and that once is in a quite incidental way, in the whole of these sermons. Now, very far be it from me to point that out in order to raise a prejudice against Butler. My sole object in pointing out this distressing limitation and impoverishment of Butler's high argument is in order to forewarn the student not to expect what Butler's chosen and deliberate plan does not promise, or indeed permit. Butler has determined to rest his whole argument with us on those deep and

primæval foundations which are laid in the nature of God, and in the corresponding constitution of the mind and heart of man. 'It cannot be denied'—they are Butler's own words in his first sermon—'that our being God's creatures, and virtue being the natural law we are born under, and the whole constitution of man being plainly adapted to it, are prior obligations to piety and virtue than the consideration that God sent His Son into the world to save it.' Now, it is among those 'prior obligations' that Butler's mind is most at home, and moves most easily. And it is on those 'prior obligations' that he preaches with such incomparable power. Whereas the New Testament, while taking its first stand on those same 'prior obligations,' goes on to bring forward still stronger obligations to piety and virtue. The God of redemption claims our love and our obedience on this supreme obligation, that He has purchased us to Himself at a great price, till we are no longer our own. Butler himself has taught us that new relations both demand and produce new affections and new duties. But in his present sermons he has left out the most heart-melting relations and affections of all; that is to say, God's relations and affections to us in Jesus Christ, and our relations and affections back again in Jesus Christ to God. Had Butler but followed out his own teaching on relations and their resulting duties in these two sermons, what a magnificent service he would thereby have rendered to New Testament theology and morals, and to his New Testament readers. Carmichael, while warmly defending Butler from some philosophical censures of Mackintosh, and Wardlaw, and Maurice, is himself compelled to append this note of censure to these two sermons: 'It will be a matter of surprise and regret to the Christian reader that, in the

two sermons on the Love of God, the New Testament should have been almost completely ignored. It may indeed be urged that Butler was mainly concerned in establishing upon natural and metaphysical grounds, the reasonableness of our love of God. But this will scarcely justify the omission of all reference to truths, such, for example, as are contained in the words, Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' But the best explanation of this constant and distressing defect in Butler is supplied in this true distinction of Maurice: 'Butler was a preacher professionally; whereas he was by instinct and by character a philosopher.'

Hazlitt has finely said about Burke that the only specimen of the great orator is all that he ever wrote. And the same thing may be said about Butler with even more truth and point. At the same time, if I were asked what, to my mind, is the best specimen of the real Butler, I would without hesitation say that it is his great sermon On The Ignorance of Man. Nowhere else, in such short space, do Butler's immense depth of mind; his constitutional seriousness of mind, even to melancholy; his humility and his wisdom, all come out, and all at their best, as in his great sermon On The Ignorance of Man. Socrates himself might have written the sermon On The Ignorance of Man. Only, by Butler's day the diameter of knowledge had been so extended that the corresponding circumference of ignorance was immensely enlarged beyond the realised ignorance of Socrates's day. 'Creation is absolutely and entirely out of our depth and beyond the extent of our utmost reach. And

yet it is as certain that God made the world, as it is certain that effects must have a cause. It is indeed, in general, no more than effects that the most knowing are acquainted with; for as for causes, the most knowing are as entirely in the dark as the most ignorant.' And so of the government of the world. 'Since the Divine Monarchy is a dominion unlimited in extent and everlasting in duration, it cannot but be absolutely beyond our comprehension.' And Butler's deep heart reflects on all these things till he can only find adequate utterance for his heart in such prostrate and adoring passages as these: 'Thy faithfulness, O Lord, reacheth unto the clouds: Thy righteousness standeth like the strong mountains: Thy judgments are like the great deep. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!' And, then, he would not be Butler if he did not read all that home to himself and to his hearers in some of the weightiest words that ever were written by the pen of man. Dr. Angus says well that this sermon is one of the most impressive examples of Butler's wisdom. Altogether, the fifteen *Rolls Sermons*, if sometimes very 'abstruse and difficult, or, if you please, obscure,' as their author admits they are, will always be an epoch in the intellectual and moral life of the student who takes the trouble to master them.

With that studied caprice which becomes so belittling to himself, and so wearisome to his most admiring readers, Matthew Arnold tells us that the most entirely satisfactory to him of all Butler's productions are the *Six Sermons on Public Occasions*. Arnold is alone in that satisfaction, as he so ostentatiously advertises himself to be. The Six Sermons are very able sermons,

and they are all sermons that Butler alone in that day could have written. But there is one sermon among them that I could wish for the honour of his good name that Butler had never written: his sermon preached before the House of Lords on 'The martyrdom of King Charles the First.' This sermon is as unworthy of Butler as the Gowrie series are unworthy of Andrewes. Both those great and good men still remained men enough to suffer both their pulpits to be tuned, on occasion, and by the same finger.

The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature, is the full title of Butler's second great work. 'Others,' says Southey in his famous epitaph on Butler, 'had established the historical and prophetical grounds of the Christian religion, as also that sure testimony to its truth which is found in its perfect adaptation to the heart of man. But it was reserved for Butler to develop its analogy to the constitution and the course of nature. And, laying its strong foundations in the depth of that argument, there to construct another and an irrefragable proof. Thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith; and finding in outward and visible things the type and the evidence of things within the veil.' The angel's words to Adam in *Paradise Lost* will supply another remarkable illustration and enforcement of Butler's title-page—

> 'What surmounts the reach
> Of human sense I will delineate so
> By likening spiritual to corporal forms
> As may express them best, tho' what if Earth
> Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?'

The Apostle's words also in his Epistle to the Romans might very well have been taken for a motto to the *Analogy*: 'For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse.' 'All things are double, one against another,' says one of Butler's favourite authors. And, then, the real design of the *Analogy*, as Butler himself explains to us, is not, as so many have assumed, to vindicate the character of God, but to show the obligations of men: it is not to justify God's providences toward us, but to show us what belongs to us to do under His providences.

When the studious reader of the *Rolls Sermons* opens the *Analogy*, he has not gone far into that deep book till he begins to discover the presence of the *Rolls* preacher in the person of the philosopher. The same qualities of mind, and heart, and character that so signalised the preacher come out conspicuously in the apologist also. The same profound thoughtfulness at once comes out, the same deep seriousness, the same sober-mindedness, the same intellectual and moral humility, the same scrupulous truthfulness, the same fairness to opponents, the same immediate and unquestioning submission to the will of God, and the same subordination of everything to the sovereignty of conscience: all these characteristic qualities so come out both in the *Sermons* and in the *Analogy*, that if both these books had been anonymous, every capable reader would have set them down with absolute certainty to the same author. And this is just what Butler starts his great work by saying about Nature and Revelation; and he repeats it and proves it till he claims at the end of his high argument to have as

good as demonstrated to every willing and receptive reader that the Author of Nature is also the Author of Revelation. Butler is the most modest of controversialists; but as he closes his *Analogy* he is bold to claim that he has shut all serious-minded men up to the beliefs, and to the comforts, and to the duties, and to the hopes, that all arise out of Revelation. The amazingly close analogy that subsists between natural and revealed religion and the constitution and course of nature is Butler's great argument, but no mere description of his argument, however true and however exact, and no epitome of it, not even his own masterly epitome of it, can convey any conception of the wealth of thought that goes to establish his argument, or of the enlarging and enriching of mind that comes to the reader as he accompanies Butler through his magnificent apology. Till the reader ceases to wonder at the extraordinary acknowledgments of indebtedness that he finds paid to Butler on all hands. 'Bishop Butler,' wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1873, 'taught me forty-five years ago to suspend my judgment on things I knew I did not understand. Even with his aid I may often have been wrong; without him I think I should never have been right. And oh! that this age knew the treasure it possesses in him, and neglects.' 'I have derived greater aid from the views and reasonings of Bishop Butler,' says Dr. Chalmers, 'than I have been able to find besides in the whole range of our extant authorship. It was Butler who made me a Christian,' says that great man and true Christian. True as I believe all that to be, at the same time I entirely agree with what Maurice says in his admirable remarks on the *Analogy*. 'Butler,' says Maurice, 'is such a great and generative thinker, that his hints are often far more to us than even his conclusions.' Now, that has been

the case most emphatically with myself. I have almost lost myself sometimes in travelling on to Butler's conclusions. But it has been the hints of things, and the seeds of thought, that Butler has dropped into my mind as I walked with him—it is this that makes me to continue to walk with him and to keep so close beside him. Dean Church also has given eloquent expression to my own feelings as a student of Butler. 'Even if a person cannot thoroughly master the argument, yet the tone and the spirit of the book, and its whole manner of looking at things, is so remarkable, is so high, so original, so pure and so calmly earnest, that great interest may be taken in Butler's book, and an infinite amount of good may be got out of it even by those who are baffled by its difficult argument.' And again, 'there is as much to be learned from Butler's tone and manner as there is from the substance of his reasonings.'

'Probability is the very guide of life.' This famous proposition of Butler's contains the essence of his extraordinarily able Introduction to the *Analogy*. And to master Butler's great doctrine of probability is the student's first palæstra-like encounter with Butler, of which encounter Mr. Gladstone writes so impressively and so eloquently. Multitudes of new beginners have been turned away from Butler by the difficulty they experienced in mastering his opening pages. But had they persevered; had they tried the Introduction again and again, and had they been encouraged to go on into the body of the book even though they had not yet taken full possession of its opening pages, they would have got such pleasure and such profit in the body of the book that they would have returned to the Introduction somewhat accustomed to Butler's difficult style, and would thus have more easily mastered his fundamental

principles. What both Maurice and Church say so well about the difficulty of Butler's writings, and at the same time about his many ways of rewarding his persevering readers, should be kept continually before all new beginners in this great intellectual arena. As also this that Dr. Bernard says on this subject: 'It is *conduct*, not *conviction*, that Butler has in his mind throughout.' And so true is it that probability is the guide of life and conduct, that there will be seasons with the most experienced and the most assured of Christian men when difficulties, both speculative and experimental, will so beset them that they will be fain to fall back upon Butler's great law of probability. And if they are happy enough to be students of Butler and followers of his, they will often be inexpressibly thankful to him for what he has said with such power and such persuasiveness as to the wisdom and the duty of our acting oftentimes on a bare probability in the absence of demonstrative proof and full assurance. A proof and an assurance that we cannot possibly have concerning the most important matters both of this life and the next. Do what your conscience tells you to be your duty, even if it is only on probable evidence, and in doing so you will act according to the true nature of your own mind and heart, and according to the true nature of this whole economy in which God has placed you here, says Butler to his readers. And this is just his philosophical and apologetical way of adapting to us our Lord's own authoritative and assuring words: 'If any man will do the will of God, he shall know the doctrine.' And again, 'If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

'Death, that unknown event,' never dies out of Butler's thoughts, and he never lets it die out of his reader's thoughts. Butler's whole life was, in Plato's words, one long meditation on death; on our due preparation for death, on our due anticipation of death, on the real nature and exact experience of death when it comes to us, and on the nature of that life which follows death. If I am to imagine other readers of Butler to be exercised under his arguments and conclusions as I am, the first chapter of the *Analogy* will give them not a few thoughts and feelings in connection with the great shock and alteration which they will undergo by death, thoughts and feelings which will never leave them. While it will lead them to dwell far more than they have hitherto dwelt on 'that something in themselves which is quite out of the reach of the king of terrors.' The whole argument of Butler's chapter on a future state may best be summed up in these words of the Apostle: 'For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.' And in these words of one of Butler's latest and best commentators: 'The senses may grow weak; but the man himself does not weaken in truth, in honesty, in uprightness, in love.'

In no part of his solemnising and overawing book does Butler more solemnise and overawe his readers than in his chapter on probation. 'The conception,' says Canon Spooner, 'which in these chapters Butler has elaborated, of our present life being a period of probation for a future state of existence, has probably affected English thought more than any other part of the *Analogy*.' This life is not an end in itself and to itself; this life is meaningless and purposeless, it is a maze and a mystery, it is absolutely without explanation or

justification to Butler unless it is the ordained entrance to another life which is to be the completion and the compensation of this life. But, then, grant that this present life is but the schoolroom and the practising-ground to another life, and what a grandeur straightway invests this life! What a holy fear, and what a holy hope, thenceforward take possession of the heart of the probationer of immortality! And then it is in working out his great argument of probation that Butler discovers to his readers the momentous part that the law of habit performs in the formation of character, and in the successful or unsuccessful probation of every man who has another life before him. Next to his having made his great discovery concerning conscience, Butler has done nothing more important and more fruitful than his enunciation and illustration of the doctrine of habit. 'This part of the chapter,' says Canon Collins, 'is mainly founded on Aristotle's ethical theory, and Butler's exposition of the growth and power of habit has been considered by many to be the most valuable part of the whole treatise.' But Mr. Gladstone, always scrupulously jealous for Butler's honour, says, 'Seminally, the declarations in the *Ethics* of Aristotle are of great weight. But the Greek writer does not enter on the field of self-education at all. The idea of mental habits is radically distinct in the two writers; and the full development of the subject, with the great lessons it conveys, seems to be due to the thought of Butler.' Some of Butler's most thought-laden passages are on this subject, and they are passages never to be forgotten by him who has once read them and laid them to heart.

In the Second Part of the *Analogy*, as in the First Part, it is the originality, and the depth, and the serious-

ness, and the suggestiveness, of Butler's incidental thoughts, occasional aphorisms, and solemnising reflections, that chiefly instruct and impress the reader. The great argument in itself does not in every part find and command the modern reader. But no reader with sufficient mind and heart, and, as Butler is always saying, with sufficient seriousness, can accompany Butler through his discussion of Revealed Religion without carrying away both enlightening and enriching for all his after days. Butler opens his Second Part with some great thoughts strikingly expressed on this thesis of his, that Revealed Religion is an authoritative republication of Natural Religion; that the divine truths which had become dimmed and distorted in the blinded minds and the corrupted hearts of fallen men, were kindled afresh, and were set forth in more than all their pristine authority and power, in Revelation. 'Christianity especially'—they are Butler's own words —'is a republication of Natural Religion. Christianity instructs mankind in the moral system of the world; that it is the work of an infinitely perfect Being, and is under His government; that virtue is His law; and that He will finally judge mankind in righteousness, and render to all according to their works, in a future state. And, which is very material, Christianity teaches Natural Religion in its genuine simplicity; free from those superstitions with which it was totally corrupted, and under which it was in a manner lost.' But the religion of Jesus Christ, blessed be God, is a vast deal more, and a vast deal better, than a mere republication of Natural Religion. Holy Scripture sets forth an absolutely new departure that Almighty God has taken toward the children of men. In Natural Religion, God is revealed as the Maker, and the Law-giver, and the

Judge of men; as our Father also, and our Friend. But how glorious His fatherhood is, and how blessed His friendship, the Gospel alone has revealed. Natural Religion in its highest and best dispensation might attain to tell us that God had sent forth His Logos-Son to create, and to enlighten, and to govern, and to judge the world. But no man ever read in the very best book of Natural Religion that God so loved the world as to make His Son to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. But instead of taking up and pursuing this line of thought, Butler turns immediately to quite another field of things in which he is much more at home. And he proceeds to draw out and to illustrate the striking contrast between what he calls moral and positive duties. No doubt the opportunities, if not the necessities, of his argument offered this field of reflection to Butler. But it is painfully characteristic of our author that he can always find plenty of room for purely ethical and logical discussions, but keeps scrupulously close to his philosophical and analogical argument as often as he comes into the neighbourhood of apostolical and evangelical truth. 'In reviewing this chapter,' says Dr. Angus, 'too much stress cannot be laid on the principle laid down by Dr. Chalmers. Christianity is not only a republication of natural religion, with added truth, but the added truth is adapted to the condition in which natural religion leaves us. The first without the second, the republication without the remedial addition, would have been a message of terror and denunciation. It is the Gospel which reconciles all difficulties; and which, besides adding the light of its own manifestation, resolves all the doubts and hushes all the fears which natural religion had awakened.' At the same time, let us not be tempted

to make little of the immense service Butler has done for us, because he has not performed for us the highest service of all. Let us not cast Butler to the moles and the bats because he is not able to give us all that we demand of him. All the more since we have the full truth on this subject, and at this stage, in Chalmers and Angus and many others, in correction and in completion of Butler. Let us go on to study, with all due attention and profit, those remarkably suggestive chapters on moral and positive institutions and duties, thankful for the great services Butler here performs to us, instead of uselessly complaining because of the absence of services that, to his own impoverishment, he was not able to perform.

In these days, when so much attention is being given to the history of revelation—that is to say to the sundry times and divers manners in which God spake unto the fathers by the prophets—Butler's two chapters on those sundry times and divers manners are intensely interesting and highly instructive. Butler alone could have written the chapter on our unfitness to sit in judgment as to when and how God would speak to the children of men. The whole argument at this point is most enlightening and most enlarging to the mind of the reader. And then, we come again and again on passages that would almost seem to have been written in anticipation of our own perplexed and anxious day. Such passages as this: 'Neither this obscurity, nor seeming inaccuracy of style, nor various readings, nor early disputes about the authors of particular parts, nor any other thing of the like kind, though they had been much more considerable than they are, could overthrow the authority of Scripture, unless the prophets, the apostles, or our Lord Himself had promised that the book containing

the Divine revelation should be secure from those things.' Butler's whole discussion on Scripture is full of that sanity and sobriety of mind, and that deep and reverent wisdom, with which he has made us so familiar in all his previous writings. At the same time, it must be admitted that when Butler passes on from the defence of revelation to the exposition of the contents and substance of revelation, he by no means shows the same qualities of mind as heretofore, nor commands the same assent and admiration from all his readers as heretofore. All the remaining chapters of the *Analogy* are full of the finest thoughts, and the most fruitful suggestions; but, as a whole, the remainder of the work falls very much below the high and adequate level of the First Part. Butler has no equal in his defence of the outworks of the Christian faith. But when he passes into the inner sanctuary itself, he no longer commands the same assent and admiration as he does among the defences. 'Butler,' says Chalmers, 'is like one who, with admirable skill, lays down the distances and the directions of a land into which he has not travelled very far himself.' 'But,' adds Chalmers, 'without sitting in judgment on the personal religion of Butler, it is the part of the Christian world to own their deepest obligations to the man who has so nobly asserted the authority of the Word of God over all the darkling speculations of human fancy, and who has evinced to us, by the truest of all philosophy, that we should cast down every lofty imagination and bring all our thoughts into the captivity of its obedience.' Dr. John Cairns—who, his biographer tells us, read the *Analogy* regularly once a year—writing to his sister from Stanhope in the year 1873, says: 'Here, doubtless, the *Analogy* was finally thought out and adjusted to its present state. I had a specimen of the local humour

when asking a young farmer what I should see from a distant point. His reply was, 'a sight of fell, and the road.' It was only too true. For I had to labour on through the fell till at last the ocean rose upon the view. A sight of fell, but a road through it, and a grand outlook beyond, is not a bad image of Butler's work.

The very title-page of Butler's great book shows the immense *capaciousness* of Butler's mind. The Constitution of Nature—how vast a subject is that for a human mind to attempt to grasp! And then, the Course of Nature—how vast a subject is that also for a human mind to attempt to trace and follow out! And then to take up both Natural and Revealed Religion, and to lay both those great fields of Divine truth alongside of Nature, both in her constitution and her course—all that was surely far too much for any created mind to undertake. And yet Butler was not only led to undertake all that, but was enabled to carry all that out in a way that has been the wonder and the praise of all his readers ever since. Never had a book, after the Bible itself, a more capacious title-page than the *Analogy*, and never had an uninspired book a more complete success in what it undertook. Butler has never had sitting at his feet a more capacious-minded scholar than Mr. Gladstone. And this is how that generous-hearted and grateful-hearted man speaks about the capacious mind of his master: 'The argument of the *Analogy* is an argument perhaps even greater than Butler himself was aware. In opening up his argument, which in my judgment stands among the masterpieces of the human mind, Butler has unfolded to us the entire method of God's dealings with His creatures; and in this way the argument which he offers us is as wide as those

dealings themselves.' And again: 'It is Butler who, more than any other writer, opens to us the one all-pervading scheme upon which Almighty God deals with His creatures.' And again: 'Butler's method is so comprehensive as to embrace every question belonging to the relations between the Deity and man.' The truth is, very much what his great contemporary Newton is in the material world that Butler is in the moral world. And more than once Butler as good as acknowledges the debt he owed to the discoveries of his great contemporary. Dr. Wace carries out the parallel between Newton and Butler in a very interesting and suggestive way in his lecture on Butler in *Typical English Churchmen*.

In the matter of Butler's *imagination* I am not only alone against almost all the world, but also at first sight against Butler himself. For he never once mentions the imagination without belittling it, and he more than once actually vilifies it, to use one of his own strong words about another great faculty of the human mind. And Bagehot's passages on this subject may be taken as only too good specimens of the way that Butler has been taken at his own unfortunate valuation in the matter of the imagination. For that able essayist actually says, and says it with a great and a repeated emphasis, that Butler is wholly wanting in imagination, that he is wholly deficient in the visual faculty, that he is not able to picture particulars, and that no instances or illustrations occur in his writings. Able and authoritative as Bagehot is, I must be permitted to say that I cannot agree with him in all that. I cannot agree with him that Butler does not see what he is writing about, and does not let his reader see what he is reading about. Butler does not indeed delay in his great task to expatiate

pictorially on what he sees. He does not take time in his high argument to describe dramatically and dilate eloquently on the vast visions that pass before his heaven-soaring mind. His imagination does not come out in purple patches on his pages. But if Butler had not himself seen the great things of nature, and of natural and revealed religion, with his own inward, and imaginative, and realising eye, he could never have made me see and realise them as I, for one, must always acknowledge and rejoice that he has done. 'Of some assistance to apprehension,' is one of Butler's far too grudging, and far too ungrateful, references to a faculty of his own mind, which he employs continually to assist his own apprehension and that of his readers. Butler ought to have been as scrupulous not to vilify or undervalue imagination, as he is not to vilify or undervalue reason, since imagination is the only faculty we possess in this life that can be to us the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. A service that both Butler and all his readers are continually receiving at the realising and illuminating hands of the imagination. To me, at any rate, let Butler himself, and Bagehot, and all Butler's other critics, say what they will, Butler will always rank, if not with the great masters of the dramatic and pictorial imagination, such as Dante and Bunyan and Milton, yet with those other masterly minds, who by means of that same noble faculty, exercised in another way, have made me vividly realise what I had hitherto but vaguely heard of, and who have also made things to be present and impressive to me which had hitherto been so remote as to be all but unreal. 'See!' exclaims Maurice, 'how he throws in the length of the ages and the immensity of the universe.' As often as Butler is brought to a standstill in his high argument till he

again says to his reader suppose, suppose, suppose—and he says that in some of his chapters in every second sentence—Butler by saying that, and by the way he goes on to make his suppositions, summons all my imagination into his service, till his whole high argument is lighted up to me from the one end of heaven to the other. And till ever after, the dry light of Butler's own reason is suffused and softened, and shed far and wide, as only the imagination could suffuse it, and soften it, and shed it abroad. The simple truth is, as Mr. Gladstone so regretfully points out, there is a serious confusion of language on Butler's part in all those passages in which he seems to us to vilify the imagination. For it is not against the imagination proper that Butler is writing at all in those unfortunate and misleading passages, says Mr. Gladstone, but it is against 'an unbridled fancy, an intellectual caprice, and an ill-regulated judgment.' All which things are as far as the poles asunder from the proper use of the imagination, that so superb faculty of the human mind. 'The term imagination in Butler's pages,' so Mr. Gladstone sums up, 'would seem to be a misnomer.' I will be bold to add, it not only seems to be a misnomer but actually is such a fatal misnomer as to have misled many of Butler's readers, and drawn them wholly away from the due recognition and the due appreciation of a divinely given faculty that as little deserves to be vilified as either the reason or the conscience themselves. Dean Church alone has done something like justice to this noble endowment of Butler's own mind. 'That was the feature of Butler's mind,' says the Dean in his brilliant lecture, 'that he never lost hold on his high thoughts, and never let custom or any other thing close his eyes or raise a mist between him and them. It was his *power*, the greatest perhaps

that he had, that what his reason told him was certain and true, he was able continually to see, and feel, and imagine to be true and real. He had the power of faith.' And again: 'These touches of imagination and feeling come in the midst of austere argument or statement; they come in naturally and unforced; and they give us a momentary glimpse, the more interesting because rare, into the depths of a great mind.' And again in what Mr. Gladstone calls 'that masterly sermon of Dean Church,' 'there are passages in Butler, when we read between the lines of his words, that at first sight look so dry and commonplace, which seem to open a glimpse of the very foundations of the world and nature.' And Professor Alexander Bain, in a striking passage in his *Study of Character*, says on this same subject: 'The many observations scattered over Butler's writings that have been esteemed for their profundity, owe their force to the flash of some hidden identity that gives a new aspect to an old problem. Remove from Butler's mind his foremost end, which is to obtain truth; give him the local susceptibilities to colour and form, to words, cadence, and metre; and the same reach of the identifying faculty would have emerged in a poet.'

It is a great lesson in English composition to read what has been written first and last about Butler's *style*. And the best thing that has ever been said on that subject was what Butler said himself. In the Preface to the second edition of his *Rolls Sermons* he replied in these words to the fault that had been found with his style of writing,—'It must be acknowledged that some of the following discourses are very abstruse and difficult; or, if you please, obscure. But I must take leave to add that those alone are judges whether or no this is a fault

who are judges whether or no and how far it might have been avoided. Those only who will be at the trouble to understand what is here said, and to see how far the things here insisted upon and not other things, might have been put in a plainer manner: which I am very far from asserting they could not. Confusion and perplexity in writing is indeed without excuse, because any one may, if he pleases, know whether he understands and sees through what he is about. And it is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. It is coming abroad in disorder, which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home.' And then at the end of his extraordinarily ably written preface he puts in this claim for himself, that at any rate he has written his sermons 'with simplicity and earnestness of purpose.' Take the following as so many most interesting specimens of the debate that has been held over Butler's style. John Byrom, stenographer and poet, and William Law's Boswell, has this in his Journal. 'Some,' says Byrom, 'thought Butler a little too little vigorous, and wished he would have spoken more earnestly.' Sir James Mackintosh, who averred that he owed all his philosophy to Butler, at the same time allows himself to call the *Rolls Sermons* 'those deep and dark dissertations.' And he goes on to say that 'no thinker so great was ever so bad a writer.' On the other hand, Bartlett, Butler's best biographer, has this on the matter in hand: 'We have heard persons talk of the obscurity of Bishop Butler's style, and lament that his book was not rewritten by some more luminous master of language. We have always suspected that such critics know very little about the *Analogy*. We would have no sacrilegious hand

touch it. To touch it would be like officious meddling with a well-considered move at chess. The *Analogy* is a work carefully and closely packed up out of twenty years' hard thinking. It must have filled folios had its illustrious author taken less time to concoct it; for never was there a stronger instance of the truth of the observation, that it requires far more time to make a small book than a large one.' And further on he adds: 'The style of Butler has, we think, been condemned undeservedly. It certainly is not formed to anything like Ciceronian harmony and elegance; but it seldom offends the ear, or violates the purity of the English idiom.' 'After all,' says Fitzgerald, one of Butler's best editors, 'the faults of his style are greatly overstated by many of his critics. It may not be polished; but it is good, plain, downright English, the words are proper for his purpose, and they are generally put in their proper places. Nay, though it would be absurd to claim for Butler's general style the artful simplicity of Addison's elegance, the brilliant perspicuity of Berkeley, or even the plain compactness of Swift, it is not too much to say that there occur, here and there, passages of pure, musical, Saxon-English that will not suffer from a comparison with any of those great models.' 'Butler's style,' admits Dean Goulburn, 'though it has a massive grandeur and solidity in it, is yet anything but attractive to the general reader.' 'Butler's words,' says Maurice, 'often become feeble and contradictory, because he cannot write what is struggling within him.' 'A great thinker, but a poor writer,' says Bagehot. 'It is probable, that if Butler hated anything, he hated his pen. Composition is pleasant work for men of ready words, fine ears, and thick-coming illustrations. But Butler, so far from having the pleasures of eloquence, had not

even the comfort of perspicuity. In some places the mode of statement is even stupid: it seems selected to occasion a difficulty.' And then Bagehot sums up against Butler in these words: 'No writer of equal eminence is so defective as Butler. His thoughts, if you take each one singly, seem to lose a good deal from the feeble and hesitating manner in which they are stated. And yet, if you read any considerable portion of his writings, you become sensible of a strong disinclination to disagree with him.' And again, and much more generously in another book: 'There was not a spark of the littleness of literary ambition about Butler. There is nothing light in Butler; he leaves to others all amusing skirmishing and superficial writing. In Butler all is grave, serious, and essential. Nothing else would be characteristic of Butler.' 'The admirable arrangement of the *Analogy*,' says Mark Pattison, 'is all its own. Its closely packed and carefully fitted order speaks of many years' contrivance. Its substance is the thought of a whole age, not barely compiled, but each separate thought reconsidered and digested. Every brick in the building has been rung before it was relaid, and replaced in its true relation to the complex and various whole.' 'The style of Butler,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'has been made largely responsible for the difficulties of his subject, but those who might rewrite one of his pages would find it more difficult than they suppose to improve the style without impairing the substance.' And in direct contradiction of one of Bagehot's charges against Butler's style, Mr. Gladstone proceeds: 'In his illustrations Butler is particularly happy; and upon the whole, in his case, and also in that of Aristotle, it may be said that the style and the substance cannot be parted.' And then, if 'a consciousness of what has preceded and what

is to follow makes a perfect style,' as Jowett in his introduction to the *Laws* says it does, then Butler's rank as a writer is secure. For never was there a more regular plan laid down for any book, and never had any book more consciousness of what had preceded and what was to follow. Canon Spooner also, Butler's latest biographer, has this in his excellent little book: 'Is the charge of obscurity that is brought against Butler well deserved? On such a matter the reading public is the only judge. A writer whom most, even intelligent, readers find obscure, is obscure. Tried by this test, Butler will almost certainly stand convicted. But the obscurity that exists is not the obscurity of a loose and confused thinker. There was nothing loose or confused in Butler's mind: quite the reverse. The difficulty of the style arises from the extreme closeness and continuity of the thoughts. Still more from the caution, many-sidedness, and conscientiousness of the writer which would leave no aspect of the question unprovided for, no possible objection which might be taken unmet, no necessary limitation unexpressed, no possible misunderstanding of his meaning unguarded against. A man writing in such a spirit, particularly a man of Butler's anxious and even morbidly conscientious temperament, could scarcely attain to a facile and unlaboured style. Certainly Butler would have been less himself had his style been less laboured: with him even more than with most men, the style is the man.'

It is a study in literary criticism, as well as in style, to ponder these various opinions, and to consider them in relation to their respective authors, as well as in relation to Butler's style. It is an excellent exercise in criticism and in composition to watch in what, and how far, his critics coincide with one another, and to discover how

they less, any single one of them, say the whole truth about Butler, than make each his own contribution to the whole truth. For myself, I will say in one word that the more I read Butler, and the better I understand him, the more I enjoy his peculiar style. His style is what it is, to employ one of his own repeated expressions, and I would not have it other than it is. And I most heartily subscribe to what Bishop Steere says so well on this same subject : 'In truth the greatest beauty in any author's style consists in its appropriateness to express his meaning. And thus it is that careful students of Butler's works generally come, in the end, to have a sort of relish for his peculiar style.' I think that is a very happy expression of Steere's. 'A sort of relish' exactly describes my own enjoyment of Butler's peculiar style. For there is a certain dry, nutty, oaten aroma that comes off Butler's page as I read it; not only not disagreeable, but positively healing, and restoring, and strengthening. Till, what with his style and what with his substance, with all his limitations—and they are neither few nor small—Butler will always remain one of the few first-class authors in the whole world to me.

Butler is universally acknowledged to be the most *thoughtful* of all our English theologians and moralists. Many English theologians, and moralists, and preachers, could be named who far excelled Butler in other things. Many were more learned, many were more eloquent, many were far more scriptural, and consequently far more evangelical. But Butler stands alone in his own sheer power of thought, and in his amazing power of awakening thought in his readers. Hooker was far more learned and far more evangelical. Taylor was far more oceanically read, and his eloquence was without parallel.

Edwards's mind was far more powerful than Butler's mind was naturally, and it was simply seraphically sanctified. While the great English Puritans far eclipsed Butler in the apostolicity and spirituality of their ministry. But for plunging his readers into the greatest depths of thought, Butler excels them all. Butler was like Pascal in this, that he was not at all a wide reader, but was one of the princeliest of thinkers. It was simply Butler's own thoughtfulness, and his power of producing thoughtfulness, that has called forth such extraordinary appreciations and acknowledgments as these: 'The most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion,' says Sir James Mackintosh. 'I could not write on this or on any other kindred subject,' says Bishop O'Brien, 'without a consciousness that I was either directly or indirectly borrowing from Butler.' 'I have derived greater aid from the views and reasonings of Butler,' says Dr. Chalmers, 'than I have been able to find besides in the whole range of our extant authorship.' 'I am more indebted to Butler's writings than I am to any other uninspired author,' says Bishop Kaye. 'That great and generative thinker,' says Maurice. 'The greatest name,' says Newman, 'in the Anglican Church.' And writing about books to a lady, Newman says: 'I think you will gain great benefit on the whole subject of ethics and religion from Butler's *Analogy*. It is a very deep work, and while it requires, it will repay your attention.' It is no detraction from Newman's own great fertility of mind to say that the reader of Butler and of Newman continually comes on sentences, and clauses of sentences, in Butler that have been the seed of some of Newman's most famous sermons. And the same thing may be said of not a few of the sermons of Butler's philosophic and eloquent

Irish namesake, as also of some of the best of Mozley's sermons, who has been called the Butler of the nineteenth century. Plato's discourses were so overladen with thought, that when he looked up after finishing one of the longest and deepest of them, all his audience had escaped: only Aristotle was left in the lecture-room. So Plutarch tells us. And I would not have wondered to have been told by Byrom that when Butler had finished some of his *Rolls Sermons*, there was no one left in the chapel but the Master of the Rolls and William Law, in for the forenoon from Putney. 'The pain of attending' is one of Butler's own admissions about his sermons. But then, all the pain is well repaid.

'A more than ordinary depth of thought produces the melancholy temperament,' says Jacob Behmen. And Butler's deep *melancholy* is one of his outstanding characteristics, both as a preacher and a philosopher. Passages like these occur continually in his writings. 'The infinite disorders of this world.' 'This world is a mere scene of distraction.' 'Instead of this world being what it was intended to be, a discipline of virtue, the generality of men make it a discipline of vice. It is a state of apostasy, wickedness, and ruin. Men are depraved creatures, who want to be renewed.' 'If the discoveries of men of research tend in any way to render life less unhappy than it is, then they are most usefully employed.' Lamentations like these come out of the *Sermons* and out of the *Analogy* continually, till to say Butler is to say melancholy. At the same time, Butler's melancholy is more a philosophical and a speculative melancholy than a religious and an experimental melancholy. There is a far deeper, a far more bitter, and a far more inconsolable melancholy than is that melancholy

to which Butler, with all his depth of thought, has ever given voice. There is a cup, 'bitterer to drink than blood,' that Butler would seem scarcely ever to have tasted. So far as his *Analogy*, or his sermons, or even his prayers go, he would seem to have had little or no experimental acquaintance with the unspeakable melancholy of such spiritual men as Behmen, and Pascal, and Foster—to keep to some of the men of deepest thought that have ever lived. It is always this fallen, and corrupt, and depraved *world* that is the source of Butler's melancholy. It is their own corrupt and depraved and hopeless *hearts* that is the source of the far deeper melancholy of such men as have been named above. Butler is a great 'melancholian,' but, all the same, his great melancholy is but philosophical, and speculative, and economical: whereas the melancholy of Behmen, and Pascal, and Foster is spiritual, and personal, and experimental, and inconsolable.

Under the head of his mental qualities Mr. Gladstone discusses Butler's measure, his strength of tissue, his courage, his questionable theses, his imagination, and his originality. All students of Butler should be sure not to miss what that great statesman has to say about the mental qualities of his revered master. Contenting myself with recommending Gladstone's third volume to all students of Butler—and I may add to all students of Gladstone himself—I pass on to take some notice of what is by far the most serious complaint that has ever been made against Butler. That is to say, his extraordinary *deficiency in apostolical and evangelical truth.* Now, that complaint is so serious, and is so fundamental, that it must be made by me in the words of one who had both the ability, and the courage, and the loyalty

to truth, to make it. Dr. Chalmers shall speak for all those who agree with him in his immense regret concerning Butler's religion. Whether in praise or in blame of Butler, as I have already said, I like to read Dr. Chalmers above all Butler's other editors and commentators. There is nothing to my mind to compare with Chalmers's lectures on the *Analogy*. That great man is so reverential to Butler; he is so full of noble acknowledgment of indebtedness to his great master; and he is so eloquent and impressive in expounding him. Let Dr. Chalmers therefore speak on this distressing subject. 'We fear,' says Chalmers in his fourth chapter, 'that Butler here makes the first, though not the only, exhibition that occurs in his work, of his meagre and moderate theology. Sound as his general views were on what might be termed the philosophy of religion, this formed no security against the errors of a lax and superficial creed on certain of its specific doctrines.' And again: 'It were great and unwarrantable presumption to decide on the personal Christianity of Butler, but I think it but fair to warn you that up and down throughout the volume there do occur the symptoms of a heart not thoroughly evangelised.' 'I have already,' says Chalmers in another place, 'given repeated intimation that, viewed as a Christian composition, I do not regard Butler's book as being sufficiently impregnated with the *sal evangelicum*, and that even his own principles are not fully and practically carried out. Butler is like one who, with admirable skill, lays down the distances and the directions of a land into which he has not travelled very far himself.' Let any careful student read Butler's *Dissertation on the Nature of Virtue*, and then let him read Jonathan Edwards's treatise on the same subject, and he will see for himself what it is that Dr. Chalmers

complains of when he says that Butler is so afraid or so incapable of becoming evangelical that he will not even follow his own principles fully and practically out. Butler continually confines himself to the barely ethical, even when his subject claims to become spiritual. He will abide rigidly and severely philosophical even when, on every ground, he should rise to be apostolical and evangelical. But he never does so rise: never so much as once. And thus it is that there is a height and a depth, a fragrance, a sweetness, and a beauty about all Edwards's ethical work, of which Butler's very best work is wholly and blamefully devoid. He defends himself, and his out-and-out eulogists defend him, on the plea that he is always arguing, not on his own principles, but on the principles of the deists, who were his opponents. But Edwards argues not less effectually because he lets his great subject carry both him and his readers away up to its native heavens. Edwards is only the more genuinely and profoundly philosophical that he is so seraphically spiritual; and only the more truly and convincingly ethical that he is so Pauline in the grace and truth of his philosophy as well as his theology. Wesley's report of his interview with Butler is humiliating reading. And when it is read alongside of Chalmers's lectures on Butler, it is absolutely conclusive as to Butler's utter lack of sympathy with apostolic and evangelic preaching, even when he could not but see the miracles that such preaching was working in his own diocese. Mr. Gladstone is driven to think that the interview between the Bishop and the great Gospel preacher cannot be correctly reported in Wesley's Journal. I wish I could believe that. For, with all his shortcomings on the most important of all matters, I love and honour Butler more than I can tell. The truth

is, with all his greatness, Butler falls far short of the greatest. Many an author, many a preacher, many an unlettered believer, who was not talented enough to read what Butler had written, could have taken him and taught him the way of God more perfectly, as Aquila and Priscilla taught Apollos. It is a mystery to me how such a deep-seeing man, and such a fearless and honest man, and such a serious-minded man as Butler was could have lived and died contented with such an emasculated and meagre gospel as that of the *Sermons* and the *Analogy*. It would be a mystery did we not see the same mystery every day. But we have only too good evidence that Butler did not either live or die contented. As to his death, a delightful narrative is given of the Bishop's last moments, a narrative that carries its truth on the face of it, and a narrative we would not have wanted for anything. When Butler lay on his deathbed he called for his chaplain and said to him : 'Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin, and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die.' 'My lord,' said the chaplain, 'you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour.' 'True,' said Butler, 'but how shall I know He is a Saviour for me?' 'My lord, it is written, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out."' 'True,' said Butler, 'and I am surprised that though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment. And now I die happy.'

'A mighty prelate on his deathbed lay,
Revolving the dread themes of life and death
And their stupendous issues, with dismay,
His marvellous powers nigh quenched. "My lord," one saith,

"Hast thou forgotten how Christ came to be
A Saviour?" "Nay," the bishop made reply,
"How know I He 's a Saviour unto *me*?"
The chaplain paused, then answered thoughtfully:
"'Lo, him that cometh unto Me,' Christ said,
'I will in nowise cast out,' need we more?"
The bishop slowly raised his dying head:
"I've read a thousand times that Scripture o'er
Nor felt its truth till now I near the tomb;
It is enough, O mighty Christ, I come."'

CARDINAL NEWMAN

WRITING about himself in the third person, Cardinal Newman says in the beginning of his Autobiographical Memoirs: 'John Henry Newman was born in Old Broad Street, in the city of London, on February 21, 1801, and was baptized in the Church of St. Benet Fink on April 9 of the same year. His father was a London banker, whose family came from Cambridgeshire. His mother was of a French Protestant family, who left France for this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the eldest of six children—three boys and three girls. On May 1, 1808, when he was seven years old, he was sent to a school of two hundred boys, at Ealing, near London, under the care of the Rev. George Nicholas, D.C.L., of Wadham College, Oxford. As a child Newman was of a studious turn and of a quick apprehension; and Dr. Nicholas, to whom he became greatly attached, was accustomed to say that no boy had run through the school, from the bottom to the top, as rapidly as John Newman. Though in no respect a precocious boy, he attempted original compositions in prose and verse from the age of eleven, and in prose showed a great sensibility, and took much pains in matter of style. He devoted to such literary exercises, and to such books as came in his way, a good portion of his playtime; and his schoolfellows have left on record that they never, or scarcely ever, saw him taking part

in any game. In the last half-year of his school life he fell under the influence of an excellent man, the Rev. Walter Mayer, of Pembroke College, Oxford, one of the classical masters, from whom he received deep religious impressions, at the time Calvinistic in character, which were to him the beginning of a new life.'

Turning now to the *Apologia* we read as follows, this time in the first person: 'I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course, I had perfect knowledge of my Catechism. . . . When I was fifteen a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, who was the human means of this beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. . . . I was then, and I still am, more certain of my inward conversion than that I have hands and feet. My conversion was such that it made me rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator. . . . I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, a deep imagination which, in the autumn of 1816, took possession of me,—there can be no mistake about the fact;—viz. that it was the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since,—with the break of a month now and then, up to 1829, and, after that date, without any break at all,—was more or less connected, in my mind, with the notion that my calling in life would require such a

sacrifice as celibacy involved : as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years.' And so on, in that so fascinating book.

Newman has a very characteristic sermon in his series of University Sermons, entitled 'Personal Influence'; and all his days he was his own best example of that kind of influence, both as experiencing it and as exercising it. So much so, that from the day he entered Oxford his biography is really the history of the personal influences that were poured in continually, and sometimes unaccountably, upon his susceptible mind and heart. Richard Whately was, at that time, one of the ruling influences of Oxford, and his moulding hand was at once laid on the impressible freshman, John Henry Newman. 'If there was a man,' says Newman, 'easy for a raw youth to get on with, it was Whately—a great talker, who endured very readily the silence of his company; original in his views, lively, forcible, witty in expressing them; brimful of information on a variety of subjects. The worst that could be said of Whately was that, in his intercourse with his friends, he was a bright June sun tempered by a March north-easter.'

Whately was not long in discovering that Newman was a youth full of all kinds of ability, and for a time Whately and Newman were on the very best of terms. Whately's powerful mind, great learning, commanding manner, and high position, all combined to make him a tower of strength around his sensitive, shy, and self-conscious young friend. As time went on, Whately began to share some of his literary work with Newman, and in that, and in not a few other things, Whately treated Newman as if he were already a colleague and an equal, rather than a junior and a subordinate. And, altogether, Newman had good reason to reckon Whately,

as he always did, as one of the best influences of his early Oxford life. At the same time, it was impossible that Whately and Newman could for very long continue to act together, more especially in their religious and ecclesiastical relations. And the more that Whately helped forward the development and the independence of Newman's mind and character, the more the inevitable breach between the two so different men was hastened, not to say, precipitated. But let Newman sum up this early Oxford relationship in his own inimitable way: 'In 1822 I came under very different influences from those to which I had been hitherto subjected. At that time Mr. Whately, as he was then, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, showed great kindness to me. . . . I owe Dr. Whately a great deal. He was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and to use the common phrase, all his geese were swans. While I was still awkward and timid in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He, emphatically, opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. After being first noticed by him in 1822, I became very intimate with him in 1825, when I was his Vice-Principal in Alban Hall. I gave up that office in 1826, when I became Tutor of my College, and his hold upon me gradually relaxed. He had done his whole work toward me or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes and to walk with my own feet. . . . Dr. Whately's mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line. . . . I believe that he has inserted sharp things in his later works about me. They have never come in my way, and I have not thought it necessary to seek out what would pain me so much in the reading.' That passage on Whately's influence on

Newman will be best wound up with this characteristic postscript to a very painful correspondence that took place long afterwards between Newman and his old Oriel friend: 'May I be suffered to add, that your name is ever mentioned in my prayers, and to subscribe myself your Grace's very sincere friend and servant, John Henry Newman.'

But by far the most powerful personal influence that laid hold of Newman in those impressible days of his was that of Hurrell Froude. Froude's personal friends are all at one in their love for him and in their admiration of his talents and his character. At the same time, as to the true value of Froude's influence on Newman, men's judgments will vary according to their ecclesiastical and religious principles. Those who lean to Rome, and who look with approval on the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices into the Church of England, will see nothing but good in Froude's immense influence over Newman. Whereas, those who stand fast in the Apostolical and Reformed and Evangelical faith will bitterly lament that Froude and Newman ever met. Newman's portrait of his friend is one of the shining characterisations in a book full of such:—

'I knew Froude first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts,—so truly many-sided, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion, which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon

matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sake, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. . . . Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. . . . It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.' And on Froude's death in 1836 Newman wrote: 'I can never have a greater loss, looking on for the whole of my life. I never, on the whole, fell in with so gifted a person. In variety and perfection of gifts I think he far exceeded even Keble. For myself, I cannot describe what I owe to him—as regards the intellectual principles, the philosophy of religion and morals.'

As to Froude having taught Newman to dislike the Reformation, Mr. Gladstone, while in many things admiring Froude and sympathising with him, says that he is compelled to admit and lament Froude's 'glaring, if not almost scandalous disparagement of the Reformers.' And on Froude's whole character, as seen in his History and as studied in his writings, Isaac Taylor, one of the most moderately spoken of all the critics of the Tractarian Movement, calls Froude's *Remains* a most offensive book, and describes Froude himself as the unhappy victim of a singularly malign temperament, and of a pernicious training. He denounces also the sombre and

venomous flippancies of Froude's published *Journal*. As to what Newman suggests to his readers in saying that Froude died before his religious views had reached their ultimate conclusion, Isaac Williams has this in his clear-headed and honest-spoken Autobiography: 'Many have imagined, and Newman endeavoured to persuade himself, that if Froude had lived he would have joined the Church of Rome as well as himself. But this I do not at all think. And I find that John Keble and others quite agree with me that there was that in Hurrell Froude that he could not have joined the Church of Rome. I had always full confidence in Froude,' adds Isaac Williams.

A far more sweet and genial influence than that of Froude, though an influence that did almost more than that of Froude to smooth Newman's way to Rome, was that of John Keble. 'Do you know the story of the murderer,' Froude asks, 'who had done one good deed in his life? Well, if I were asked what good deed I had ever done, I would say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.' John Keble had won an immense reputation at Oxford, but great honours were never worn with a more lowly mind than were Keble's college honours. He left the University with the greatest prospects just opening before him, and went to assist his father in his parish work as a pastor. As to Keble's devoted and all-absorbing churchmanship, it was as indisputable as was his scholarship. In his brilliant sketch of Keble, Dean Church tells us that Keble 'looked with great and intelligent dislike at the teaching and the practical working of the Evangelical Christianity' around him, and that 'his loyalty to the Church of England was profound and intense. He was a strong Tory, and by conviction and religious temper a thorough High Churchman.' Froude had been Keble's

pupil at Oriel, and when Keble left Oriel for his curacy, he took Froude with him to read for his degree. And not only did Froude read under Keble, but from that time Keble gained in Froude a disciple who was to be the mouthpiece and the champion of his High Church ideas. Froude took in from Keble all he had to communicate, Dean Church tells us—' principles, convictions, moral rules and standards of life, hopes, fears, antipathies.' A story is told to the effect that Keble before parting with Froude one day, seemed to have something on his mind; and as Froude stepped into the coach, Keble said to him, ' Froude, you said to-day that you thought Law's *Serious Call* a very clever book; it seemed to me almost as if you had said that the Day of Judgment would be a very pretty sight.' Froude all his days acknowledged the deep impression that these words of Keble made upon him. As a matter of fact, William Law was one of Froude's favourite authors all his days, and the same masterly writer was one of Keble's favourite authors also.

Keble's immense influence on Newman is traced both by Newman himself, and by all the writers of authority on that time, to two things—to the influence of Keble upon Froude, and to *The Christian Year*. Hursley has produced two very influential books in its time, which are as diametrically removed from one another, not to say as diametrically opposed to one another, as could possibly be found in the whole spacious circle of Christian literature. The one book is a Puritan classic, and the other is an Anglican classic. The one is a treatise in strong old English prose, and the other is a volume of sweet, somewhat sentimental, somewhat ecclesiastical, but always devout and always beautiful, poetry. The one is a very masterpiece of the soul under the deepest

spiritual sanctification, and the other is an acknowledged masterpiece of an Englishman's religion under the English obedience and discipline. 'Keble,' wrote Newman satirically in his Church of Rome days, 'did that for the Church of England which none but a poet could do: he made it poetical.' Keble's own condemnation of *The Christian Year* in after days may well bewilder his biographer. Dr. Abbott traces this state of mind in Keble to the malign influence of Newman upon him. Be that as it may, few, I fear, have the catholicity of training, and the taste and the temper, to make to themselves classics of both those Hursley books, though both books are real classics, each in its own kind. *The Christian Year* is in a multitude of scholarly and beautifully got-up editions, and *The Gospel Mystery* is in not a few somewhat poor and mean-looking editions. My favourite copy of *The Gospel Mystery*, which I have read as often as Jowett had read Boswell, if not as often as President Roosevelt has read Plutarch, is of the fourteenth edition, and bears the date of 1819. Dr. Andrew Murray of South Africa has lately published with Messrs. Nisbet an admirably introduced edition of Marshall at a shilling. And the purchaser who answers to the advertisement for him on the title-page, and who once reads Marshall, will never cease reading him till, as Keble says, 'time and sin together cease.' But after this parenthesis, which, at the same time, is of more importance than the proper text, let me supply you with one more passage out of the *Apologia* about the author of *The Christian Year*, and his immense influence on Newman: 'The true and primary author of the Tractarian Movement, as is usual with great motive-powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he

had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and had sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? . . . *The Christian Year* made its appearance in 1827. It is not necessary, and scarcely becoming, to praise a book which has already become one of the classics of the language. . . . Nor can I pretend to analyse, in my own instance, the effect of religious teaching so deep, so pure, so beautiful. The two main intellectual truths which it brought home to me I had already learned from Butler: the first of these may be called, in a large sense, the Sacramental system, and the other that probability is the guide of life.' Every one who is acquainted with Newman's works will remember how those two principles, first implanted by Butler, and then watered by Keble, grew till they cover with their branches and with their leaves and with their fruits the whole broad expanse of Newman's philosophical, ecclesiastical, and religious writings.

The Tractarian Movement was well advanced before Dr. Pusey joined it. But his accession to the movement immediately gave it an immense impulse. 'Towards the end of 1834,' says Dean Church, 'and in the course of 1835, an event happened which had a great and decisive influence on the character and fortunes of the movement. This was the accession to it of Dr. Pusey. He had looked favourably on it from the first, partly from his friendship with Mr. Newman, partly from the workings of his own mind.' But I am always glad when I can set aside every other authority, even Church and Mozley, and open the *Apologia*. And on opening that peerless book at this point, I read: 'It was under these circumstances that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827-8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic

admiration. I used to call him ὁ μέγας. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. . . . He at once gave us a position and a name. Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. . . . Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality, to what was without him a sort of mob. . . . People are apt to say that he was once nearer the Catholic Church than he is now. I pray God that he may be one day far nearer that Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all.'

Pusey, as well as Newman, had already passed through some very remarkable changes in his theological views. He had spent some time in Germany, and on his return to England he had published a treatise full of promise in defence of the liberal theologians and liberal theology of Germany. He afterwards withdrew that book, and it is now very little known. But as I read that long-denied and forgotten Essay, I see nothing in it, at any rate in its demand for freedom in Biblical studies, of which any High Churchman, or any one else, need be ashamed. Indeed, I am not sure but that it will yet be pronounced to be the best book that its learned author ever wrote. At any rate, there is a strength in it, and a sanity, and a true catholicity, that are not always exhibited in Pusey's later writings. I could quote page

after page out of this repudiated book of the profoundest insight into many still-pressing problems of Biblical criticism; pages that, had their author stood true to them, and had he gone on to unite to them all his piety, and all his learning, and all his well-earned influence in the Church of England, would have done much to prepare the way for that combination of orthodox doctrine with the foremost scholarship, which our own Church in Scotland, as well as Pusey's Church in England, are still painfully seeking to attain. But instead of becoming what at one time Pusey gave promise to become, he fell back into Tractarianism, and became another instance of a great and good man making the grand refusal.

Such, then, were the three remarkable men to whom Newman, in his humility, makes such handsome and honest acknowledgment. But the real truth in that whole matter is told about all those four men, and their relations to one another, in this final and unchallengeable judgment of James Anthony Froude: 'Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they all were but ciphers, and he the indicating number.' At the same time, we find the historian writing about his brother in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1879 in these strong terms: 'I look back upon my brother as on the whole the most remarkable man I have ever met with in my life. I have never seen any person—not one, in whom, as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure.' Some forty years after their first meeting, in a letter to Newman now in the Oratory at Birmingham, and written in reference to a chance meeting of Newman and Pusey and Keble at Hursley, Keble sent these lines:—

'When shall we three meet again?
When the hurley-burley's done,
When the battle's lost and won.'

And may I not add from Keble himself:—

'And sometimes even beneath the moon
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,
When reconcilèd Christians meet,
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart
In silence meek or converse sweet.'

In the month of December 1832 Archdeacon Froude, taking his son Hurrell and Newman with him, set out to the south of Europe in search of health for the two young divines. Hurrell Froude was far gone in a consumption, and Newman's health had suffered severely from the labour involved in the composition of his book on the Arians. Condensed as is Newman's account of their tour in the *Apologia*, I must condense it still more. The full narrative is given, as only he could give it, in his correspondence published by his sister, Mrs. Mozley. But I quote and condense from the *Apologia*: 'We set out in December 1832. It was during this expedition that my verses which are in the *Lyra Apostolica* were written. Exchanging as I was definite tutorial work, and the literary quiet and pleasant friendships of the last six years, for foreign countries and an unknown future, I naturally was led to think that some inward changes, as well as some larger course of action, were coming upon me. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back upon myself: I found pleasure in historical sights and scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. My general feeling was —"All, save the spirit of man, is divine." I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics

I knew nothing. I was still more driven back upon myself, and felt my isolation. England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals. It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time. We borrowed from Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again." I was aching to get home. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines "Lead, kindly Light," which have since become well known. When I reached my mother's house, my brother Frank had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of "National Apostasy." I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833.' With all that, thirty years after, Keble whispered to Newman of that very National Apostasy, "But was it not just and right?"'

As we have seen, Newman has said that John Keble was the true and primary author of the Tractarian Movement. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the idea of the Tracts originated with Keble. In a private letter of Keble's we find the first intimation of what Thomas Mozley has called 'that portentous birth of time, the *Tracts for the Times*.' 'To give you a notion of the kind of thing,' writes Keble, 'the first tract we propose to print will be a penny account of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius, with extracts from his Epistles.

Pray do not blow on it as being all *ultra*.' As a matter of fact, when the first tract actually came out, it showed to all who had eyes to read it that a very different hand from that of Keble was to be on the helm of the new enterprise. Newman wrote the first tract with his own pen under the name of 'A Presbyter,' and the full title of the tract was this, 'Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission, respectfully addressed to the Clergy.' The famous series thus begun ran on from the 9th September 1833 till the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1841, during which years ninety tracts were published, varying in size from four pages to an octavo volume. Newman wrote twenty-seven numbers out of the ninety, Keble twelve, and Pusey eight, but Pusey's characteristic contributions were large treatises rather than handy tracts. The rest of the ninety tracts were either written by men whose names you would not recognise, or they were compilations and extracts out of such writers as Bull, and Beveridge, and Wilson. The substance of the tracts was wholly limited to what is known as High Church doctrine. The tracts are full of the privileges of the Catholic Church, her ministry, her sacraments, and the discipline to which her priesthood and her people ought to submit themselves. 'Their distinctive speech,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'was of Church and Priesthood, of Sacraments and Services.' And, as was to be expected, there runs through the whole series a great scorn of evangelical preaching, and a great contempt toward every minister of the Church of Christ who is not a priest, either of the Greek, or the Roman, or the Anglican, obedience. But, whatever the subject, and whatsoever the treatment, it is Newman who draws on the reader through all the tracts. At the same time, with all his extraordinary power of writing, the tracts are little

read either in England or in Rome; and were it not for Newman, nobody nowadays would ever open them. At least so I learn from all Anglican authorities. But if you have a sufficient wish to study the development, or, as some readers will be sure to call it, the degeneration, of the finest mind in the Church of England in this century, you must not grudge to go diligently through every successive number of the *Tracts for the Times*. Not that Newman writes them all, but there is not one of them without his consent and approval and personal stamp. At the same time, I warn you before you begin that you will need to have all your patience in its fullest exercise, and all your forbearance, and all your admiration of Newman, in order to carry you on from the beginning of Tract I. to the end of Tract XC. Dreary and saddening as much of the tract-writing is, I do not need to say that, since so much of Newman is in it, you will come on passages not a few that do not require his signature set to them—passages of such truth and beauty that they will dwell with you all your days. Having read all the ninety tracts, and some of them many times over, I can, concerning not a few of them, subscribe to what Dean Church says about the series: 'They were clear, sharp, stern appeals to conscience and reason, sparing of words, utterly without rhetoric, intense in purpose. They were like the short, sharp, rapid utterances of men in pain, and danger, and pressing emergency.' That eulogium is only true of the selectest and the best of the tracts, that is to say, of Newman's contributions to the series. As regards the first tract, which gave the keynote to the series, I can entirely subscribe to what Dr. Abbott, Newman's severest critic, says about it: 'Regarded as a specimen of Newman's sympathetic rhetoric, the tract is most admirable. It

is indeed a splendid piece. All the more effective, because so restrained.' And what that sternest of Newman's censors says about the first tract is entirely true of many more of Newman's contributions. 'Topics,' says Mr. Jacobs in a fine piece of criticism reprinted from the *Athenæum*, 'that seemed forbidding, both for their theological technicalities, and their repulse of reason, were presented by Newman with such skill that they appeared as inevitable as Euclid, and as attractive as Plato.'

But it was the pulpit of St. Mary's that was Newman's true and proper throne. It was from the pulpit of St. Mary's that he began to conquer and to rule the world. I never saw Newman in his pulpit myself, but I have read so much about his appearance in the pulpit that I feel as if I could undertake to let you see and hear him in it. I have open before me, as I compose these lines, what Shairp, and Church, and Mozley, and Froude, and Lockhart, and Oakeley, and the Bishop of Carlisle, and many more have told us about Newman's preaching. Principal Shairp, for one, has a most admirable picture of Newman in the pulpit. He begins by telling us how simple and unostentatious the service in St. Mary's was when Newman was the preacher. 'No pomp, no ritualism,' are Shairp's words, 'nothing but the silver intonation of Newman's magic voice. Newman's delivery had this peculiarity. Each sentence was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation, and then, at the close of every sentence, there was a pause that lasted for several seconds. Then another rapidly but clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause, till a wonderful spell took hold of the hearer. The look and bearing of the preacher were as of one who dwelt apart, and who, though he knew his age well, did not live in his age.

From his seclusion of study, and abstinence, and prayer; from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known in secret. As he spoke, how the old truths became new! how they came home with a meaning never felt before! The subtlest of truths were dropped out as by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power! how gentle yet how strong! how simple yet how suggestive! how homely yet how refined! how penetrating yet how tender-hearted! And the tone of voice in which all this was spoken sounded to you like a fine strain of unearthly music.' I remember vividly the delight I took in an article on Newman's sermons that appeared more than thirty years ago in the *Saturday Review*. That article gave a voice to what I had long felt about Newman's sermons, but had not the ability myself to utter. And I remember how I bought up not a few numbers of that issue of the *Saturday Review*, and sent them to friends up and down the country in order that they might share the fine tribute with me. I did not know at the time that Dean Church was the writer of that remarkable appreciation. I used to have the following passage by heart: 'Dr. Newman's sermons stand by themselves in modern English literature: it might even be said, in English literature generally. There have been equally great masterpieces of English writing in this form of composition, and there have been preachers whose theological depth, acquaintance with the heart, earnestness, tenderness, and power have not been inferior to his. But the great writers do not touch, pierce, and get hold of minds as Newman does, and those who are famous for the power and the results of their preaching do not write as he does. We

have learned to look upon Dr. Newman as one of those who have left their mark very deep on the English language. Little, assuredly, as their writer originally thought of such a result, the sermons have proved a permanent gift to our literature, of the purest English, full of spring, clearness, and force. Such English, graceful with the grace of nerve, flexibility, and power, must always have attracted attention; but his English had also an ethical element which was almost inseparable from its literary characteristics.' And so on, to the end of an article very remarkable for its insight and its eloquence.

Before leaving St. Mary's, I must give you this very remarkable portrait of Newman, lest you may never have seen it. James Anthony Froude, in an article in *Good Words* for 1881, says: 'My present letter will be given to a single figure. When I entered Oxford John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight, and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but always with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial. He was careless about his personal prospects.

He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I am told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages of the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington* came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think!" he said; "it makes one burn to have been a soldier!"' I could not deny you that remarkable characterisation, though it is Froude's description of Newman in the pulpit I am specially in quest of: 'No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. Taking some Scripture character for a text, Newman spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from Newman was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality; even to those who were careless of religion, and to those who wished to be religious, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock.' And take this also from an anonymous pen: 'Action in the common sense there was none. His hands were literally not seen from the beginning to the end. The sermon began in a calm, musical voice, the key slightly rising as it went on; by and by the preacher warmed with his subject, till it seemed as if his very

soul and body glowed with suppressed emotion. The very tones of his voice seemed as if they were something more than his own. There are those who to this day, in reading many of his sermons, have the whole scene brought back before them. The great church, the congregation all breathless with expectant attention, the gaslight just at the left hand of the pulpit, lowered that the preacher might not be dazzled: themselves, perhaps, standing in the half-darkness under the gallery, and then the pause before those words in *The Ventures of Faith* thrilled through them, "They say unto Him, 'We are able,'" or those in the seventh sermon in the sixth volume, "The Cross of Christ."'

But hear William Lockhart also, one of Newman's oldest disciples: 'To see Newman come into St. Mary's, in his long white surplice, was like nothing one had seen before. He glided in swiftly like a spirit incarnate. When he reached the lectern, he would drop down on his knees and remain fixed in mental prayer for a few moments, then he rose in the same unearthly way and began the service. His reading of the lessons from the Old and New Testaments was a most marvellous expression of soul. Many men are expressive readers, only we can see that they intend to be expressive. But they do not reach the soul; they are good actors, certainly, but they do not forget themselves, and you do not forget them. The effect of Newman's preaching on us young men was to turn our souls inside out. It was like what he says in the *Dream of Gerontius* of the soul after death, and presented before God—

> "Who draws the soul from out its case
> And burns away its stains."

'We never could be again the same men we were before.'

That is surely enough. Nothing surely could add to that. Such testimonies, from such men, are almost more to us than if we had been hearers of Newman for ourselves. Next to having been his hearers, and far better than that, we have his incomparable sermons in our hands, so that we can enter St. Mary's whenever we choose.

We would willingly remain with Newman in St. Mary's pulpit to the end, if he would only remain there with us. But we are following out his onward career, and all this time he has been making steady and straight for Rome; so much so, that his Romeward progress can be watched, and measured, and recorded—Dr. Abbott has done it—in almost every one of his St. Mary's sermons. No reader of those sermons who has his eyes open can fail to see Newman's Romeward footprints on every page. He denies that he ever took his Tractarian doctrines into the pulpit; but, then, he tells us that it was almost a rule of his not to open his own books after they came out; and he cannot have opened many of his St. Mary's sermons, if he is entirely candid in what he says about them in the matter of their Tractarianism. At any rate, I cannot open them without being continually vexed and thrown out by his constant asides at evangelical truth, not to say by his constantly insinuated praises of Tractarian positions, and sacerdotal and ascetic practices, with their both justifying and sanctifying influences. From the first of his published sermons to the last, sermon succeeding sermon, there are to be seen Newman's onward footprints, soft as the falling snow; his swift, noiseless, delicate, and refined footprints. Sometimes for a moment seeming to turn aside; sometimes for a moment, as one would think, looking not unwistfully back; but only to turn all the

more resolutely, and sometimes, to use his own word, 'fiercely,' on his Romeward way. In all his tracts also you can trace the same progress as plainly as in his sermons; as also in all his historical, doctrinal, and polemical writings, from the *Arians* to the *Development*; and the same progress is still more dramatically to be studied in all his letters. 'It has ever been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters. Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the true inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts.' On these four parallel and converging lines then,—his sermons, his tracts, his historical, doctrinal, and controversial publications, and his letters, and, I may add, his poems—the attentive student can trace every step of Newman's secession from the Church of England, and every step in his progress toward the Church of Rome. And a right repaying study it is to the proper student,—the rare student, that is, of sufficient enterprise and endurance.

'From the end of 1841 I was on my deathbed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church. Now a deathbed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen, or what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover, it is a season when doors are closed and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady.' Littlemore was the scene of Newman's deathbed. Littlemore was a sort of midway house between Oxford and Rome. Or, rather, it was

the last hostel on the Roman road. 'Father Dalgairns and myself,' says Lockhart, 'were the first inmates of Littlemore. It was a kind of monastic life of retirement, prayer, and study. We had a sincere desire to remain in the Church of England, if we could be satisfied that in so doing we were members of the world-wide visible communion of Christianity which was of apostolic origin. We spent our time at Littlemore in study, prayer, and fasting. We rose at midnight to recite the Breviary Office, consoling ourselves with the thought that we were united in prayer with united Christendom, and were using the very words used by the saints of all ages. We regularly practised confession, and went to Communion, I think, daily, at the village church. At dinner we met together, and after some spiritual reading at table we enjoyed conversation with Newman. He spoke freely on all subjects that came up, but I think controversial topics were tacitly avoided. He was most scrupulous not to suggest doubts as to the position of the Church of England to those who had them not. Newman would never let us treat him as a superior, but placed himself on a level with the youngest of us. It was his wish to give us some direct object of study in his splendid library, in which were all the finest editions of the Greek and Latin fathers and schoolmen, all the best works on Scripture and theology, general literature, prose and verse, and a complete set of the *Bollandist Acta Sanctorum*, so far as they had been printed. Newman was an excellent violin player, and he would sometimes bring his instrument into the library after dinner, and entertain us with the exquisite sonatas of Beethoven.'

But by this time the end was not far off. And this letter to his sister will best describe the end :—

'LITTLEMORE, *October 8th*, 1845.

'MY DEAR JEMIMA,—I must tell you what will pain you greatly, but I will make it as short as you would wish me to do.

'This night Father Dominic, the Passionist, sleeps here. He does not know of my intention; but I shall ask him to receive me into what I believe to be the One Fold of the Redeemer.

'This will not go till all is over.—Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey, too, came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who have been kind to me, both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my university.

'On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.'

'Father Dominic does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ.' Now, I have studied every syllable that Newman ever wrote about 'the One Fold of Christ,' both before he had asked to be admitted into it, and after his admittance. But he has failed to convince his most admiring and most open-minded reader. Not only has he not convinced that reader, but he has confirmed him more than ever the other way. No; Newman and all his entrancing Tractarian and Catholic writings notwithstanding. Neither Moscow, nor Rome, nor Geneva, nor Canterbury, is the One Fold of Christ to me. To me, I thank God, none of all those assuming and contending churches, nor all of them taken together, is the One Fold of Christ. The Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, has much sheep of His in all these partial folds, and much sheep of His outside them all, neither shall any man pluck them out of His hand. To me, Protestant though I am, the true pathos of Newman's history does not lie in his leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome, but it lies in his for ever forsaking the Evangelical faith, than which, properly speaking, there is no other faith, and in declining upon a system of religion in which that faith, as I suppose, is at its very lowest point. Paul's indignant language to the Galatian Church alone expresses my sad thoughts over Newman's declension. I will not repeat that language, but all who know Newman's history will recall and will apply that language for themselves. 'But,' as Newman says of himself in the Introduction to his Chrysostom, 'I am getting far more argumentative than I thought to be when I began; so I will soon lay down my pen and retire into myself.'

The last forty years of Newman's earthly life were

spent within the walls of the Oratory at Birmingham. And, monastery as it was, it was in many respects a charming retreat for a community of scholars and Christian gentlemen. You must not think of Newman and his confraternity as cooped up in narrow cells, never seeing the sun, and never allowed to speak or to look up from the ground. You must not think of them as fasting every day, and only breaking their fast with a crumb of bread and a cup of cold water. Far from that; for Philip Neri was their patron saint, and not Father Mathew. And under Philip's genial rule they had great times of it at Edgbaston. The students had stage-plays and all kinds of out-of-doors sports and games to their hearts' content, Father Newman the greatest boy of them all. He employed his fine and familiar scholarship to adapt old Latin comedies to the Oratory stage, he presided in person over the rehearsals, saw to the proper dresses with his own eyes, and that at no end of expense. 'He coached nearly every one of the players privately, and astonished them not a little by the extraordinary versatility and dramatic power with which he would himself personate for their imitation a love-sick Roman exquisite or a drunken slave.' And not for the entertainment of the young men only, were these relaxations indulged in. The head of the holy house himself had been all his days passionately fond of music, and at eighty few could handle the fiddle-bow like him. And then, the six days of the secular week were not sufficient for the flow of spirits that welled up in the old Cardinal's heart. Dr. Allen tells us that long after Phillips Brooks was the most famous preacher in America, on one occasion when he and his brother were back in the old home on a holiday, so obstreperous were the noises that were coming out of the smoking-room,

that their mother knocked at the door and exclaimed, 'My boys, remember that it is the Sabbath-day!' And had the Cardinal's Huguenot mother been allowed inside the Oratory on any Sabbath-day whatever, most certainly she would have boldly reproved the cricket and the concerts that went on all the afternoon, to the scandal of the Puritan neighbourhood. As a matter of fact, Newman's near neighbours did remonstrate with him against his continental Sunday, but Hippocleides didn't care. And the thing went on. But you must not suppose that all the Cardinal's forty years in the Oratory were spent in sport like that. One who must have known the Oratory from the inside once wrote about it thus: 'As Dr. Newman's days grow fewer, they grow longer. He has ever been an early riser, and now from five in the morning to an unknown hour at night he is busily engaged in redeeming the time. His first two hours are given to devotion. About eight o'clock he appears in the refectory, where he breakfasts in silence, attacking meanwhile the pile of correspondence which awaits him on the table. Then his own room receives him, and until half-past two or three in the afternoon correspondence, study, and the duties of the house and the school, engross him. An hour or two in the afternoon is given to exercise, for he is still a great pedestrian; the community dinner is at six o'clock; and on days when his turn comes round "the Father" girds on the apron of service, and waits upon his brethren, not sitting down till they are all served. All eat in silence, only broken by the voice of the lector. Perhaps the two things which most strike the visitor among these ecclesiastics is their thoroughly English tone, and the liberality, in the highest sense, of their views. So passes Dr. Newman's life in the Birmingham Oratory.'

The Cardinal did not need to assure us that his mind was not idle during his Catholic days. He did not need to certify us that he had not given over thinking on theological subjects. The *Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations*, the *Sermons preached on Various Occasions*, *The Idea of a University*, the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, *Loss and Gain*, *Callista*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, his brilliant controversial volumes, and his ceaseless re-writing and re-arranging of his Anglican works, such as his *Arians*, his *Athanasius*, his *Theological Tracts*, and his fine volumes of *Critical and Historical Essays*; all that is proof enough of the continued activity of his magnificent mind. His Oratory writings alone would make up a noble life's work in themselves, even for a man of the greatest genius, and the greatest industry, which Newman was to the end of his days.

'I cannot see, I cannot speak, I cannot hear, God bless you,' was Newman's message to his old friend Mr. Gladstone in November 1888. Newman's delight in men, in books, and in affairs had all his life been intense, and he had a strong desire that his life might be prolonged to its utmost possible span, if it was the will of God. 'For myself, now, at the end of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, has never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me. When I was young I used to say (and I trust it was not presumptuous to say it) that our Lord ever answered my prayers.' And his prayer for a long life was answered like all the rest of his prayers. Cardinal Newman died at the Edgbaston Oratory on Monday, 11th August 1890, and was buried at his own little estate of Rednal, under this epitaph written by himself :—

JOANNES HENRICUS NEWMAN

EX UMBRIS ET IMAGINIBUS

IN VERITATEM

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

The Church of Rome may well be proud of her conquest of Newman, for she never made spoil of a nobler foe. But what Rome gains and holds, she gains and holds not for herself alone. Men like Newman are not to be separated up to any one sect of the Church of Christ. They belong to no one denomination even when they surrender themselves to it. In the adorable providence of God, it may have been permitted and appointed that Newman should pass over into the Roman communion to do a service for God in that communion that no other living man could do. We are not able to follow out such permissions and appointments of God's providence to their ultimate end. It is enough to know that men like Newman are not their own, and that their very errors and mistakes are made to work together for good to themselves, and to many besides themselves. Rome belongs to the Risen Christ, as well as Moscow, and Geneva, and Canterbury, and Edinburgh. And He to whom we all belong will dispose of His servants, and will distribute their services, according to their talents and according to our necessities. And that, not according to our approval, but according to His own. And now, for one thing, who can tell but some open mind among ourselves may, as he hears all this, be led to say—Surely the Church of Rome must be other and better than I have been brought up to think she was, since she drew over to herself such a saint, and such a scholar, and such a man of genius, as Newman was. Well, whatever the

Church of Rome is or is not, for you to say that about her is a good sign in you. I want you to be more hospitable in your heart to Rome than she is to you; more catholic than she is, more humble, more tender, more hopeful, and altogether more charitable. I do not want any of you to be like the man in William Law who died devoid of all religion because he had spent all his life on earth in nothing else but in constant terror of Popery. And I will hope and will be sure that one result of our present appreciation of Newman together will be to help to lead you to something of my own mind in these matters, which I would not now lose or exchange for all the world. For, as I see and believe, our brethren in the Church of Rome have some things to teach us; but, again, we have far more important things to call to their remembrance. Newman sang:

> 'O that thy creed were sound!
> For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
> By thy unwearied watch and varied round
> Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.'

When her creed is again sound, and when we have humbled ourselves to learn from her some of the not unneeded lessons that she has to teach us, then Ephraim shall not any more envy Judah, and Judah shall not any more vex Ephraim. Then He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed

shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.

The true Catholic, as his name implies, is the well-read, the open-minded, the hospitable-hearted, the spiritually-exercised Evangelical, as he is called. He is of no sect. He is of no school. He is of no occasion. He comes of no movement. He belongs to all sects, and all sects belong to him. So far as they have any portion of Divine truth in their keeping, or any evidence of Divine grace in their walk and conversation, they all are his fellow-communicants and his brethren. How rich such men are in truth and love and hope! for all things are theirs. All men, and all books, and all churches. Whether Paul, or John, or Augustine, or Athanasius, or Dante, or Luther, or Behmen, or Calvin, or Hooker, or Taylor, or Knox, or Rutherford, or Bunyan, or Butler, or Edwards, or Chalmers, or Newman, or Spurgeon. And we have not a few of such Catholic Evangelicals in our pulpits, and among our people, in Scotland, and they are multiplying among us every day. And nowhere in broad Christendom does the foremost scholarship, wedded to the oldest and deepest doctrines of grace, produce such good preaching, and such receptive and believing hearing, as just in that land where Laud found no religion, and where Newman, when in his Laud-like mind, saw only Samaritan schism, somewhat alleviated by God's uncovenanted mercies.

To return once more to the *Apologia*: 'In 1843 I took a very significant step. I made a formal Retractation of all the hard things which I had said against the Church of Rome.' Now there was a far more significant step than that which Newman ought to have taken in 1890. But it was a step which, alas, he died without having taken. He ought to have laid his honoured

head in the dust for all the slings and scoffs he had ever uttered in the pride of his heart at men whose shoe-latchet, he should have said, he was not worthy to unloose. The shoe-latchet of such men of God as Luther, and Calvin, and the Anglican Reformers, as well as Bunyan, and Newton, and Wesley, and many more men of God, whose only offence against Newman and his sectarian and intolerant school had been that they were determined to preach no other gospel than the gospel of a sinner's free justification before God by faith on the Son of God, and on Him and on His work alone. Men to whom their Master will yet say, Well done, good and faithful servant! and that, too, in Newman's hearing. Those who are best able to speak about such matters assure us that Newman largely returned to his mother's Huguenot and Puritan faith in his last days. And I believe it. But, then, he should have said so himself, and he should have openly apologised for and repudiated all he had ever written, and had instigated others to write, to the detriment of apostolical and evangelical religion. Had he done that he would have died in the Catholic faith indeed. And then he would have had all his great gifts, with all their splendid usury, accepted when he came to offer them at the altar. As it is, 'He that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me.' I am not Newman's judge; but if I were, I would say of him, in the language of his own Church, that he died unrepentant and unabsolved of the sin of having despised and trampled on, and of having taught many others to despise and trample on, some of the best ministers of Christ this world has ever seen.

> When, then, if such thy lot, thou seest thy Judge,
> The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart

All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts,
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight,
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And those two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

Newman's works extend altogether to some thirty-seven or thirty-eight volumes, not counting his *Tracts for the Times*. Newman's works may be described and classified as containing sermons, pure theology, pure literature, history, treatises, essays, polemics, fiction, poetry, devotions, autobiography,—and all first-rate of their kind. And, all taken together, constituting a body of intellectual workmanship that stands absolutely by itself in English literature.

The *Lyra Apostolica* was the first publication with which Newman's name was associated. 'It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time; we borrowed from Bunsen a Homer; and Froude chose the words in which Achilles on returning to the battle says, "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again."' Exactly so. It is the motto, not the title-page, that truly describes the character of this bellicose little book. The motto is out of the *Iliad*, and, most certainly, the fierce little volume is written much more in the spirit of the *Iliad* than in the spirit of the New Testament. If you had never heard of the *Lyra Apostolica*, but had come upon it by chance, had read its title-page,

and had then dipped into its contents, you would certainly have laid it down, saying, Surely never was written book worse named than this proud, scornful, ill-natured, and most anti-apostolic ebullition! And the more you had been indoctrinated with apostolic truth, and imbued with the apostolic spirit, the more would you resent the utterly misleading title-page, however happy to the book you might think the motto and the heathen source of it. The motto is most excellent for the purpose of the *Lyra*, but the title-page is a very triumph of misnomer. Froude supplied the motto, and no little of the pugnacious and egotistical spirit of the *Lyra*; but Newman, as usual, did the most of the work, as he certainly did all the best of it. There are 179 pieces in the *Lyra* altogether; of which Newman contributed 109, Keble 46, Isaac Williams 9, Froude 8, Bowden 6, and Wilberforce 1. Bowden writes above the signature α, Froude above β, Keble above γ, Newman above δ, Wilberforce above ϵ, and Williams above ζ. The most valuable of the pieces are those that are autobiographical of Newman, but there are other contributions of his besides the autobiographical that we would not willingly let die. They are such as Moses, The Call of David, Judaism, The Elements, Deeds not Words, and some more. But, on the other hand, there are far more, both of his and of his colleagues' contributions, that, both for their writers' sake, as well as for the sake of truth and love, had better have been buried out of sight. Newman's more personal pieces are full of religious fear, and religious doubt, and sometimes of downright religious despair; at their best they are everything but apostolical. From first to last the *Lyra* is political, ecclesiastical, clerical, sacramental, ascetic; but it is impossible to let it be called apostolical without a loud protest. You may hesitate to believe

that the work of such men can, with any fairness, be called political; but that description of the book is not mine. 'Do not mention it,' writes Newman, 'but we have hopes of making the *Lyra* an effective, quasi-political engine, without any contribution being of that character.' And Mr. Holt Hutton, who loved Newman like a father, has insight and honesty enough to admit that several of Newman's own pieces are nothing other than 'theologico-political anathemas.' And Mr. Jacobs in an admirable *Athenæum* article says that 'throughout Newman's Anglican period the ecclesiastical things that touched him most nearly were not things of dogma, but lay in the sphere of practical politics. At every point of his career it was some problem in the relations of Church and State that affected him most strongly. The abolition of the Irish bishoprics, the alliance of O'Connell and the Whigs,—these things, and things like these, are the turning-points of his career. Even the diplomatic reserve and economy of truth with which the world credited him for so many years were marks of the ecclesiastical statesman, not of the religious thinker.' There is plenty of intellect in the *Lyra*—with such authors it could not be otherwise; plenty of scholarship of a kind; plenty of Old Testament, classical, and ecclesiastical illustration and allusion, but you will search in vain for the apostolical element in it. The *Lyra* is too much like what Augustine found the father of Newman's style to be. The author of the *Confessions* discovered everything in Cicero that was delightful, except the name of Jesus Christ. And that name of all names is far too little to be found in the *Lyra* to let us call it, of all epithets, apostolical. The Church of England and the Church of Rome are quite sufficiently in it to admit of its being truly described as ecclesiastical,

and we have the best of authority for calling it quasi-political; but, again, I will protest, not apostolical. Isaac Williams wrote a famous tract on 'Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge,' and the *Lyra* authors are all so many illustrations and examples of that anti-apostolical tract. For they reserve and exclude altogether the things that the Apostle always puts in the very forefront of every Epistle of his. Newman says that the movement needed boldness. So it did. And it needed some boldness in him to call the *Lyra* by the name of apostolical, unless it was so called in an economy, and is another case of the editor's irony.

Yes; call the *Lyra* Judaica, or Patristica, or Ecclesiastica, or Anglicana, but Apostolica it never is in so much as a single page. I have sought for it, but I have not found one single piece among all the 179, that I could imagine the Apostle receiving into the number of the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs that he taught his young churches to sing. Not one. I never find myself chanting a Lyra to myself when I again come to myself in the early morning. An Olney hymn or a Wesley hymn often—'Rock of Ages,' 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'Just as I am,' 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' 'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,' 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' 'Come, my soul, thy suit prepare'—but never once a *Lyra Apostolica*, nor any of its school, unless it is 'New every morning is the love,' or 'Help us this and every day to live more nearly as we pray.' The *Lyra* will no doubt continue for a time to be studied and annotated by experts in English ecclesiastical history, but by very few besides. Whereas, the hymns I have named, and which are so despised by the Tractarian school, will last as long as the Church of Christ lasts. Both the *Lyra*, and the

Christian Year, and the *Cathedral*, are the poetry of a school. A great school in its day. A scholarly school. An aristocratic school. A stately, refined, fastidious school; but still a school. A caste, as those it despises and tramples upon might well turn upon it and call it. Yes; the *Lyra* is the production of a school, of a caste, and of an occasion. Neither the *Lyra*, nor anything of its kind, is truly Christian and Catholic. You could not translate the *Lyra* into another language than the English. It will not be intelligible to another age than that which produced it, nor to another civilisation. Whereas, wherever Paul's Epistles are preached, if they are preached with the understanding and the spirit, there the great hymns I have named will come to the mind like the mother-tongue of the Evangelical worshipper. This is not said in any depreciation of Newman, or Keble, or Williams, or any of their school. I only say this to lead you to give to the Wesleys, and Newton, and Cowper, and Toplady, and Zinzendorf, and Doddridge, and Watts, and Hart, and Bonar, their unchallengeably apostolic places in your worship and in your love.

Under the title of 'Schism' there are three very characteristic verses in the *Lyra* that bear on ourselves. Scotland is 'Samaria,' and our Presbyterian reformers and theologians are a 'self-formed priesthood.' Our fathers sinned in carrying out the Reformation, and we, their children, have thus lost the grace that seals 'the holy apostolic line.' That is to say, Knox, and Melville, and Bruce, and Rutherford, and Halyburton, and the Erskines, and Boston, and Chalmers, and M'Cheyne, were a grace-forsaken priesthood. And we, their spiritual children, can only look for the crumbs that fall from the Catholic table. That is a specimen of the religion and the morals and the manners of the Tractarian lyre. But,

then, two can play at that unchurching and excommunicating game. As thus, 'We know you only as heretics,' said M. Mourouvieff of the Holy Synod to William Palmer, the Tractarian deputy. 'You separated from the Latin Church three hundred years ago, as the Latins had before that separated from the Greeks. We think even the Latin Church heretical, but you are an apostasy from an apostasy. You are a descent from bad to worse.' And, as if taught a lesson by the Greek reception of their Tractarian envoy, or else as visited surely by the spirit of Christian wisdom and Christian love, Newman afterwards modified somewhat his 'Samaria' effusion. 'I still must hold that we have no right to judge of others at this day, as we would have judged of them had all of us lived a thousand years earlier. I do really think, for instance, that in the Presbyterianism of Scotland we see a providential phenomenon, the growth of a secondary system unknown to St. Austin; begun, indeed, not without sin, but continued, as regards the many, ignorantly, and compatibly with some portion of the true faith.' Pitiful enough, and reprehensible enough, you will say, in such a man, though not quite so insolent as the original 'Samaria. But Newman sometimes came to himself. And when in his old age he was revising some of the Tractarian outbursts of his arrogant and hot-headed youth, he is compelled to admit again and again that he had no justification for a great deal of the language that he employed about other men and other churches in the *Lyra*. 'Their common bond is lack of truth,' said Manning, to Gladstone's horror. And, really, as we read the *Lyra*, even in the cooled-down air of our remote day, we are sometimes tempted to add to our own horror, 'both lack of

truth and lack of love.' But a truce to this. For, as Æneas replied to Achilles—

> Long in the field of words we may contend,
> Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
> Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong :
> So voluble a weapon is the tongue ;
> Wounded we wound, and neither side can fail,
> For every man has equal strength to rail.

I can honestly assure you I have no pleasure in repeating to you these railings of Newman and his Tractarian allies. I have not told you nearly all, nor by any means the worst, of that kind. I could not help telling you somewhat, if I was to tell you the truth. But you should judge of that time, and of the spirit of that time, for yourselves. And you have an admirable opportunity for studying the intellectual and moral and religious qualities of the *Lyra* at least, in a cheap, scholarly, beautiful, edition of that book just published by Messrs. Methuen, and admirably edited by Canon Scott Holland. The little volume contains, besides the editor's very able preface, an invaluable Critical Note by Professor Beeching. Critical, but on much safer and much pleasanter lines of criticism than those I have been compelled to go out upon in passing.

Very much what the *Lyra Apostolica* is in poetry, that the *Tracts for the Times* are in prose. Like the *Lyra*, the *Tracts* are the productions of several authors ; like the *Lyra*, the *Tracts* are contingent and occasional ; and, like the *Lyra*, they sway backwards and forwards from the very best tempers of mind and styles of writing to the very worst. The motto of the *Tracts* is not taken out of the *Iliad* indeed, but they have the same battle-note and boast of coming war in them. And, following

up their warlike motto, very much the same good qualities are found in the *Tracts* as in the poems, and very much the same bad qualities. Newman's own remarkable character; his aristocratic, refined, fastidious, severe, sometimes scornful, and sometimes fierce and reckless, temper, finds its full scope in the *Tracts*, just as it does in the whole of the Tractarian movement, and in the whole of its literature.

To begin with, we all see now that Newman, in his passionate impetuosity,—'vehement feelings' is his own expression,—rushed into the battle before he had proved his armour. He launched out into the great Tractarian enterprise very ill prepared for its difficulties and its dangers. In a very able paper printed in the *North British Review* for October 1864, Dr. Rainy has pointed out how scandalously ill-furnished Newman was for what he set out on with such confidence. Dr. Rainy shows how little ballast Newman had on board, either of theological learning, or of a disciplined judgment, in such difficult matters. And he out on such a wide sea, swept with such storms, and liable to be suddenly struck with such unforeseen currents. 'It is a fact,' writes Dr. Rainy, 'and not a creditable one, that, owing largely to the want of regular theological training in the English Church, there is very little tuition, and very little literature, fitted to suggest to the minds of her young divines the range of theological responsibilities that may attach to the positions they take up, and the alternatives they embrace. And a certain allowance may be reasonable on that score.' Newman himself, indeed, in his own candid and confidential way, admits as much in his *Apologia*. He confesses to us that he was 'taken in' by those who should have known better, and that he, in his turn, took in others. He sometimes uses

strong language about himself in this matter when in after days he is in a confidential and rhetorical mood; but Dr. Rainy's powerful paper only proves the simple and severe truth of what Newman, sometimes somewhat too jauntily, and in a literary way, admits about himself.

The first Tract has this for its title-page and headline, 'Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission, respectfully addressed to the Clergy.' And its author,—and there is no mistaking his pen,—commences thus: 'I am but one of yourselves—a Presbyter; and therefore I conceal my name, lest I should take too much on myself by speaking in my own person. Yet speak I must; for the times are very evil, yet no one speaks against them.' Now, when a man born and brought up as Newman had been born and brought up; born and brought up in an Evangelical household, and educated for the Christian ministry, and by this time by far the foremost preacher in the English Church; and with England and Oxford in the state they were still in, notwithstanding all that Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and Newton, and Scott, had done;—when such a man begins a series of tracts addressed to his fellow-ministers in the way we have seen, I would have looked for a succession of writings that would have been meat and drink to every true minister of Jesus Christ in England. I see now that it would have been preposterous and impossible to expect such a service from a man in the fanatical and anti-evangelical spirit that Newman was in at that time. Yet it would have been but an instance of believing all things, and hoping all things, to have looked for such a result as I have described from such a commencement. With that charity in my heart, I would have looked for a nineteenth-century *Reformed Pastor* from Newman's pen; or a series of letters worthy to stand beside William

Law's *Letter to a Young Minister*, or a succession of utterances like Jeremy Taylor's noble Addresses to his clergy. I would have encouraged myself to hope that an early Tract would have been given to Bedford; and, considering the state of the rural parishes of England at that time, another to Kidderminster; and, still considering the state of the mining villages of the north, another to Wesley and his truly apostolic work. But how bitterly would my hopes have been disappointed! For, not only did the successors of those apostolic men get no help from the *Tracts*, but their New Testament preaching and pastorate were in every possible way belittled and sneered at; their defects and failures were dwelt upon, exaggerated, and held up to scorn and contempt, in a way you would not credit. Even Hooker himself, truly Evangelical as he was at heart, was so carried away with the controversy to which he had committed himself, that even he spake almost as unbecomingly of the Puritan pulpit as Newman and Froude spake. Both the high Anglican of Hooker's day, and the Tractarian of Newman's day, fell before the temptation to exalt some of the other functions of the ministerial commission above its always first, and always fundamental, function, even the immediate and urgent preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. All students for the Christian pulpit, and all occupants of the Christian pulpit, and all intelligent Christian men, should have by heart Coleridge's noble rebuke of Hooker himself in this matter. Coleridge's splendid services to Reformation and Evangelical religion have never to this day been adequately acknowledged in England. Coleridge's incomparable services as a critic and an annotator were not confined to Shakespeare and Milton. I like him best when he is writing notes on Luther, and Hooker, and

Taylor, and Baxter, and Bunyan, and 'A Barrister'; but that prince of critics is nowhere better than just on Hooker in the matter in hand. Born preachers, like Hooker and Newman, will prove themselves to be born preachers, all pernicious influences notwithstanding. But the ordinary occupant of the Christian pulpit has small need to have his divine work made little of by men to whom he looks up as his masters in Israel. And when Newman escapes out of the Tractarian paddock, and gives full expression to all that is in his heart about the greatness of preaching, how nobly, how inspiringly, how memorably to all times, he speaks! How like himself! But, from some of the *Tracts*, you would actually think that the Evangelical pulpit had been an evil invention of the Puritans, and that the doctrines of grace were a device, if not actually of the great enemy himself, then of some of those middle and half-fallen spirits of his who sometimes take possession of nations and churches, and of whom Newman has written such characteristic chapters of national and ecclesiastical demonology. At the same time, and with all that, let this be said here, and said with all possible emphasis, and with the most profound thankfulness, that the Tractarian pulpit and press are at one with the Apostolical and Reformed and Evangelical pulpit and press on the great foundation-stones and corner-stones of the Christian faith. On God; on the Son of God; on the sin-atoning death of the Son of God; and on the Person, if not always on the work, of the Holy Ghost. It is at this crucial question in the Westminster Shorter Catechism that the Evangelical and the Tractarian pulpits part company. This question—'How doth the Spirit apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ?' The Evangelical, and I feel sure, the Scriptural, if not the patristic and traditionary and ecclesiastical answer

is: 'By our effectual calling; that is to say, by enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, by renewing our wills, and by persuading and enabling us to embrace Jesus Christ as He is offered to us in the Gospel.' And, then, baptism comes in, as in Scripture it comes in, as a sign and a seal of what has already been wrought by the hand of the Holy Ghost in the renewed soul. And, then, the Lord's Supper comes in from time to time to strengthen and to build up the renewed and believing soul. Whereas, the Tractarian teaching is—leaning too much, as it does, on the least Evangelical of the fathers, on the least Evangelical line of tradition—that the soul is united to Christ in baptism, when that ordinance is administered by the hand of a true priest, through whose hand alone the Holy Ghost may be expected to operate. And so begun, so on. Newman tells one of his correspondents in 1833, that he has started the *Tracts* with what he calls 'an indirect inculcation of apostolical principles.' But if he was quite sure that they were 'apostolical principles,' why did he feel any need to inculcate them indirectly? The *Lyra* also, he tells us in confidence, was undertaken 'with a view of catching people when unguarded.' Now, after all allowance is made for his paradoxicalness, and playfulness, and banter, in his private letters to his intimate friends, these somewhat remarkable terms of expression, in the circumstances, have their own significance. Mr. Holt Hutton, no Puritan certainly, either in the doctrine or the discipline he preached in the *Spectator* for so long and with such attractiveness and power, while he almost worships Newman, honestly admits that the Tractarian was essentially a clerical movement—clerical to the core, is his very word about it. And he goes on to make, for him, this very remarkable admission that 'the Tractarian

was a much more pronounced and self-conscious, not to say almost aggressive and over-pretentious, type of sacerdotalism, than that of a Church wherein direct Apostolical Succession had been the plainly and universally avowed basis of the priesthood for nearly two thousand years.' In short, that Tractarianism was more Popish than Popery itself. There is a large literature on the Notes of the True and Only Apostolic Church, and the *Tracts for the Times* belong to that literature, and are almost wholly taken up with those Notes. But, then, over against that large literature there is a not small and a not unmasterly literature on the Notes of the truly Regenerate and Gracious Soul. In Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, an English classic, there is a characteristically acute chapter on those notes and marks and tokens of such a soul. The thoroughgoing student of these subjects—and they will repay such a student—will do well to master Baxter alongside of the *Tracts*; and he should add to Baxter an old Scottish classic republished the other day in Inverness, which once read, will be often returned to—*The Memoirs of James Fraser of Brea.* And I will not prejudge this matter to such a student, but will leave him to say whether or no the Tractarians are as Scriptural, and as able, and as scholarly, and as sanctifying, in their identification of the Church, as the Puritans are in their identification of the soul. Let the Anglican student master Baxter and Brea, and let the Evangelical student master the *Tracts for the Times*, and then they will judge for themselves between the Church and the soul.

Newman's sermons, of which all the world has heard the fame, are contained in twelve volumes. There are eight volumes of Parochial and Plain Sermons, one

volume of Sermons on Subjects of the Day, one volume of University Sermons, and two volumes of Roman Catholic Sermons—the one volume entitled *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, and the other *Sermons preached on Various Occasions*. The very titles of Newman's sermons are a study in homiletics. To read and ponder his simple titles is a stimulus to the mind of the ministerial reader. A carpenter friend of mine once told me that sometimes on a Sabbath night he took down the selected volume of Newman's sermons just for the benefit and the delight of reading over their titles. To read Longmans' detailed catalogue of Newman's Parochial, and University, and Catholic Sermons is in itself a great lesson in pulpit literature. Looked at as pure literature, Newman's St. Mary's sermons are not far from absolute perfection ; but looked at as pulpit work, as preaching the Gospel, they are full of the most serious, and even fatal, defects. With all their genius, with all their truly noble and enthralling characteristics, they are not, properly speaking, New Testament preaching at all. Even as pure literature their most serious fault steals in and infects and stains them. The very best of the sermons are continually tainted with some impertinent aside at some Evangelical truth, or at some real, or imagined, or greatly exaggerated, defects in the doctrine or in the life of the Evangelical preachers of his day. All the world knows how poor Kingsley was annihilated. But though I cannot forget his terrible punishment, neither can I forget his extraordinarily apt description of this most unpleasant feature in Newman's controversial manner, especially in his sermons. Newman is too skilful a controversialist to discharge his assault from a catapult, as he accused Dr. Pusey of discharging his olive branch. Newman's style sings round you, musical and delicate as

a mosquito's wing, and alights on you with feet as fine. In Kingsley's very words, which so detected and angered Newman, a phrase, an epithet, a little barbed arrow, will be delivered on you in passing as with his finger-tip. Nothing could be better said of Newman's treatment of Evangelical doctrines and Evangelical preachers in many of his sermons. How often his most admiring and revering reader is made to feel both pain and shame as he comes across such stains as these, and that on pages otherwise of the most perfect truth and beauty. Newman's sermons, in some respects, are simply incomparable in the literature of preaching. As an analysis of the heart of man, and as a penetrating criticism of human life, their equal is nowhere to be found. But, with all that, they lack the one all-essential element of all true preaching—the message to sinful man concerning the free grace of God. That message was the one thing that differentiated the Apostle's preaching from all the other so-called preaching of his day. And that one thing which has been the touchstone of all true preaching ever since the Apostle's day, and will be to the end of the world,—that is all but totally lacking in Newman's sermons. It is a bold thing to say, but let it be said since it is true, that the St. Mary's sermons are like the *Lyra* and the *Tracts* in this, that they are the outcome of a movement and of an occasion; and so far as they are that, they are neither truly Catholic as sermons, nor truly classical as literature. At their best they carry with them the limitations and the restrictions of a school. They are the manifestoes and the proclamations of a party, and they too often exhibit the spirit and the temper of a party. So much so, that with all their royal right and power of giving the law to English homiletical and rhetorical literature; with all their, not seldom,

sovereign splendour of thought and style; and though, in all these fine qualities, they may last as long as the language lasts; at the same time, they will not be fully understood where the Tractarian movement is not understood. They will be read for their literature, as the *Lyra* and as some of the *Tracts* are read; but thousands of hints, and touches, and turns in them, directed by the preacher against the religion of the England and Scotland of his day, will only be fully apprehended and appreciated by theologians and ecclesiastical students. When we do come on a truly Pauline and Evangelical sermon, or such a part of a sermon, what a treat it is! what a pure intellectual and spiritual joy! But how seldom that unmixed joy comes to the reader of Newman's sermons, only they know who yearn above all things to see the greatest of gifts engaged in the greatest of services. The finer and the more fastidious your mind is, the more you will enjoy Newman's sermons. But the more burdened and broken your heart is, and especially with your secret sinfulness, the less will you find in them that which, above all things in heaven or earth, your heart needs. Had the substance and the spirit of Newman's sermons been but half as good as their style, what a treasure the St. Mary's sermons would have been to all time! As it is, they are a splendid literature in many respects; but one thing they are not, they are not what God intends the Gospel of His Son to be to all sinful and miserable men. After all is said in praise of these extraordinary sermons, this remains, that Newman's constant doctrine is that doctrine which the Apostle discarded with anathemas,—salvation by works, whether legal or evangelical works. And almost more did he discard and denounce salvation by austerities, by gratuitous self-severities, and by fear rather than by

faith, and that faith working by love, and peace, and joy. When I am again overtaken of one of my besetting sins; when the sorrows of death again compass me, and the pains of hell take hold of me, I never take down Newman's sermons for my recovery and my comfort. For Newman's preaching—and I say it with more pain than I can express—never once touches the true core, and real and innermost essence, of the Gospel. The Epistle to the Romans, the 'Acropolis,' as Olshausen calls it, of the Gospel, need never have been written as far as Newman's exposition of it is concerned. The Righteousness of Christ, of which that glorious Epistle is full, need never have been worked out by Him for all that those enthralled audiences in St. Mary's ever heard of it. There is a whole shining chain of Gospel texts that Newman never touches on, or only touches on them—I shrink from saying it—to misread them and misapply them. Moses was never dressed up in such ornaments before; never even in his own day and dispensation. The old lawgiver would not know himself, he is so beautified and bedecked by Newman's style. But, all the time, he is Moses. All the time, with all his ornaments, he still carries his whip of scorpions hidden away among his beautiful garments. Do and live! Disobey and die! and he draws his sword on me as he says it. Mount of Transfiguration and all, Moses has not changed his nature one iota, nor his voice one accent, at least not as far as Newman's Oxford pulpit is concerned. 'The soul that sinneth it shall die' is, somewhere or other, and in some more or less musical note or other, in every sermon of Newman's. The sinner-condemning law is his mark in every sermon, and tract, and Lyra verse, of his. So much is this the case, that when any of my class or congregation come to tell me that, at last, their sin has

found them out, and ask me what book they will henceforth keep beside them for their direction and comfort,—do you think I ever give them Newman's *Lectures on Justification*, or even a volume of his *Parochial and Plain Sermons*? I wish I could. I have given not a few of Newman's books to young men in other circumstances, and at other stages,—*The Idea of a University*, the *Historical Sketches*, the *Athanasius*, the *University Sermons*, the *Gerontius*, and so on; but never one of his beautiful books to a broken-hearted and inconsolable sinner. I have often given to men in dead earnest, books of the heart and soul that Newman and his Tractarian school would scorn to name: *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Grace Abounding*, *The Ten Virgins*, *Christ Dying*, *The Trial and Triumph of Faith*, *The Gospel Mystery*, the *Cardiphonia*, *The Force of Truth*, the *Marrow*, *Chalmers's Life*, *Halyburton's Life*, *Boston's Life*, *M'Cheyne's Life*, the *Olney Hymns*, *Hart's Hymns*, a sermon of Spurgeon's, a tract of Ryle's; but a volume of Newman's never; no nor the *Lyra Apostolica*, nor even the *Christian Year*.

Newman's Tractarian and unevangelical preaching always sends me back to his conversion. You know what he says about his conversion himself, and in what memorable English. I will not venture to tell you all that I sometimes think and feel about that conversion. I will not take it upon me to say that Newman never was, root and branch, mind and conscience, imagination and heart, completely converted and completely surrendered up to Jesus Christ, the alone Redeemer and Righteousness of sinful men. Only, I have sometimes pictured to myself what an eloquent, impressive, and unanswerable case the author of the *Apologia* could have made out against himself ever having been apostolically and evangelically converted at all,—had he set himself

to make out such a case. And if, in his restless versatility of mind, Newman had ever turned to be an Agnostic, say, and had he then gone back, and reviewed, and examined, and repudiated, his position and his experience as a convert to Christ, as he has reviewed, and examined, and repudiated, his position and his experience as an Anglican; had he added another chapter of retractation and explanation to his Autobiography, he could easily have made out an unanswerable case against the reality and the validity of what he had at one time rejoiced in as his complete and abiding conversion. He would have admitted that he became a genuine Theist, even in his boyhood, if ever there was a Theist. He would have copied into his second *Apologia* that classical page in his first *Apologia*, in which he tells us with what intensity of faith and feeling he came to realise to himself the existence and the omnipresence of God. And how, from that profound and overpowering conviction and impression of the presence of God, his heart never swerved for one hour. And not only was he a great believer in the existence and the nearness of Almighty God; but, as time went on, and as his patristic studies began to bear their proper fruit, he came to believe also, and to preach, those two foundation doctrines of the Christian faith—our Lord's Divine Sonship and His substitutionary and sin-atoning death—as they have seldom, if ever, been preached. But Newman would have claimed for his honesty, and it would have given him a fine scope for his subtlety of mind and for his delight in distinctions, to have made it out to demonstration that, at his best, he never went further than the strictly limited doctrine of the Fathers on the Person and the Work of Christ. And the real distinction, and characteristic difference, of a Pauline convert, he would

have pressed upon us, is not that he luminously believes in the existence and the nearness of his Creator, and his Lawgiver, and his Judge : or even in the Incarnation and Atonement of the Son of God, and then submits himself to a life of self-chosen austerities and self-denials ; but he is the true Pauline believer who submits himself, as Paul could not get his converts to do, and to continue to do, to be justified before God, first and last, by the imputed righteousness of the Son of God, and by that alone. Newman could easily have filled an unanswerable chapter of his new *Apologia* with a long catena of passages out of his St. Mary's sermons, in which, with all his winning eloquence, and with all his silencing argumentations, he persistently put forward works where Paul puts faith ; and merit where Paul puts grace ; and doubt and fear where Paul puts love and hope and full assurance. Passage after passage in which he employed all his incomparable powers of sarcasm against the Reformation preaching of Paul's palmary doctrine of justification by faith alone ; a doctrine that the chief of the Apostles protested continually was his special and peculiar Gospel ; and, indeed, that there is no other Gospel to be called a Gospel. Newman could have boldly and successfully defied any Lutheran or Calvinist of us all, to point out one single sermon of his on the Righteousness of Christ, or on faith, or on love, that we could suppose Paul preaching, or sitting still to hear preached. How could a man be truly converted, Newman would have triumphantly demanded, at any rate, as you Lutherans and Calvinists call conversion, who wrote a whole eloquent volume utterly to discredit Luther, and Calvin, and the other Reformers, and never retracted it ? ' If Luther is right,' Newman would have said in his own dialectic and dilemma way, ' then I never stood within a standing

Church at all. For Luther will have nothing to do, as he continually exclaims, with a God who is not, first and last, to be found in Christ, and to be treated with only in Christ. And so much as the name of Christ, as all my readers must have seen, is not once to be found in all the impressive record of my supposed conversion; much less His imputed and sinner-justifying righteousness.' If Newman had changed again, and had lived to write a chapter like that, he would have written it ten times stronger than that, and in a hundred times more unanswerable English. No; Newman never was converted as John Wesley, say, was converted. And as a consequence, among all Newman's St. Mary's sermons, he never preached a single sermon like John Wesley's famous St. Mary's sermon on the text, 'By grace ye are saved through faith.' A sermon preached in all the fulness and freshness of Wesley's at last full, and still fresh, conversion. All men, says Coleridge, are born either Platonists or Aristotelians, and what they are once born, with all their changes, they remain and die. And Newman, in the matter of Pauline truth, was born what he died. Evangelical birth and upbringing, so-called Calvinistic conversion, and all, Newman's very heart of hearts never, to the day of his death, got her complete divorce, to use Paul's great word, from the dominion of the law. Newman's Maker, and Lawgiver, and Judge was, all his days, far more self-luminous to Newman than his only Redeemer with His sin-cleansing blood, and with His sinner-justifying righteousness. He tells us himself that He who is our only peace was always severe to him, even on his crucifix. Newman never, to the day of his death, was dead to the law by the body of Christ, as Paul was, and as Luther was, that man after Paul's own heart. But, then, Luther was not a 'Father,'

he was only 'the founder of a school.' And how could Newman, a born Romanist, surrender himself to the teaching of the deadliest enemy that ever rose up against Rome since Paul rose up and wrote his Epistles to the Romans and to the Galatians?

Every intelligent Evangelical will be forward to admit how much the Evangelical pulpit needed in Newman's day, and still needs, all Newman's genius, all his scholarship, all the winningness of his character, and all his rare and splendid talents, in order to commend the Gospel message to men of taste, as John Foster has said. And had Newman but run as well as he began, what a rank he would have attained to in the Church of Christ! Had he kept true to his first faith, and had he devoted his superb abilities to the enriching and the ennobling of the Evangelical faith and life and literature of England, what a long-shining name he would have left behind him; and that not only in the world of letters, but above all, in the true Church of Christ—the Church of Christ Reformed and Evangelical! At this point take these two letters written in 1826, while as yet he was preaching Evangelical sermons and sending them now and then to his Huguenot mother to read. 'I assure you,' his happy mother writes, 'your sermons are a real comfort and delight to me. They are what I think sermons ought to be—to enlighten, to comfort, to correct, to support, to strengthen. It is, my dear, a great gift to see so clearly the truths of religion; still more, to be able to impart the knowledge to others.' 'These tender and happy mother's letters,' says his sister in editing his Correspondence, 'are given for a purpose which the reader will understand as time advances. Even now their tone is too confiding to be allowed to pass without some touch of warning.' And his sister introduces the

following passage from one of Newman's letters to his mother as a touch of warning: 'I am pleased you like my sermons. I am sure I need not caution you against taking anything I say on trust. Do not be run away with by any opinion of mine. I have seen cause to change my mind in some respects, and I may change again.' Not a very happy letter for a mother to read from the hand of a minister-son. But, as his sister says, it was intended as a touch of warning of what might come to his mother hereafter. And which came, only too soon, to her great sorrow.

'In my *University Sermons* there is a series of discussions upon the subject of Faith and Reason; these, again, were the tentative commencement of a great and necessary work, viz. an inquiry into the ultimate basis of religious faith, prior to the distinction into creeds.' Now, it is not the ultimate basis of faith, but the proximate outcome and finishing work of faith, that I specially take to do with; and neither in his *University Sermons*, nor in his *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, does Newman give me any help at all in that. I cannot follow him into his philosophical discussions as to all the relations of faith and reason. Dr. Martineau, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Abbott, and others, have descended into that deep arena, and, to my mind, they have won the battle. Let the debate be read by all who are interested in it, and are able to read it. The subject of the ultimate basis of faith is beyond my powers. That is not my region at all. I lose myself down there. I cannot keep my feet down there. It is altogether out of my depth. But as much as these champions complain to have found Newman at fault in those deep places, as much do I complain against him up in my own field. Newman is

always assailing and blaming reason. Now, my reason is all right. My reason partakes indeed in the universal debility of my whole inner man; but the seat of my evil is not in my reason, but in my heart. If my heart were as sound in its offices and operations as my reason, I would be nothing short of a saint. But I have an evil heart of unbelief, that even my reason continually condemns and abhors. And it is in helping me with the unbelief of my heart that Newman so fails me. With the unbelief of my heart, that is, as regards its highest and best Object, Jesus Christ, as my righteousness and my strength. 'The relation of faith to reason,' says Dr. Martineau, 'is traced by Newman with a fineness and general truth of discrimination that remind us of Butler. Newman does not narrow faith to the Lutheran dimensions, that is to say, to denote a reliant affection toward a person; to imply a grace peculiar to the Christian and Jewish dispensations.' And I find Baur in his great book on Paul employing the very same word, though with another motive. 'Thus,' he says, 'the object of faith is narrowed in Paul stage by stage; and in proportion as this is done, the faith becomes more intense and inward. From mere theoretical assent it becomes a practical trust in which the man's deepest needs find expression till it has for its object the Blood of Christ.' Now, in these passages Dr. Martineau and Dr. Baur have supplied me with the very expression that will best bring to a point the great fault I find with Newman; and that not in his *University and Philosophical Sermons* only, but quite as much in his *Parochial and Plain Sermons*. No; Newman does not narrow the faith he preaches to the Pauline and Lutheran dimensions. Would God he did! Would God he did narrow; or, rather, did exalt, and did perfect, and did finish, faith,

and make it to find its everlasting rest and its reliant and affiant operation and affection in Jesus Christ! In that Person for whom, from its ultimate basis, on to its most exquisite finish and most perfect fulness, faith is created in the mind and in the heart of every true believer. The true and perfect faith of the Pauline theology and anthropology, embraces, to begin with, both Butler's and Newman's and Martineau's philosophical faith. But true saving faith still ascends in Baur and in Luther, with adoring eyes and uplifted hands, to embrace Jesus Christ as He is offered to such faith in the Gospel. And this faith, or rather the heart in which such faith is seated, casts itself upon Jesus Christ with a love, and an assurance, and a peace that passes all understanding; of which love and assurance and peace Newman has next to nothing to say to me in all his sermons. Saving faith is such, and is so divine, both in its origin, in its operations, and in its results, that nothing, not the best thing in heaven or in earth, will ever be permitted to take its place. All the works, both legal and evangelical, that Jew, or Greek, or Papist, or Tractarian, or Puritan, ever performed, will not be permitted to take the place of faith alone, and will not be allowed to invade its great province, no, not by a hair's-breadth. Because that would be invading Christ alone. Work, fast, pray, afflict body and mind and heart, and all else that terror and love ever led you to do, all is but loss compared with faith; in other words, compared with Christ. Faith first, faith last, faith always, faith only; in other words, Christ. Luther and the great Puritans have taught a far away more Scriptural and a far away more Evangelical doctrine of faith and of Christ than is to be found in the very best of Newman's sermons. And it is a faith, as I have said, whose enemy and opposite is not reason at

all; but is an evil heart, full of doubt and fear of God, and of unbelief against God's Son. A faith, indeed, that works by love; but, better than that, it works and has its greatest triumphs when love is dead; for it restores our dead love to newness of life. A faith that performs feats in the soul, and for the salvation of the soul, that love, at its best, could not attempt. No; true faith is never the enemy of anything that is worthy to be called reason. True faith is the enemy of a corrupt, a proud, an ungodly, and an unchristian heart, and the enemy of that heart alone.

Newman's two volumes of Roman Catholic sermons are in many ways very unlike his Anglican sermons. Over and above the new note of certitude and finality that was to be expected in them; over and above the complete disappearance of that provisional, precautionary, pioneering, attitude that Newman so much took up in his St. Mary's sermons; there are some other new features in his Catholic sermons that both surprise the student of Newman's mind, and demand his explanation of these remarkable alterations in Newman's mind and work. For one thing, there is far less bitterness and unfairness to his opponents when he becomes controversial. His temper has improved. He is more genial, if not more generous. The too frequent tone of irritation and impatience, the far too frequent slings of scorn and contempt, have all but vanished. Also, his pulpit wings now spread out and bear the preacher aloft, as never before. He has a far larger horizon before the eye of his imagination, and he surveys a far larger scope behind and before and all around. At his best he was a tethered eagle in St. Mary's pulpit; he is now the untrammelled sovereign of the whole spiritual sky.

To use his own words about himself—formerly he was like a traveller by night, calculating and guessing his way over a morass, losing all his confidence, if not all his hope. But the Kindly Light that he so pathetically invoked when he was still in the midst of the morass, has now risen upon the wayfarer and has led him to his rest, and his Catholic sermons are the product and the evidence of that rest. If there was a restraint of thought and of style in Newman's Oxford sermons, there was in them a refinement and a delicacy also that has all but wholly disappeared from the Birmingham and Dublin sermons. And in the removal of both the restraint and the refinement and the delicacy, there has entered in the room of these qualities a new freedom of treatment, a new movement as of a great drama, a new breadth and depth of colour; an abandonment, so to speak, to the truth in hand; a surrender up of himself to the full possession of the passion that the sight of 'the last things' should produce, as he holds, in every preacher. The terrific sermon on the 'Neglect of Divine Warnings,' for instance, has a sweep of imagination and a licence of utterance in it that makes the reader shudder to hold it before his eyes. Jonathan Edwards's tremendous sermon on 'Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God' is the only sermon at all like Newman's awful sermon in the English language, or, I should think, in any other language spoken among living men. 'The Mental Sufferings of our Lord in His Passion,' is another ever-memorable sermon of Newman's Catholic pulpit, that has nothing at all like it among his English Church sermons, or only a sentence or two at most. 'The Motive of the Preacher,' also 'Paul's Gift of Sympathy,' and 'The Religion of the Pharisee,' may all be mentioned as sermons full of Newman's later and more magnificent

manner; full of his completely emancipated, if somewhat overworked, power. And there is sometimes, with all this, a certain momentary return to something like the kind of sermon that so satisfied his mother in her son's pre-Tractarian days. But that return does not long remain.

Newman's volume on Justification is to me the most Newman-like of all his written work. It gathers up into itself all his power, all his beauty, all his virtues, and all his vices. What English!—I exclaim continually as I read it. What iridescent, dazzling, elusive, charming writing! And, at the same time, how provoking, and how intended to provoke! Full of that irony which he admits he was accustomed to use to dull men, but always beautiful; always very beauty itself. And absolutely invaluable to the thoroughgoing divinity student; for he will find the greatest and best of all his pulpit subjects here set before him in every possible light. And he will find this also, that if there are any loose links in his Evangelical doctrine of justification by faith alone, he will find those loose links detected and exposed in this book with the most merciless satire, and with the most matchless literary skill. So much so, that he who holds to this supreme apostolic doctrine after reading Newman, will hold it as he never held it before. He will both understand, and hold, and love, and preach, that doctrine of doctrines as never before. And what more can be said in favour of any book, true, half-true, or wholly false? From one point of view Newman's Justification is an entirely dialectical book; again, it is an entirely mystical book; again, a most spiritual book; and yet again, a most sophistical and mischievous book. A perfect mirror of the nature and

the working of its author's many-sided, arbitrary, and anomalous mind, especially when he is engaged in controversy with Evangelical truth. How any man of Newman's spirituality of mind, knowledge of his own heart, and exquisiteness of insight into the infinite holiness of God's law, could, in any way, or at any time, or in any degree, stake his standing before the judgment-seat of God, on anything he could suffer, or perform, or attain to, in this world, is a mystery and an amazement to me, beyond what I can express. Indeed, this is the supreme mystery of Newman's mysterious mind to me. Had it been almost any one else, I would have said that, simply, the holy law of God had never really entered that man's heart who could write of sin and the pardon of sin as Newman sometimes writes. Again and again, he says things about sin, at the reading of which I stand absolutely astounded,—that Newman, of all men, should say such things. Till I fall back on his self-confessed way of speaking ironically, and in raillery, even on the most solemn subjects; especially when he has Evangelical preaching in his scornful eye. Also, the doctrinal system to which he had surrendered himself has no little to account for in its twist and perversion of such a splendidly spiritual mind. 'Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey.'

Hooker is the greatest name in the English Church. If the English Church has a master in theology, Hooker is that universally acknowledged master of the best English theology in the best English prose. And this is his masterpiece passage on Justification. And a passage in which he is absolutely at one with Paul and Luther, even as all truly Evangelical preachers are at one with him :—

'CHRIST HATH MERITED RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR AS MANY AS ARE FOUND IN HIM. AND IN HIM GOD FINDETH US, IF WE BE FAITHFUL; FOR BY FAITH WE ARE INCORPORATED INTO HIM. THEN, ALTHOUGH WE BE IN OURSELVES ALTOGETHER SINFUL AND UNRIGHTEOUS, YET EVEN THE MAN WHO IS IN HIMSELF IMPIOUS, FULL OF INIQUITY, FULL OF SIN; HIM BEING FOUND IN CHRIST THROUGH FAITH, AND HAVING HIS SIN IN HATRED THROUGH REPENTANCE, HIM GOD BEHOLDETH WITH A GRACIOUS EYE; PUTTETH AWAY HIS SIN BY NOT IMPUTING IT; TAKETH QUITE AWAY THE PUNISHMENT DUE THEREUNTO, BY PARDONING IT; AND ACCEPTETH HIM IN CHRIST JESUS, AS PERFECTLY RIGHTEOUS AS IF HE HAD FULFILLED ALL THAT IS COMMANDED HIM IN THE LAW; SHALL I SAY MORE PERFECTLY RIGHTEOUS THAN IF HIMSELF HAD FULFILLED THE WHOLE LAW? I MUST TAKE HEED WHAT I SAY, BUT THE APOSTLE SAITH, "GOD MADE HIM TO BE SIN FOR US, WHO KNEW NO SIN, THAT WE MIGHT BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM." SUCH WE ARE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD THE FATHER, AS IS THE VERY SON OF GOD HIMSELF. LET IT BE COUNTED FOLLY, OR PHRENSY, OR FURY, OR WHATSOEVER. IT IS OUR WISDOM, AND OUR COMFORT: WE CARE FOR NO KNOWLEDGE IN THE WORLD BUT THIS, THAT MAN HATH SINNED, AND GOD HATH SUFFERED: THAT GOD HATH MADE HIMSELF THE SIN OF MEN, AND THAT MEN ARE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.'

Would that Newman had subscribed and stood to that, and had always preached that in his own best English!

Newman's ostensibly controversial works are a very treasure-house of good things to the student who knows how to search for them. The intricate man will never be fully understood till his controversial works have been

consecutively and sympathetically explored. There is no other writer whose controversial works will prove so repaying to the student, unless it is the still more repaying controversial works of William Law. And Law and Newman are alike in this, and are alone in this, that whatever be the immediate matter in dispute, both these great writers give their readers such rifts, and glimpses, and flashes, into the highest truths, and bring those truths to bear with such impressiveness on the matter in hand. And they both display such a trained and polished mind in their polemics, that their controversial writings will remain English literature of a very high and a very rare order. One great interest to us of Newman's polemical writings lies in the continually fluid and mobile state of his own mind; while, all the time, he is taking up the most fixed and the most final attitude of mind toward the men and the matters in debate. This also makes his controversial works a study of himself to us; how his passions largely decide and fix his standing-ground for the time; and, then, how his imagination—and such an imagination; and, then, his argumentative talents—and such argumentative talents—all come in to fortify, and to defend, and to make warlike and aggressive, every present position of his. Dante boasts somewhere that language has never led him to say what he had not beforehand determined to say. Now I question if Newman would have been bold enough, at his boldest, to say that. For, first his likes and dislikes, and then his imagination, and then his self-seductive style—we cannot shut our eyes as we see all these things completely sweeping Newman himself away into utterances and attitudes he did not intend, and almost sweeping us away with him. With all that, if the student of Newman has sufficient patience, and

temper, and taste for letters, and a sufficient appreciation of the gleams and glimpses of the loftiest truths that are never long absent from anything that Newman writes, he will find his master's most sectarian, and, at first sight, most unattractive-looking, treatises full of illustrations of their author's character; full of the overflowing resources of his mind; and full of things the enriched student will never forget; however occasional, and perhaps ephemeral, and even worse, the character of the original controversy in hand may be in itself.

It would be well worth while for any student of natural science to compare Newman and Darwin in their *Development* books. Newman's categories are, to my mind, even more suggestive and philosophical than Darwin's are, or those of any of his successors. Newman's extraordinary intellectual strength, originality, amazing versatility, and inexhaustible resource of mind, all come out in an entrancing way in this wonderful, even if almost entirely baseless, book. Reading the *Development* always makes me wish that Newman had given his great gifts to showing us how the doctrines of grace, as we find them in Paul's Epistles, were elaborated in the Apostle's mind. Under what impulses, inspirations, sanctions, assistances, assurances, the Apostle's mind worked, till the outcome of it all is what it is, and will be to the end of Evangelical time. What a contribution, what a Tract for all time, that would have been! Dr. Sanday has said that only Newman could have written a Life of Jesus Christ to satisfy us in our day. And I will add, only Newman could have treated Paul, and his development of doctrine, as Paul is still waiting to be treated. Instead of that,—what a waste of labour! What a lost opportunity!

Everybody has read Macaulay's *Essays*, and Carlyle's *Essays*, but not one in a thousand knows so much as the very existence of Newman's *Essays*, his *Historical Sketches*, and his *Discussions and Arguments*. Even to advertise some of the contents of Newman's six splendid volumes, and to call attention to some of the rare intellectual workmanship contained in those six volumes, is a service which any man like myself may well be proud to perform. His essay on 'Aristotle's Poetics,' his essay on 'John Davison,' his essay on 'John Keble,' his *Times* articles on 'The Tamworth Reading-Room,' his 'Who 's to blame ?' (for the disasters of the Crimean War), his criticism of *Ecce Homo*, his succession of papers on *The Church of the Fathers*, and his twenty chapters on Universities, besides his many ecclesiastical articles,—all make up a body of literature of the very finest quality. The very dedications, advertisements, and prefaces, are well worth our study for their charming courtesy and for their beauty of style. The advertisement to *The Church of the Fathers* has been well described as 'a very gem, both of thought and expression.' The paragraphs on translation in that advertisement are simply canonical to the classical scholar. The whole piece is always to be read alongside of Matthew Arnold's exquisite little book on translating Homer. Were Newman's Essay on Poetry, or his Milman, or his Davison, or his criticism of *Ecce Homo*, or his *Lamennais*, or his Tamworth Letters, to appear in any periodical of our day, every one would hail the entrance of a new writer in the intellectual arena, soon to prove himself to be the possessor of the clearest of eyes, the suppliest of arms, and the noblest of minds. So much so, that a young political or literary aspirant could have no better advice given to him than to study Newman's Essays and Dis-

cussions night and day. For, let any young man of real capacity once master Newman's methods of exposition, discussion, and argumentation; his way of addressing himself to the treatment of a subject; his way of entering upon a subject, worming his way to the very heart of it, working it out, and winding it up; his exuberance of allusion, and yet every word of it for illustration, and never one word of it for mere embellishment; and, withal, the nobleness of his heart in all that he writes: any new writer studying Newman's intellectual workmanship would soon make his presence and his power felt in any of our newspapers or magazines. And let any theological student read Davison's *Remains*, and his beautiful book on *Prophecy*, and then go into Newman's review of Davison, and a lifelong impression of the best kind cannot fail to be made on that student's mind. And then the splendid sketch of University life in ancient Athens,—there is nothing so brilliant anywhere else to be read; and that, again, will lead the reader up to the universally-accepted masterpiece on that whole subject, *The Idea of a University*; the first reading of which is always an epoch in every university man's life. And that student of letters who has not yet read the lecture on 'Literature,' and that student of theology who has not yet read the lecture on 'Preaching,' have both a treat before them that I would envy them for, were it not that the oftener I read those two lectures I always enjoy them the more. For, how enlightening, how captivating, are those two or three pages in which Newman takes Sterne's eulogium on the style of Holy Scripture for a text, and then proceeds to the vindication of the style of the classical writers. Read attentively the lecture on 'Literature,' and if you are not simply captivated, you need read no more in Newman. Read his 'University

Preaching'; and unless your heart burns within you, you may depend upon it you have mistaken your call to the Christian pulpit. Those University papers, especially, are yet another illustration of that liberating, broadening out, and exuberating, of Newman's mind which reveals itself in so many of his Catholic compositions. If the Catholic University movement had left no other result than those two brilliant volumes, not Ireland and Rome only, but all the other Churches, and English literature itself, would be the great and lasting gainers.

As Coleridge would say, Let every theological student sell his bed and buy Newman's *Athanasius*. The great antagonist of the Arians was Newman's favourite Father, even more than Augustine himself. Mr. Arthur Hutton tells us that when Leo XIII. made sundry pronouncements in favour of an almost exclusive use of the writings of St. Thomas, and the Cardinal was in duty bound to write to His Holiness approving and praising his action, he slipped in a saving clause, claiming that St. Athanasius was doubtless included in the Papal recommendation. Athanasius is always 'the great Athanasius' to Newman, and a page could easily be filled with this and many other epithets and titles of honour and admiration that his translator and annotator has bestowed upon his patristic master. But it is not so much Athanasius, with all his services, that I wish all students to possess, as Newman's volume of *Notes on the Select Treatises*. The way that Newman introduces his little articles—little in bulk, but bullion itself in value—will make every true student hunger to have them: 'I had hoped that this would be my least imperfect work, but I have done my best, bearing in mind that I have no right to reckon on the future.' And this also: 'These annotations are written, *pro re*

natâ, capricciously, or, at least, arbitrarily, with matter which the writer happens to have at hand, or knows where to find, and are composed in what may be called an undress, conversational style; and the excuse for these defects is that they are mere appendages to the text, and ancillary to it.' Do not believe him. Athanasius wrote in order to give occasion to Newman to translate, and edit, and annotate, his writings. Buy or beg Newman's *Annotations to the Select Treatises of Athanasius*.

No one can feel the full force of Newman's great sermons on 'The Incarnation,' and on 'The Atoning Death of God the Son,' who has not gone with Newman behind the sermons and up to the sources of the sermons in Athanasius, and in Basil, and in Cyril. The greatest and the most sure to be lasting of Newman's sermons are just his rich Athanasian Christology poured into the mould of his incomparable homiletic, and delivered with all that overpowering solemnity to which all who ever heard those sermons have testified. Such sermons would not have been possible, even in Newman's pulpit, had it not been that he was absolutely taken possession of by the Apostolic and Athanasian Christology. And this leads me to make an acknowledgment to you that I have often made to myself in reading Newman's more theological and Christological sermons. Newman deserves this acknowledgment and praise above all other expositors of the Fathers and the great Creeds that have ever spoken or written on those high subjects. This acknowledgment and praise, that what he so truly says of Hooker is in every syllable of it still more true of himself: 'About Hooker there is the charm of nature and reality. He discourses not as a theologian, but as a man; and we see in him what otherwise might have been hidden—

poetry and philosophy informing his ecclesiastical matter.' Now, read Pearson, say, a master as he is, on any article of the Apostles' Creed, especially any article of his on the Divine Persons, and then read a sermon of Newman's on the same subject, and you will get a lesson in thinking and in writing and in preaching in English that you will never forget. Newman delivers all his readers ever after from a cold, dry, notional, technical, catechetical mind, he so makes every article of the Creed a very fountain of life and power and beauty. He so lifts up his own superb imagination to its noblest use, that he makes, first himself, and then makes us to see, the Divine Persons, and their Divine relations and operations, as never before. Till all our Creeds and Confessions and Catechisms become clothed with a majesty, and instinct with a beauty, and welling over with personal applications and comforts, new, and unexpected, and ever-abiding. His two grand sermons in his sixth volume—'Christ the Son of God made Man' and 'The Incarnate Son a Sufferer and a Sacrifice,' may be pointed out as two splendid illustrations of Newman's incomparable power of making the highest doctrines imaginatively to abide with us, and to abide full of the most homiletical and most home-coming expositions and applications.

As to Newman's two novels,—it goes without saying that both *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* contain brilliant and memorable passages. *Callista*, especially, contains not a few pages that are entirely classical. The description of the scene where the work is laid; the oft-quoted locust-passages; and the conversation on Tartarus held between Cæcilius and Callista,—a passage that William Law himself might have written; and, I am not sure that even Newman would ever have written those masterly

pages, unless William Law had written on the same subject before him. As to the trustworthiness of *Callista*, —when the critics charge its author with violating historical truth, and with the importation of Popish developments of doctrine and life into a third century sketch, Newman frankly admits the charge. Indeed, he cannot deny it. This is how he defends himself from a similar charge in his advertisement to *The Church of the Fathers*: 'It is plain that as to the matter of these Sketches, though mainly historical, they are in their form and character polemical, as being directed against certain Protestant ideas and opinions. This consideration must plead for certain peculiarities which it exhibits, such as its freedom in dealing with saintly persons, the gratuitous character of some of its assertions, and the liberality of many of its concessions. It must be recollected that, in controversy, a writer grants all that he can afford to grant, and avails himself of all that he can get granted; in other words, if he seems to admit, it is mainly for argument's sake; and if he seems to assert, it is mainly as an *argumentum ad hominem*. As to positive statements of his own, he commits himself to as few as he can; just as a soldier on campaign takes no more baggage than is enough, and considers the conveniences of home life as only impediments in his march.' As long as Hippocleides can write in that way, what chance has Charles Kingsley, or even the truth itself, with Hippocleides! Altogether, *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* are not at all worthy of their author's genius and character. He should have been advised against reprinting them. They might pass at the time of their composition for veiled polemical pamphlets, but they can do no real and abiding good. They certainly do not add to Newman's reputation, either for literary ability, or for historical

integrity, or for controversial fairness. I never took to his two novels, and I do not recommend you to read them, unless for the light they throw on their author. But, then, that light is not little. For, as Dr. Abbott says, *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* are 'the most subjective of novels.'

What Coleridge has said about Jeremy Taylor's composition of his *Apology* is exactly, and exquisitely, and prophetically, true of Newman in the composition of his book of the same name. 'Taylor so again and again forgets that he is reasoning against an antagonist, that he falls into conversation with him as a friend—I might almost say into the literary chitchat and unwithholding frankness of a rich genius whose sands are seed-pearl.' The *Apologia pro vitâ suâ* could not possibly be better described. It is just a literary chitchat whose sands are seed-pearl. For it is a chitchat rather than a studied composition. That is, it has been studied and studied, and written and re-written, to such a finish that it reads to us like chitchat, so perfect, so exquisite, is its art. And, like Taylor's very richest writing, Newman's *Apologia* has all the charm of a rich genius conversing confidingly with his most intimate friends. I am not to attempt the praise of the *Apologia* as English literature. I could fill a volume as large as itself with its praises by the acknowledged judges of good books. They are all agreed as to the *Apologia* being the brilliant crown of a brilliant series of literary masterpieces. And, besides all that, as a piece of polemic; as the apology it was intended to be; it is as conclusive and unanswerable as it is incomparable as a piece of English literature. The *Apologia* carried the whole world captive in a day. Never was there such a sudden and such a complete

reversal of men's judgments. It may well stand on the title-page of the *Apologia*: 'Commit thy way to the Lord, and trust in Him, and He will do it. And He will bring forth thy justice as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.' At the same time, like so much of its author's work, it bears the stamp of an occasion on its face, and no work of that kind will ever become immortal. The immortal *Ecclesiastical Polity* itself is preserved to all time, in virtue of those books which are imbedded in it, and which do not properly belong to it. Those books, and chapters of books, which rise above time, and all its polemic, and belong to eternity. Even as an autobiography the *Apologia* does not stand in the first rank. *The Confessions* does, the *Grace Abounding* does, the *Reliquiæ* even, in many of its chapters, does. Ay, even such homely books as Halyburton, and Brea, and Boston, stand in the first rank to us, because, even where their style may not be the most classical, and even when those writers are the most homely, their subject-matter is of such transcendent and everlasting importance. Newman's splendid vindication of his ecclesiastical honesty is of a high importance and a rare relish to all his readers; but there is a region far higher than even that, and a region into which his *Apologia* never once enters. It glances, in passing, into that region of regions, but only in passing. And, never really entering into that inner and upper region, it has none of the interest, and none of the perennial importance and power, that many autobiographies have which cannot for a moment compete with the *Apologia* in literary charm. He would be a bold man who would venture to correct Newman's English, even in a jot or a tittle, else I would propose to read 'ecclesiastical' where he has written 'religious' on his title-page. For the *Apologia* is really a history of

his ecclesiastical opinions, and not at all of his religious opinions; or it is a history of his religious opinions only so far as they bear upon his ecclesiastical opinions, and upon his ever-shifting ecclesiastical positions. There are, to be sure, single entrancing sentences of experimental religion in the *Apologia*, but the bulk of the book is in the region of ecclesiastical opinion, and not always the highest region of that. 'The *Apologia*,' says Froude, 'is the most beautiful of autobiographies, but it tells us only how its writer appeared to himself.' And, I will add, only how its writer appeared to himself from time to time as a Churchman, which is a very different thing from a man, a sinful man, and a Christian man. I read, and read, and read again, the *Apologia*, but it always leaves me where first it found me so many years ago. Nobody enjoys the *Apologia* more than I enjoy it, but I get nothing beyond intellectual, and artistic, and emotional, enjoyment out of it. I am not a stronger or a better man after again reading the *Apologia*. It never sends me back to the stern battle of my life with my harness better fastened on, or to my pulpit with any new sense of spiritual power. It affords me amusement of the rarest and finest kind; it gives me a high intellectual and artistic treat; but it does not dwell and work within my heart as some other autobiographical books dwell and work, that I am ashamed to name in such classical company. But I must always remember what, exactly, the *Apologia* is, and what it is not. It is not a religious book at all, but an ecclesiastical. It is not a spiritual book at all, but a dialectical. It is not a book of the very soul, but of what is to be said as between this Church and that. Its author does not say, like John Bunyan, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul'; and,

therefore, I must not expect what he does not promise. And thus it is that I never lay down the *Apologia* without finding myself exclaiming,—Oh, that all that so captivating talent had been laid out on telling us how Newman, like Paul, won Christ so as to be found in Him, instead of how he won his way to Rome so as to be found in her. For, then, he would have produced a book that would have stood beside the two or three best books of that kind in all the world. Then Newman's *Apologia* would have stood beside Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*. And, then, I would have sung 'Lead, Kindly Light,' with a liberty, and with a sense of communion with its author, that, by his *Apologia*, he has completely taken away from me.

In the *Grammar of Assent*, as Mr. Birrell says, Newman strikes the shield of John Locke, and it is not for me to venture in between such combatants. But I may be permitted to say this, that the *Grammar of Assent* has been a prime favourite of mine ever since the year 1870, when it was first published. There is more of the jargon of the schools in the *Grammar* than in all Newman's other books taken together. But, then, to make up for that, there are many passages of a high and noble eloquence that he has never surpassed. This very able book, when stripped of its technicalities, is simply an amplification, in Newman's perfect English, of the truth that it is with the heart, and not with the head, that a man believes unto salvation. And an amplification of this kindred truth also, that if any man will do the will of God, he shall know the doctrine. And that in these ways his peace shall be as a river. Only, to have made this fine book fine to the end, it should have ended, not with an assent to Rome, but to this rather, that neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jesusalem, shall we worship

the Father; but they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. With all its defects, the *Grammar* is a great possession to the proper possessor.

The Dream of Gerontius was the true copestone for Newman to cut and to lay on the literary and religious work of his whole life. Had Dante himself composed *The Dream of Gerontius* as his elegy on the death of some beloved friend, it would have been universally received as altogether worthy of his superb genius, and it would have been a jewel altogether worthy of his peerless crown. There is nothing of its kind outside of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* at all equal to the *Gerontius* for solemnising, ennobling, and sanctifying power. It is a poem that every man should have by heart who has it before him to die.

All students of the English language give their days and nights to the Authorised Version of the Bible, to Shakespeare, to Hooker, to Taylor, to Milton, to Bunyan, to Johnson, to Swift, to Ruskin. But if they overlook Newman, they will make a great mistake, and will miss both thinking and writing of the very first order. The strength, the richness, the pliability, the acuteness, the subtlety, the spiritualness, the beauty, the manifold resources of the English language, are all brought out under Newman's hand, as under the hand of no other English author. 'Athanasius is a great writer,' says Newman, 'simple in his diction, clear, unstudied, direct, vigorous, elastic, and, above all, characteristic.' All of which I will repeat of Newman himself, and especially this—he is, above all, characteristic. If the English language has an angel residing in it and presiding over it, surely Newman is that angel. Or, at the least, the

angel who has the guardianship of the English language committed to him, must surely have handed his own pen to Newman as often as that master has sat down to write English. No other writer in the English language has ever written it quite like Newman. Every preface of his, every title-page of his, every dedication and advertisement of his, every footnote, every parenthesis of his, has a stamp upon it that at once makes you say—that is Newman! He is simply inimitable. He is simply alone as a writer, and has no fellow. No wonder he says that the only master of style he ever had was Cicero. And Cicero had a good scholar in Newman, if the scholar is correct in his description of his master. 'This is the great art of Cicero himself, who, whether he is engaged in statement, argument, or raillery, never ceases till he has exhausted the subject; going round about it and placing it in every different light, yet without repetition to offend or weary the reader.' Altogether, Newman's is a shelf of some thirty-eight volumes, all opulent with ideas, all instinct with spirituality, all resplendent with beauty, and all enriching and fertilising to the mind of their proper reader; with all their drawbacks, a noble inheritance to their true heir. And now, in bringing this very imperfect appreciation of Newman to a close, I think I can say with a good conscience, that I have done my best to speak to you about this great man and rich writer on Paul's great principle of believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things, and always rejoicing in the truth. And on Shakespeare's great principle; for I have not knowingly extenuated anything, and it was simply impossible for me to set down aught in malice. And on Bengel's great principle, not to judge without knowledge, nor without necessity, nor without love: *Sine scientia, sine necessitate, sine amore.*

JOHN WESLEY[1]

'It was in pursuance of an advice given me by Bishop Jeremy Taylor in his *Holy Living and Dying*, that I began to take a more exact account than I had ever done before of the manner wherein I had spent my time, writing down how I had employed every hour.' With characteristic promptitude Wesley at once took that great casuist's counsel to heart, and the result, after many years, was John Wesley's *Journal*. Pliny tells us that Apelles never let a day pass without his drawing something, great or small, with his pencil: *nulla dies sine linea*. And, after the most dialectical and the most eloquent of English theologians gave that advice to John Wesley, he never let a day pass away till he had penned a longer or shorter account of the day in his so faithful journal.

'Mind is from the mother,' says Isaac Taylor. 'Such we conclude to be a law of nature, on the evidence of many bright instances. Now, the Wesleys had the advantage of this law; and their mother, a woman of quite extraordinary intelligence, force of mind, correct judgment, and vivid apprehension of truth, conferred also upon her sons whatever advantage they might derive from her composite excellence as a zealous churchwoman; yet rich in a dowry of nonconforming virtues.' Thus far the best writer we have on Wesley. At the

[1] New College Closing Address, Session 1912-13.

same time, with all that about his mother, John Wesley's father was not a man to be despised or forgotten, though he never attained to the intellectual and spiritual distinction of his wife. Susannah Wesley's management of her household, her nurture and admonition of her large family, and her whole behaviour and deportment both as a wife and a mother: all taken together, exalt her to the very highest rank of great and good women in all religious biography. I always think of Susannah Wesley as standing beside Jonathan Edwards's New England wife, and Thomas Boston's Ettrick wife. And Thomas Boston's truly classical eulogy of his noble wife does not, in anything, surpass what we read of the mother of John Wesley. Take a few lines from one of her letters to her son John, when he was still somewhat undecided about the ministry. 'And now,' she wrote, 'in good earnest, resolve to make religion the business of your life. For, after all, *that* is the one thing which, strictly speaking, is necessary. All things else are, comparatively speaking, little to the purpose of life. I heartily wish that you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, in order that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of your salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have, the satisfaction of knowing it will abundantly reward your pains; and, if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in a tragedy.' A passage, gentlemen, worthy of a writer one of whose favourite authors was Pascal. And, afterwards, when she was asked if she would give her consent to her son John going out as a missionary to the American Indians, her reply was: 'Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more.' Well, it was from Susannah Wesley's manse-home that

John and Charles Wesley went up to the University of Oxford. And she soon had the happiness to hear that her two sons were members, and indeed leaders, in the 'Holy Club' of that University. 'The Holy Club' was one of the many nicknames that Whitefield and the Wesleys and others likeminded had earned for themselves from their irreligious and ribald-tongued fellow-students. The offensive holiness of the Club consisted in its members meeting from time to time in one another's room for the devotional reading of the Greek Testament, and for suchlike fellowship. And the duties to which they devoted their spare time were very much like the duties to which so many of yourselves devote your spare time in the Settlement. They went out to the streets on the Lord's Day and collected into classes the neglected children of the city; they visited the prisons and the poorhouses of the city. And one thing to which they specially attended was, to watch for the arrival of young students, so as to get them introduced at once into good company. But the Holy Club was as conspicuous for its scholarship as it was for its works of religion and charity. John Wesley especially was one of the best, if not the very best, scholars of his day. He stood at the top of the Hebrew and Greek and Latin classes; he held a lectureship in Greek and another in Logic. He had a quite extraordinary talent for learning languages. 'In his knowledge of German,' says an eminent Methodist writer, 'Wesley was a pioneer. It was not until the end of the eighteenth century, at the time when the fame of Goethe and Schiller was filtering into England, that Englishmen began to regard German as a language worth learning. It would be possible to count on the fingers of one hand all the distinguished Englishmen who knew German in John Wesley's day.'

And that same writer gives us a list of some thirty-two German hymns that Wesley translated, 'which became familiar to the Methodists in after days.' How Wesley anticipated the Revised Version also, in his Notes on the New Testament, will be read with something like amazement in Mr. Bett's scholarly book.

After his Greek Testament, three great books took complete possession of John Wesley's mind and heart during his Oxford days. Our own Dr. Hood Wilson has an excellent passage on this subject. He says: 'It was about this time that Wesley began the earnest study of the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Holy Living and Dying*, and the *Serious Call*. These three books became very much his spiritual guides. They wakened up his conscience, and he sought to deal with his heart, and to frame his life, according to their teaching. Doubtless, there must have been a divine purpose in his being guided to these authors at such a time, and they may have done their part, in that transition period of his life, in preparing him for the great work that lay before him. And yet, one cannot but regret that he did not, at this critical time, meet with some more simple and more direct evangelical teaching, in book or living friend, which might have guided him to the sinner's one resting-place, saved him long years of painful soul-struggle, and given to the world, much sooner, the benefit of those labours which it so urgently needed. Not now, nor till long after, was the great discovery made to Wesley of a full, free, and immediate salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Amid all his Oxford earnestness, his views were entirely legal. His one aim was to attain salvation by devoutness and self-denial, by holy living and by deeds of charity, to all of which he gave himself up with all the ardour of his devoted nature. And, while these

books might have helped him at a later stage, they but served, in the state of mind in which he then was, to furnish rules for a life which had not yet begun. He himself comes back upon this bitterly in after years, and speaks of it as laying a foundation beneath the Foundation.' So far Dr. Hood Wilson. And this is an example of how Wesley himself often speaks about his Oxford days, as he looked back to them after his full conversion: 'I did go thus for many years: using diligence to eschew all evil and to have a conscience void of offence, redeeming the time, laying up every opportunity of doing good to all men, constantly and carefully using all the public, and all the private means of grace, endeavouring after a steady seriousness of behaviour at all times and in all places; and God is my record, before whom I stand, that I did all this in sincerity, having a real design to serve God; a hearty desire to do His will in all things, to please Him who had called me to fight the good fight, and to lay hold of eternal life. Yet, my own conscience beareth me witness in the Holy Ghost, that all this time I was but almost a Christian.' You might very well think that John Wesley, coming from such a home, and leading such a life at the University, must have been, from the beginning, a truly converted man. But he did not think so himself. Whatever he may have thought about that all-important matter during his Oxford days he looked back on those days as being his pharisaical, unregenerated and unconverted days, as we have seen, and will still more see immediately.

After Wesley left Oxford he went out as a missionary to Georgia. I shall not enter on his Georgian life. It is a painful story in many ways, and what lesson it has to teach us, I will take from Wesley's latest biographer.

'John Wesley had gone to Georgia to save his own soul, and to convert the Indians. He found no opportunity of attempting the latter, but his Georgian experiences exercised an important influence upon the life of his own soul. His ministry to the colonists met with comparatively little success, and was attended by a good deal of bitterness and strife. It is impossible to acquit Wesley of some blame in the matter. He was at that time a narrow, and an autocratic, High Churchman.' And this writer gives instance after instance to illustrate that; and then he adds that 'other forces, besides his unhappy life in Georgia, were at work, which were destined to submerge the formalist within him.'

Some of the other forces here referred to were his experiences on shipboard in his Georgian voyages, the results of his painful mismanagement of his personal life in the midst of his missionary labours, his intercourse with some Moravian missionaries in Georgia, and his further intercourse with some of the same evangelical and fervent-souled men, after his return to England—all of which is to be read at length in his Journal, and all ending with his full conversion at the time and in the way he describes so graphically with his own pen. As thus: 'I continued in this way to seek my salvation (though with strange indifference, dullness, and coldness, and with frequent relapses into sin), till Wednesday, May 24. I think it was about five this morning that I opened my Testament at these words: "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature." Just as I went out, I opened it again on these words: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." In the afternoon I was asked to go to St.

Paul's. The anthem was, "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice." In the evening I went, very unwillingly, to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while Luther was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did, at that moment, trust in Christ, and in Christ alone, for my salvation. And an assurance was given me on the spot that He had taken away my sins, even *mine*, and had thus saved me from the law of sin and death.'

Adds his latest biographer: 'The scene in Aldersgate Street marks one of the turning-points of human history; for the mightiest and most far-reaching issues are determined, not on stricken fields, but in the solitary places of the spirit. The experience at Aldersgate Street changed the centre of John Wesley's life from himself to Christ, opened his heart to the redeeming and sanctifying influences of Divine grace, and kindled within him an invincible assurance of the mighty working of the forgiving love of God in his heart. . . . Sacerdotalism, asceticism, and externalism have loosed their bonds; he has entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and is a freeman in Christ Jesus. And, standing in the noble succession of Paul, Augustine, and Luther, he henceforth preached salvation by faith with a passion that no opposition could quench, and with a divine power that godlessness and unbelief could not withstand.' 'From this time,' says Dr. Rigg, 'Wesley was no longer a priest; henceforth his vocation was, pre-eminently, that of a preacher. Though, for some time yet, he retained some of his rubrical scruples and punctilios, yet, henceforth, the sacraments, accord-

ing to his teaching, were to be regarded only as means and seals of grace, and not at all as fountains of supernatural power, ministered by the hand of the priest.'

Coming now to Wesley's preaching: nothing could be more interesting and instructive to us in this house than to study both the matter and the manner of that preaching. And that, because John Wesley stands in the front rank, if not at the very head of all preachers, for the immediate and abiding results of his preaching. I can touch but shortly here on that all-important subject. But you will do well to give some time and some thought to that subject in entering on your own preaching life. To begin with, and strange as it may sound to some, there was little or nothing that could be called popular either in the matter or in the manner of Wesley's preaching. There was little or no imaginative power in his preaching, there was little or no dramatic power, there was little or no power of illustration, there was next to nothing of those wonderful pulpit qualities that made Whitefield's contemporaneous preaching so commanding. The run of Wesley's sermons, it may be said, were far more fitted, as one would think, for a congregation of Christian people, for their establishment in the faith, for their advanced edification, and for their spiritual comfort, than for the outcast classes to which they were mostly preached. And how such preaching took such a hold of those classes will be a mystery to you as you read his Journal and his sermons. If you take Wesley's famous sermon which he preached, first at St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University, and so often repeated in very different places, and compare it with Spurgeon's sermon on the same text, you will at once admit that the Tabernacle

sermon has all the elements of popular power that Wesley's sermon was almost wholly without. There is a surge and a sweep of passion in Spurgeon that has no parallel in Wesley. There is a thrill of pathos in every sermon of Spurgeon's that you seldom or never meet with in Wesley. Every preacher has his own talents. And where clear statement and close reasoning are the great features of Wesley's sermons, an all-compelling eloquence carries you captive in Spurgeon's. Wesley is not without real eloquence, and Spurgeon is not without real logic. But while logic rules in Wesley, Spurgeon is of pulpit passion all compact. After reading both those sermons again and again, I repeat that Wesley's Oxford sermon is not to be compared with Spurgeon's London sermon. There is a richness, a fulness, a fascination, and a heart-winningness about Spurgeon that Wesley, to my mind, never came near. Why, then, you will ask, Wesley's unparalleled success? That, gentlemen, is your problem, as young preachers; a problem which you are, with all your might and before you are much older, to work out for yourselves. Only, take this key and try the lock with it: Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. And this: Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God who gives the increase. 'The best key,' says Augustine, 'is that which opens the lock best.' But this is such an interesting and such an important subject that, before leaving it, I will let you hear some other voices than mine upon Wesley's preaching. And take first Richard Watson, in his powerful polemic against Southey. Having to touch on his master's sermons that great champion of Wesley's says: 'There is nothing imaginative in their style, nothing calculated to move the passion through the fancy, nothing gorgeous, nothing mystic. They are addressed to

the conscience, not to the imagination, and they inculcate spiritual religion only. This was the character of Mr. Wesley's *viva voce* sermons, and it is the character of his written ones.' Again, his latest biographer has this candid passage: 'Wesley's published sermons do not enhance his reputation, and they leave the reader perplexed as to the secret of his great influence, and his unparalleled popularity.' And Alexander Knox, an almost worshipper of Wesley's, has a passage I would not like you to miss. 'I spoke just now of John Wesley being often too familiar: I believe I should rather say that he often both spoke and wrote with insufficient preparation; and, by that means, fell into tenuity of thought. But it is very remarkable, that, though he talked so much with low people, and had always from that class the great majority of his hearers, yet he never sank into vulgarity, never deviated from the style of a classical scholar, and a perfect gentleman. In this respect, that is, in being familiar, yet not vulgar, I consider my old friend as really one of the very first models in the world. Had he possessed a more self-directing mind, and a sounder judgment, he would have been a paragon; but, perhaps, that would have made him less fit for his appropriate destination. I certainly can claim no rank for John Wesley as a writer, if he be tried by any accustomed standard. But why is that so? Merely because he preferred utility to every other consideration in the world.' And so on to the end of a very remarkable appreciation in the third volume of Alexander Knox's works.

Look, now and henceforth, at John Wesley, like the Apostle, in journeyings often, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils among false brethren, in weariness, in painfulness, in fastings often; besides

those things that came upon him daily, the care of all the societies, if not of all the churches. Look at him as he sets out to take, if not yet, 'the whole world as his parish,' at any rate to take England, and Ireland, and Wales and Scotland. Look at him, as he mounts his daily horse, with his saddle-bags full of books; and look at him as he makes his saddle his study chair, and his horse's shoulder his study desk. The books he read on horseback, and the comments and criticisms he penned on the books he read, all make his Journal to be fascinating reading to any one with anything of a literary mind. It would be to read the whole Journal to you were I to attempt to tell you the range and the amount of Wesley's reading and writing on horseback. And, in like manner, it is quite impossible for me to show you how every day's journey ended, the hours at which the evangelist preached, the congregations he had at all hours of the day and the night, the immediate results of his sermons—results as immediate as his own instantaneous conversion at a quarter to nine in Aldersgate Street; and, as time went on, his collecting of his converts into Methodist-societies, his universally acknowledged statesman-like ability in his legislation for those societies, and in his administration of all their affairs, doctrinal, disciplinary, financial, and all else; all that is to be read in minute detail, and at great length, in his life-long Journal. You will read there how Wesley made not only all England his parish in these ways, but how he visited Scotland sixteen times, and Ireland twenty-one times, usually taking Wales on his way to and from Ireland. Wesley had set out on his evangelistic journeys for some time before he began to preach in the open air. Shreds of his High Churchism hung about Wesley, and hindered his movements for long.

In after days he made this confession, that, at one time in his ministry he would almost have seen a sinner lost, rather than he had not been saved in a consecrated church and at canonical hours. It was to Whitefield that Wesley owed his deliverance from his pride about preaching anywhere but in a church. On that subject Isaac Taylor has this: 'Wesley, at Whitefield's invitation, and following the example he had set, commenced his public ministry as a field-preacher in 1739. This was a course utterly repugnant to his most cherished notions of church order, as well as to every instinct of his nature. And, yet, it was by field-preaching, and in no other possible way, that England could be roused from its spiritual slumber, or Methodism be spread over the country, and be rooted where it spread. The men who commenced and achieved this arduous service, and they were scholars and gentlemen, displayed a courage far surpassing that which carries the soldier through the hail-storm of the battle-field. Ten thousand men might more easily be found who would confront a battery, than two who, with the sensitiveness of education about them, could mount a table by the roadside, give out a psalm, and collect a mob.' And Taylor proceeds: 'As a field preacher, the courage, the self-possession, the temper, the tact which John Wesley displayed place him in a very high position. When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and magistrates, he showed a firmness, as well as a guileless skill, combined with the dignity and courtesy of a gentleman.' I am sorely tempted to take time to tell you some of Wesley's experiences and impressions in his preaching tours through Scotland. But it will be better to let you come on all that as you go through the Journal for yourselves. And, as you go through the Scottish pages of the Journal, I

promise you some right racy reading, as well as some frank and not uninstructive criticism of the Scottish nation and the Scottish Church.

'His industry was half his genius,' says Lord Morley, writing about Mr. Gladstone's habits of work. And the same thing may be said of John Wesley. His pen was never out of his hand. Had he never entered a pulpit, nor preached an open-air sermon, the mere bibliography of his pen would have been a noble record of a most industrious life. Take this, not from a Methodist eulogist, but from such a detached work as Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. 'During the fifty years of his unparalleled apostolate, John Wesley travelled 250,000 miles, and preached forty thousand sermons. And yet, he managed to do a prodigious amount of literary work. He wrote for his lay preachers and for the societies short grammars in the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; a compendium of logic; extracts from Phædrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial and Sallust; a complete English Dictionary; commentaries on the whole of the Old and New Testaments; a short Roman history; a history of England from the earliest times; a compendium of Social Philosophy in five volumes; and a "Christian Library" consisting of extracts from all the great theological writers of the universal church. In addition to all this, he prepared popular and cheap editions of the principal works of Bunyan, Baxter, Edwards, Rutherford, Law, and many others, and endless abridged biographies. His works were so popular that, to use his own language, he "became rich unawares." He made not less than £30,000, every penny of which he distributed in charity during his life.' Well might Dr. Hood Wilson say:

'If anything would shame us ministers into activity and devotedness it should be the study of such a life as John Wesley's. At every point he puts us to the blush. . . . It were well,' continues Dr. Wilson, 'that all our ministers, and all our candidates for the ministry, should make a study of the life and the labours of this apostolic man. For one thing, they would learn the much-needed lesson that Wesley's being able to overtake such an amount of work—preaching, travelling, reading, writing, overseeing, dealing with individuals—and all the time keeping up an immense correspondence, his being able to overtake all that is to be attributed to his inflexible temperance, and to his unexampled economy of time.' Go, gentlemen, and husband your time, and work, and pray, and form habits of temperance and self-denial half like John Wesley; and, in your generation, you will make your allotted part of Scotland a garden of the Lord, as Wesley made so many parts of England. But not without husbanding your time and denying yourself like Wesley. 'No!' said a business man to me the other day: 'no! I cannot afford to sit in your Presbytery, or to join any of your Committees; you ministers talk so much, and do so little.' Go, gentlemen, and make that imputation impossible in your manses, and in your Committees, and in your Presbyteries, so far as in you lies.

The record of Wesley's conference with his Methodist preachers in Aberdeen raises an all-important question, and reads us an all-important lesson. In the first place, that record raises the not impertinent question as to how Wesley himself would have held on in the same congregation for a lifetime without monotony or weariness or fainting. Now, gentlemen, not to discuss Wesley

and his endless faith and love and power of perseverance and power of endurance, that is what you will have to face. That is to say, you will soon be called, and ordained, and settled, and fixed, and, most likely for all your days, in the same pulpit and pastoral charge. How, then, are you to escape the dangers of that monotony and weariness to your people and to yourselves, which Wesley so much feared for his preachers, and took such pains that they should not have to face? How are you to keep your pulpit, and your class, and your prayer meeting fresh and full of power to the end of a long lifetime? Only in one way, gentlemen; and that is, by keeping yourselves fresh and full of power. And that will only be attained and preserved by you steadily working out your own personal salvation; and that with new freshness and new power every day you live. If you really know, in your own experience, what you profess to be praying and preaching about; if you really know in your own bitter experience what sin really is, in its inwardness, in its persistence, and in its unspeakable malignity; and if, along with that, you grow in the knowledge of all the intellectual and spiritual mysteries of true sanctification,—that manner of life will be so inward with you, so deep, so unsearchable, and so ever present with you, that every new Sabbath your pulpit will be more fresh, more rich, more pungent, and more powerful than it was last Sabbath. The General Assembly will not need to legislate concerning your inefficiency, and your Presbytery will not be scandalised by your being what Luther calls an ordained minister rotting within their bounds. All such legislation, and all such administration, and all new-fangled schemes of transfer and circulation are not at all applicable to such a ministry as yours will be. They

did not demand a change nor a circulation of ministers in Anwoth, nor in Kidderminster, nor in Ettrick, nor in Collace, nor in St. Peter's, Dundee, nor in Airlie, nor in Blairgowrie, nor in Glenisla, nor in Cray, nor in Memus, nor in Kirriemuir. And many of you will live to write your names as honourably and as indelibly upon some as yet unfamed spot in Scotland or elsewhere; as honourably and as lastingly as Rutherford has written his name upon Anwoth, and Baxter upon Kidderminster, and Boston upon Ettrick, and Bonar upon Collace, and M'Cheyne upon St. Peter's, and White upon Airlie, and Macdonald and Baxter upon Blairgowrie, and Ferguson upon Alyth, and Simpson upon Glenisla, and Robertson upon Cray, and Edgar upon Memus, and Cormack upon Kirriemuir. And, to come to John Wesley's own country and college. How did Thomas Goodwin keep his University pulpit the freshest in the whole of England, and that to eighty years of age, and that in a land and in a day when the Puritan pulpit made such unparalleled demands upon its occupants; such demands as no pulpit had ever made before or has ever made since? This is not the whole answer to that question; but this lies at the root of the whole answer. It was Goodwin's practice, he confides to us, to 'take a turn up and down his whole past life' every Sabbath morning, before he entered his pulpit. And that constant habit of his, taken along with other kindred habits of his, combined to make his pulpit the foremost, the freshest, and the most powerful pulpit in all England to the Puritan statesmen and the Puritan people, and that to his extreme old age. Gentlemen, 'study down' your pulpit subjects, as it was said about Paul's best expositor; preach, and apply your preaching, first to yourselves and then to your people, as Goodwin

did, and as the men I have so honourably named did; and, like them, you will be far more fresh, far more powerful, far more commanding, far more interesting and far more fruitful at fourscore than ever you will be before that. So much so that neither you nor your people will ever need, or will ever endure, either the Methodist circulation or the efficiency legislation.

I shall not enter into Wesley's much too many controversial writings further than to say, that none of them all distresses me so much as that dispute which he held with his former 'oracle,' as he called him, William Law. It is deplorable to look back at it; that two of the most influential men, and best men, of that whole century should have made themselves such a spectacle of acrimony and recrimination. A large part, if not the whole, of the truth of that most unhappy controversy lay in this, that Law and Wesley, in their intellectual life and in their religious experience, as well as in the work that their Master had called them to do, were perhaps as different as two able and good men could well be. Wesley was fitted to be an awakening preacher, while Law was never permitted to preach at all, but was early set apart by Divine Providence to reflect, and to read, and to write. The special work of Wesley's life was to preach awakening sermons, and that to the more ignorant and sunken classes of the English people. Whereas, the special work of Law's life was to compel already awakened and converted men, and especially among the educated and intelligent classes, to a more serious and consecrated life. And surely, if they could only both have seen it, there was call enough and scope enough within the lines of the spiritual life for two such signally gifted and signally individual men as Law and Wesley were. We

see now that William Law without John Wesley, and John Wesley without William Law, would have left the religious life and literature of that century both weak and one-sided and unsafe. Could they both but have seen it, both were indispensable—John Wesley to complete William Law and William Law to complete John Wesley.

But Wesley's most unfortunate controversy was with Whitefield and the other Calvinists of that day. Taught as you have been within these walls, you know what scriptural and doctrinal Calvinism really is. And when, at any time, you wish to have all the questions connected with what is called 'Calvinism' powerfully and finally cleared up, you have at hand the works of Dr. William Cunningham, formerly of this College. And you will find this whole question in a nut-shell in the four pages under the head of 'Calvinism' in Professor William Knight's Recollections of Dr. John Duncan, also formerly of this College. One of Wesley's best biographers says of the Journal that what had been originally a religious time-table gradually broadens out into an autobiography. So it does. But I for one, if I may say so without offence, could well have spared some of the breadth of the Journal for a little more depth. Why is it, gentlemen, that no branch of the Church of Christ, since the days of the Apostles till now, has been so rich in deep, Scriptural, and spiritually experimental autobiographies as just the so-called church of Calvin? And why is it that no church in the whole of Christendom has been so rich in that best kind of all literature as just our own Church of Scotland? And it is well worthy of consideration whether or no that fact had anything to do with Wesley's want of success in Scotland. You will consider that, and will judge for yourselves, as you

work your way through Wesley's so bitterly anti-Calvinistic Journal. But, thank God, all that Methodist bitterness has now passed wholly away. For I read, in a great Methodist scholar of to-day these so welcome words: 'The spirit of Calvinism that lives in the modern Reformed Churches we can greatly admire. The deep sense of the sinfulness of sin, the profound apprehension of grace as utterly and unutterably undeserved, the humility and the reverence that attend upon these thoughts—all these are spiritual characteristics for which we cannot be too thankful. There, indeed, lies at once the source and the strength of all that is best in Calvinism.'

As to Wesley's controversies about 'Perfection'; when you wish to master that subject, besides Wesley's sermons read Wesley's once oracle, William Law's *Christian Perfection*, and Canon Mozley's criticism of Wesley's Perfection, and John Owen's sixth and seventh volumes: but, above all, read your own evil heart. And, then, gentlemen, when you are driven of the Spirit into any controversy whatsoever, refuse to enter into it, unless He goes into that controversy with you. And watch for His discharge to escape out of that controversy as soon as you can.

The last and perhaps the best lesson that you will learn from John Wesley's Journal is always and everywhere to preach your very best; to preach every Sabbath as if it were to be your last Sabbath; to preach as if you were never to see one of your hearers again till you see them standing beside you before the Great White Throne; to preach when you are a candidate so as to forget that you are a candidate, and so as to make your hearers forget that they are sitting in judgment upon your preaching. In short, to preach as John

Wesley always preached, and as Richard Baxter always preached ; that is to say, as ' a dying man to dying men.'

A long address and a rich one could be given on the Hymnology of the Brothers Wesley. But I must content myself with merely naming a scholarly—and everyway delightful—little book published the other day and entitled *The Hymns of Methodism in Their Literary Relations.* It is a small book, but it is full of suggestions for your sermons, and for your Bible Class lessons, and for your prayer meetings.

And, now, gentlemen, I have done my best to point out to you some of the more outstanding lessons of John Wesley's Journal. But, to men like you, the whole Journal is running over with lessons ; lessons about a true, a deep, and a lasting conversion ; lessons about true preaching, and the true motive in preaching ; lessons, that I have not ventured to touch upon, concerning the early laying of the foundation stone of an honourable and a happy home ; lessons about ministerial reading and writing ; lessons about debating and disputing ; lessons about public and private prayer and praise ; lessons about the scrupulous husbanding of every passing moment of your allotted time ; and lessons as to how you are to keep both yourselves and your preaching fresh and fruitful to old age. In a word, you will do well, at the beginning of your ministerial life, and, indeed, all through it, to keep John Wesley's Journal always lying open beside your study Bible.

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